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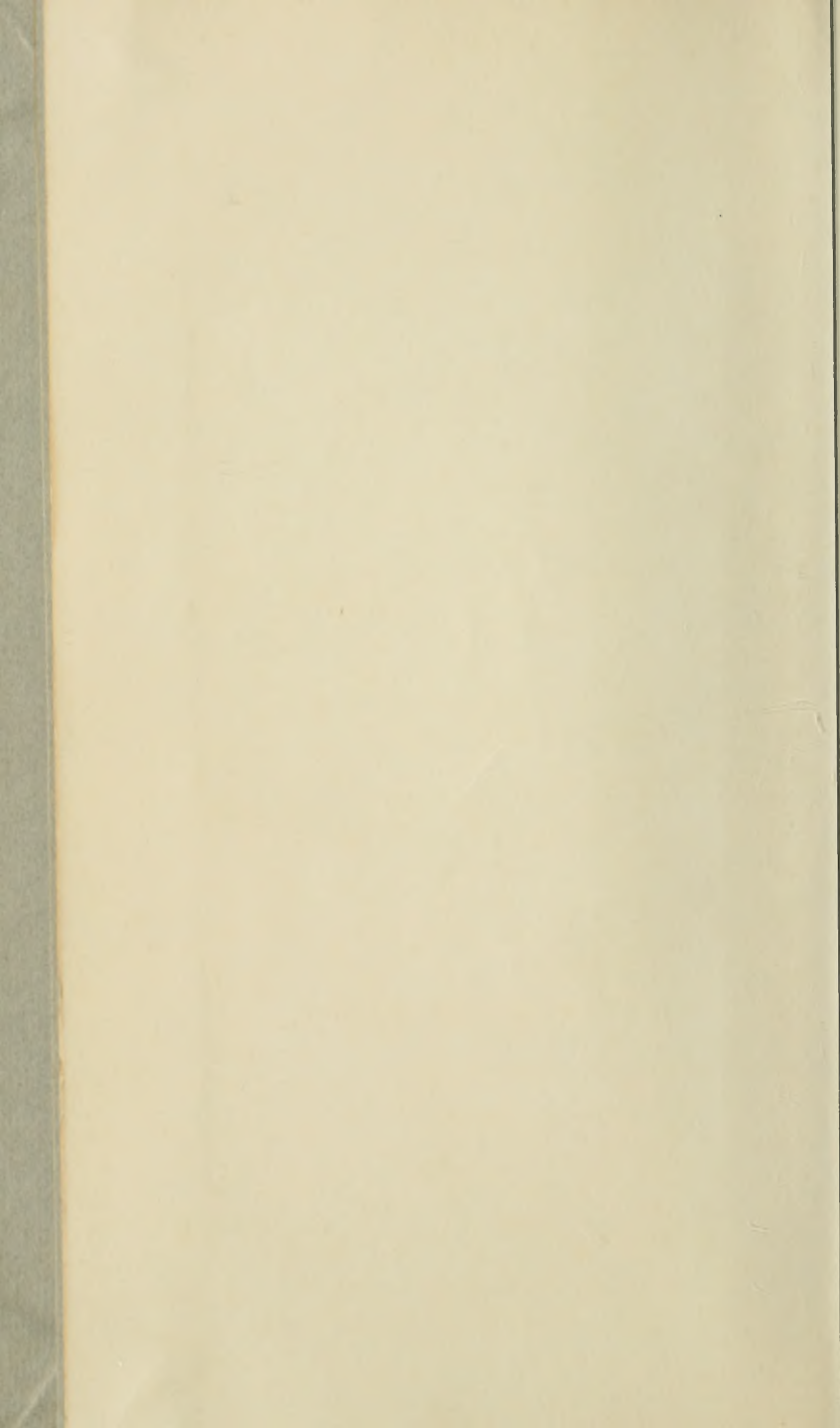












THE  
IRON CHEST:

*Samuel Roy*

A PLAY;

IN THREE ACTS.

---

WRITTEN BY

GEORGE COLMAN,

THE YOUNGER.

---

WITH A PREFACE.

---

First represented at the THEATRE-ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE,  
On Saturday, 12th March, 1796.

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"THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS"

"By Mr. KEMBLE." &c.

DRURY-LANE PLAY-BILL.

"I had as lieve the Town-Crier had spoke my Lines."

SHAKSPEARE.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. WOODFALL.

FOR MESSRS. CADELL AND DAVIES,  
IN THE STRAND.

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1796.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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## P R E F A C E.

HAVING been, for some time, a labourer in the Drama, and finding it necessary to continue my labours, I cannot help endeavouring to guard the past from misrepresentation, lest my supineness may injure the future. Conscious that a prejudice has been created against the Play which I now submit to the Reader, and conscious how far I am innocent of raising it, it were stupid to sit down in silence, and thus tacitly acknowledge myself guilty of dulness;—dumbly confess I have been deficient in the knowledge of my trade, damn myself for a bungling workman, and fix a disrepute upon every article which may, hereafter, come from my hands.

Thanks to you, Ladies and Gentlemen! you have been kind customers to me; and I am proud to say that you have stamped a fashion upon my goods. Base, indeed, and ungrateful were the attempt, after your favours, so long received and continued, to impose upon you a clumsy commodity, and boast it to be ware of the best quality that I ever put up to sale! No—on the word of an honest man, I have bestowed no small pains upon this *Iron Chest*, which I offer you. Inspect it; examine it; you see the maker's name is upon it. I do not say it is perfect;

I do

I do not pretend to tell you it is of the highest polish; there is no occasion for that:—many of my brethren have presented you with mere *linings for chests*, and you have been content:—but, I trust, you will find that my *Iron Chest* will hold together, that it is tolerably sound, and fit for all the purposes for which it was intended.

Then how came it to fall to pieces, after four days wear?—I will explain that:—but alas! alas! my heart doth yearn, when I think on the task which circumstance has thrust upon me.

Now, by the Spirit of Peace, I Swear! where I not still doomed to explore the rugged windings of the Drama, I would wrap myself in mute philosophy, and repose calmly under the dark shade of my grievance, rather than endure the pain, and trouble, of this explanation. I cannot, however, cry “Let the world slide:” I must pursue my journey; and be active to clear away the obstacles that impede my progress.

I am too callous, now, to be annoyed by those innumerable gnats and insects, who daily dart their impotent stings on the literary traveller; and too knowing to dismount, and waste my time in whipping grasshoppers:—but here is a scowling, fullen, black Bull, right athwart my road;—a monster of magnitude, of the Bæotian breed, perplexing me in my wanderings through the entangled labyrinth of Drury! he stands fulkily before me, with sides, seemingly, impenetrable to any lash, and tougher than the Dun Cow of Warwick!—His front out-fronting the brazen bull of Perillus!—He has bellowed, Gentlemen! Yea, he hath bellowed a dismal sound! A hollow, unvaried tone, heaved from his very midriff, and striking the listener with torpor!—Would I could pass the  
animal



animal quietly, for my own sake!—and, for his, by Jupiter! I repeat it, I would not willingly harm the Bull.—I delight not in baiting him.—I would jog as gently by him as by the ass that grazes on the common: but he has obstinately blocked up my way—he has already tossed and gored me, severely—I must make an effort, or he batters me down, and leaves me to bite the dust.

The weapon I must use is not of that brilliant, and keen quality, which, in a skilfull hand, neatly cuts up the subject, to the delight, and admiration, of the by-standers: It is a homely cudgel of Narrative; a blunt baton of Matter of fact; affording little display of art in the wielder; and so heavy in its nature, that it can merely claim the merit of being appropriate to the opponent at whom it is level'd.

Pray, stand clear!—for I shall handle this club vilely: and if any one come in my way, he may chance to get a rap, which I did not intend to bestow upon him. Good venal and venomous gentlemen, who dabble in ink for pay or from pique, and who have dub'd yourselves *Criticks*, keep your distance now! Run home to your garrets!—Fools! ye are but *Ephemera* at best; and will die soon enough, in the paltry course of your insignificant natures, without thrusting your ears (if there be any left you) into the heat of this perilous action.—Avaunt!—well, well, stay if ye are bent upon it, and be pert and busy;—your folly, to me, is of no moment.\*

I hasten now to my Narrative.

\* Ye who impartially, and conscientiously, sit in diurnal judgment upon modern dramatists, apply not this to yourselves. It aims only at the malevolent, the mean, and the ignorant, who are the disgrace of your order.

I agree

I agreed to write the following Play, at the instance of the chief Proprietor of Drury Lane Theatre; who, unconditionally, agreed to pay me a certain sum for my labour:—and this certain sum, being much larger than any, I believe, hitherto offered on similar occasions, created no small jealousy among the Parnassian *Sans Culottes*; several of whom have, of late, been vapidly industrious to level, to the muddy surface of their own Castalian ditch, so *Aristocratico-Dramatick* a bargainer. The Play, as fast as written, (piecemeal) was put into rehearsal: But let it here be noted, gentle reader! that a rehearsal, in Drury Lane, (I mean as far as relates to this Iron Chest) is *lucus à non lucendo*. They yclep it a rehearsal, I conjecture, because *they do not rehearse*. I call the loved shade of Garrick to witness; nay, I call the less loved presence of the *then* acting Manager to avow,—that there never was one fair rehearsal of the Play.—Never one rehearsal, wherein one, or two, or more, of the Performers, very essential to the piece, were not absent: and *all* the rehearsals which I attended, so slovenly, and irregular, that the ragged master of a theatrical Barn, might have blush'd for the want of discipline in the pompous Director of his Majesty's Servants, at the vast and astonishing new-erected Theatre Royal, in Drury Lane.

It is well known, to those conversant with the business of the stage, that no perfect judgment can be formed of the length of a Play, apparent to the spectator, nor of the general effect intended to be produced, until the private repetitions, among the actors, have reduced the business into something like *lucidus ordo*:—then comes the time for the judicious author to take up his pruning-knife, or handle his hatchet. Then he goes lustily to work, my masters!

upon

upon his curtailments, or additions ; his transpositions, his loppings, his parings, trimmings, dockings, &c. &c. &c. As in the writing, so in the rehearsal ;

“ *Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor ;*”

“ *Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici*”

“ *Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat :*”

“ *Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis Auctor.*”

But, woe is me ! while I was patiently waiting the expected crisis, a circumstance occur'd which compel'd me to watch a crisis of a less agreeable nature. A fever attack'd me, as I sat beneath the damp dome of Drury, and drove me, *malgré moi*, to bed ; where I lay during a week, till three hours before the Play was exhibited. In addition to the unavoidable injury arising from the author's absence, Mr. KEMBLE, the acting-manager, and principal performer in the piece, was, and had been for a few days, previous to my own illness, confined to his chamber, by indisposition. I lay little stress, indeed, upon his temporary incapacity to perform his managerial duty ; his mode of discharging it, hitherto, was productive of little benefit to me ;—Still it was *some* drawback—for were a mere Log thrown amidst a Thespian community, and nominated it's dull and ponderous Ruler still the block, while in it's place, would carry some sway with it :—but his non-attendance as an actor, so much engaged in the Play, was particularly detrimental.

Nay, even the Composer of the musick—and here let me breathe a sigh, to the memory of departed worth and genius, as I write the name of STORACE—even he, could not preside in his department. He was preparing an early flight to that abode of harmony, where choirs of Angels swell the note of welcome to an honest, and congenial spirit.

Here



Here then was a direct stop to the business? No such thing. The Troops proceeded without leaders: In the dark, *Messieurs!*---“*Sans eyes, Sans every thing.*” The Prompter, it is true, a kind of non-commissioned officer, headed the Corps, and a curious march was made of it!

But, lo! two days, or three, (I forget which) previous to the public representation, up rose King KEMBLE! like Somnus from his ebony bed, to distribute his dozing directions among his subjects.

“*Tardâ gravitate jacentes*”

“*Vix oculos tollens;*”

“*Summaque percutiens nutanti pectora mento,*”

“*Excussit, tandem, sibi se; cubitoque levatus,*” &c.

He came, saw, and pronounced the Piece to be ripe for exhibition. It was ordered to be perform'd immediately. News was brought to me, in my sickness, of the mighty *Fiat*; and, although I was told, officially, that due care had been taken to render it worthy of public attention, I submitted with doubt and trembling to the decree. My doubts, too, of this boasted care were not a little increased by a note, which I receiv'd from the Prompter, written by the Manager's order, *three hours only*, before the first representation of the Play:---wherein, at this late period, my consent was, abruptly, requested to a transposition of two of the most material scenes in the second act: and the reason given for this curious proposal was, that the present stage of Drury---where the Architect and Machinist, with the judgment and ingenuity of a Politician and a Wit to assist them, had combined to outdo all former theatrical outdoings--was so bunglingly constructed, that there was not time for the carpenters to place the lumbering frame-work, on which an Abbey was painted, behind the  
repre-

representation of a Library, without leaving a chasm of ten minutes in the action of the Play; and that in the middle of an act.---Such was the fabrication of that New Stage, whose "*extent and powers*" have been so vauntingly advertised, under the classick management of Mr. KEMBLE, in the edifying exhibition of Pantomimes, Processions, Pageants, Triumphal Cars, Milk white Horses, and Elephants !

As I did not chuse to alter the construction of my Play, without deliberation, merely to skreen the ill-construction of the House, I would not listen to the modest, and *well timed* demand, of turning the progress of my fable *topsy turvy*.

Very ill, and very weak, from the effects of the fever, which had not, yet, left me, I made an effort, and went to the Theatre, to witness the performance. I found Mr. KEMBLE, in his dressing room, a short time before the curtain was drawn up, taking *Opium Pills*: and, nobody who is acquainted with that gentleman will doubt me when I assert, that, they are a medicine which he has long been in the habit of swallowing. He appear'd to me very unwell; and seemed, indeed, to have imbibed,

“ *Poppy and Mandragora,*”  
“ *And all the drowsy syrups of the world.*”

The Play began; and all went smoothly, till a trifling disapprobation was shewn to the character personated by Mr. DODD;---the scene in which he was engaged being much *too long*: A proof of the neglect of those whose business it was to have informed me (in my unavoidable absence

fence from the Theatre) that it appeared in the *last rehearsals*, to want curtailment. I considered this, however, to be of no great moment; for Mr. KEMBLE was to appear immediately in a subsequent scene, and much was expected from his execution of a part, written expressly for his powers.

And, here, let me describe the requisites for the character which I have attempted to draw, that the world may judge whether I have taken a wrong measure of the personage whom I proposed to fit: premising that I have worked for him before, with success, and, therefore, it may be presumed that I am somewhat acquainted with the dimensions of his qualifications.——I required, then, a man

“ *Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,*”

“ *Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew.*”

A man of whom it might be said,

“ *There's something in his soul*”

“ *O'er which his melancholy fits, and broods.*”

Look at the actor;—and will any body do him the injustice to declare that he is deficient in these qualifications. It would puzzle any author, in any time or country, from Æschylus down, even, to the Translator of *Lodoiska*—and really, gentleman, I can go no lower—to find a figure and face better suited to the purpose. I have endeavour'd more-over, to pourtray *Sir Edward Mortimer* as a man stately in his deportment, reserved in his temper, mysterious, cold, and impenetrable, in his manner: and the candid observers, I trust, will allow that Mr. KEMBLE is thoroughly adequate to such a personation.

To complete my requisitions, I demanded a performer who could enter into the spirit of a character proceeding upon



on romantick, half-witted principles, abstracted in his opinions, sophisticated in his reasonings, and who is thrown into situations where his mind and conduct stand, tiptoe, on the extremest verge of probability. Here, surely, I have not mistaken my man; for if I am able to form any opinion of him, as an Actor,---and my opinion, I know, is far from singular,---his chief excellence almost approaches that style which the learned denominate *Caricature*. Possibility on the stretch, passion over-leaping it's customary bound, movements of the soul, fullen, or violent, very rarely seen in the common course of things, yet still *may* be seen---in these is his element. As our language is said to have sunk under the vast conception of MILTON, so does the modesty of Nature suffer a depression beneath the unwieldy imaginings of Mr. KEMBLE. He seldom deigns to accompany the Goddess in her ordinary walks; when she decently paces the regular path, with a sober step, and a straight person: but he kindly assists her when she is, doubtless, in need of assistance---when she appears out of her way, crazy and crooked.

The arrogant fault of being more refined than Refinement, more proper than Propriety, more sensible than Sense, which, nine times in ten, will disgust the spectator, becomes frequently, an advantage to him, in characters of the above description.

In short, Mr. KEMBLE is a paragon-representative of the *Lusus Naturæ*: and were Mr. KEMBLE sew'd up in a skin, to act a hog in a pantomime, he would act a hog with six legs better than a hog with four.

If any one ask why I chose to sketch a *Lusus Naturæ*, when it might better become an author to be chaste in his

delineation, I can only reply that, I did so to obtain the assistance of Mr. KEMBLE in his best manner; and that now, I do most heartily repent me: for never, sure, did man place the main strength of his building upon so rotten a prop!

Well, the great actor was discover'd, as *Sir Edward Mortimer*, in his library. Gloom and desolation sat upon his brow; and he was habited, from the wig to the shoe-string, with the most studied exactness. Had one of King CHARLES the First's portraits walk'd from it's frame, upon the boards of the Theatre, it could not have afforded a truer representation of ancient and melancholy dignity.

The picture could not have look'd better---but, in justice to the picture, it must also be added, that, the picture could scarcely have acted worse.

The spectators, who gaped with expectation at his first appearance, yawn'd with lassitude before his first *exit*. It seem'd, however, that illness had totally incapacitated him from performing the business he had undertaken. For his mere illness he was entitled to pity; for his conduct under it, he, undoubtedly, deserved censure.

How can Mr. KEMBLE, as a Manager, and an Actor; justify his thrusting himself forward in a new play, the material interest of which rested upon his own powers, at a moment when he must be conscious that he had no powers at all?—Mr. KEMBLE owes a duty to the publick, to his employer, and to an author writing for his employer's house. How does he treat the claimants upon his service, in this instance? Exactly, thus---he insults the understanding of the first, and injures the interests of the two last, by calling in a crowd to an entertainment which he knows he must mar.

I requested him, at the end of the first act, to order an apology to be made for his indisposition, lest the uninformed or malicious, might attribute the ponderosity of the performer to the heaviness of the author. I was anxious to disavow all right and title to those pigs of lead which did not belong to me, and of which Mr. KEMBLE was the just proprietor. But, no---he peremptorily declared he would not suffer an apology to be made! It should have been made (if at all) before the Play began.---Then why was it not made?---He did not, *then*, imagine that illness would have disabled him.---So, then, a man quits his chamber, after an attack which has, evidently, weaken'd him extremely, and he has no bodily feel, no internal monitor, to whisper to him that he is feeble, and that he has not recover'd sufficient strength to make a violent exertion! This mode of reasoning, adopted by Mr. KEMBLE, is much in the spirit of that clown's, who did not know whether he could play on a fiddle 'till he tried. Be it noted, also, that Mr. KEMBLE was swallowing his opium pills, *before* the play began, *because he was ill*:---but opium causes strange obnoxious effects; and these pills must have occasion'd so sudden a lapse in Mr. KEMBLE's memory, that he forget when he took them, why he took them, or that he had taken them at all. The dose must have been very powerful. Still for the reasons already stated, I press'd for an apology; still Mr. KEMBLE continued obstinate in opposing it. His indisposition, he said, was evident; he had cough'd very much upon the stage, and an apology would make him "*look like a fool.*"

Good-nature in excess becomes weakness; but I never yet found, in the confined course of my reading, that good-nature and folly would bear the same definition: Mr. KEM-

BLE, it should seem (and he produced, at least, managerial authority for it) consider'd the terms to be synonymous. Freely, however, forgiving him for his unkindness, in refusing to gratify a poor devil of an author,---who, very anxious for his reputation, was very moderate in his request---I do, in all christian charity, most sincerely wish that Mr. KEMBLE may never find greater cause to *look like a fool* than an apology for his indisposition.

At length, by dint of perseverance, I gain'd my point. A proprietor of the Theatre was call'd in upon the occasion, whose mediation in my favour carried more weight with the Acting Manager than a hapless Dramatist's entreaty; and the apology was, in due form, delivered to the audience.

One third of the Play, only, was yet perform'd; and I was, now, to make up my mind, like an unfortunate traveller, to pursue my painful journey, through two stages more, upon a broken-down Poster, on whose back lay all the baggage for my expedition. Miserably, and most heavily in hand, did the Poster proceed!---He groan'd, he lag'd, he cough'd, he winced, he wheezed!---Never was seen so sorry a jade! The audience grew completely sour'd, and, once completely sour'd, every thing, naturally, went wrong. They recur'd to their disapprobation of poor DODD---and observe what this produced. I must relate it.

Mr. KEMBLE had just plodded through a scene, regardless of those loud and manifest tokens that the Criticks delighted not in the "*drowsy hums*" with which he "*rang* "*night's yawning peal,*" when DODD appear'd to him on  
the



the Stage; at whose entrance the clamour was renew'd. Then, and *not till then*, did the Acting Manager, who had been deaf as any post to the supplications of the author for an apology---then did, he appear suddenly seized with a fit of good nature. He voluntarily came forward "*to look like a fool,*" and beg the indulgence of the town. He fear'd he was the unhappy cause of their disapprobation; he entreated their patience; and hoped he should, shortly, gain strength, to enable them to judge, on a future night, what he handsomely term'd the *merits* of the Play. Here was friendship! Here was adroitness! While the Publick were testifying their disgust at the Piece, through the medium of poor DODD, Mr. KEMBLE, with unexampled generosity, took the whole blame upon his own shoulders, and heroically saved the author, by so timely an interposition. I was charm'd with this master-stroke, and, at the impulse of the moment, I thank'd him. But, alas! how narrow is the soul of man! how distrustful in it's movements, how scanty in its acknowledgments, how perplexing to itself in it's combinations! Had I, afterwards, look'd on the thing simply, and nakedly, by itself, why the thing is a good-natured thing: but I must be putting other circumstances by the side of it, with a plague to me! I must be puzzling myself to see if all fits; if all is of a piece. And what is the result?---Miserable that I am! I have lost the pleasure of evincing a gratitude, which I thought I owed, because I no longer feel myself a debtor. Had I abandoned my mind to that placid negligence, that luxurious confidence, which the inconsiderate enjoy, it had never occur'd to me that Mr. KEMBLE, foreseeing, perhaps, that an ag-grieved author might not be totally silent---step'd forward with this speech to the publick, as a kind of *salvo*, (should a statement be made) for his rigidity in the first instance.

It

It had never occur'd to me that Mr. KEMBLE was sufficiently hiss'd, yawn'd at, laugh'd at, and cough'd down, to have made his apology *before* Mr. DODD appeared: It had never occur'd to me that his making his apology at a previous moment would have answer'd the same purpose to *me*, and not to *him*: It had never occur'd, in short, that there is such a thing as ostentatious humility, and a politick act of kindness; and that I should have waited the sequel of a man's conduct, before I thank'd him for one instance of seeming good-will, close upon the heels of stubborn ill-nature, and in the midst of existing, and palpable injury. The sequel will shew that I was pre-mature in my acknowledgment—but before I come to the sequel, a word or two (I will be brief) to close my account of this, the first night's, eventful history. The Piece was concluded, and *given out*, for a second performance with much opposition.

Friends, who never heard the Play read, shook their heads; Friends, who *had* heard it read, scarcely knew it again: Several, I doubt not, of the impartial, who chose to be active, actively condemn'd; and enemies, of course, rejoiced in an opportunity of joining them.

No opportunity could be fairer. The Play was, at least, a full hour too long; and had *Job* himself sat to hear it he must have lost his patience. But, if, gentle reader, thou possessest *Job's* quality, and hast followed me thus far, in my Narrative, it will appear to thee (for I doubt not thy retention and combination) that I was unable to curtail it effectually, at the proper time—the last rehearsals. I was, then, laid flat, my dear friend, as you remember I have told you, by a fever. The acting manager *did* attend

attend the last rehearsals, and suffered the piece to be produced, *uncut*, to “drag it’s slow length along” surcharged with all his own incapacity, and all his opium.

How, then, do I stand indebted, according to the articles of this night’s statement? I owe to Mr. KEMBLE,

<i>For his illness,</i>	COMPASSION,
<i>For his conduct under it,</i>	CENSURE,
<i>For his refusing to make an apology,</i>	A SMILE!
<i>For his making an apology,</i>	A SNEER,
<i>For his mismanagement,</i>	A GROAN,
<i>For his acting,</i>	A HISS.

This account is somewhat like the Tavern bill, pick’d from Falstaff’s pocket, when he is snorting behind the arras. There is but one halfpennyworth of compassion to this intolerable deal of blame.

Now for the sequel.—I have shewn, I think, that Mr. KEMBLE, in the first instance, undertook a duty which he *could* not perform: I have now to affirm, with all the difficulty of proving a negative full in my face, that he afterwards, made a mockery of discharging a duty which he *would* not perform.

After a week’s interval, to give him time to recruit his strength; and the Author time to curtail, and alter, the Play; (for the impresson which the Mis-Manager and Actor, had contrived to stamp rendered alteration necessary) it was a second time represented.

I must, here, let the uninformed reader into a secret;—but I must go to Newmarket to make him understand me.—No, Epsom will do as well; and that is nearer home.—It often happens, at a Race, that a known Horse, from whom good sport is expected, disappoints the crowd by *walking over the course*.—He does not miss an inch of the ground; but affords not one jot of diversion, unless some pleasure is received in contemplating his figure. Now, an actor can do the very same thing. He can *walk over his part*: He can miss no more of his words than the Horse does of his way: he can be as dull, and as tedious, and as good-looking as the Horse in his progress:—The only difference between the two animals is,—that the Horse brings in him who bets upon him a gainer; but the luckless wight who has a large stake depending upon the actor is, decidedly, certain to lose. There is a trick, too, that the Jockies practice, which is call'd, I think, *playing booty*. This consists in appearing to use their utmost endeavour to reach the winning-post first, when they are already determined to come in the last. The consequence is, that all, except the knowing ones, attribute no fault to the Jockey, but damn the Horse for a sluggard.—An actor can *play booty* if he chuses:—he can pretend to whip and spur, and do his best, when the Connoisseur knows, all the while, he is shirking:—but Sluggard is the unmerited appellation given by the majority to the innocent Author.

Mr. KEMBLE chiefly chose to be Horse, and *walk'd over the ground*. Every now and then (but scarcely enough to save appearances) he gave a slight touch of the Jockey, and *played booty*.

Whether



Whether the language which is put into the mouth of *Sir Edward Mortimer* be above mediocrity, or below contempt, is not to the present purpose: but the words he is made to utter certainly convey a meaning; and the circumstances of the scenes afford an opportunity to the Performer of playing off his mimick emotions, his transitions of passion, his starts, and all the trickeries of his trade. The devil a trick did Mr. KEMBLE play but a very scurvy one! His emotions and passions were so rare, and so feeble, that they season'd his general insipidity, like a single grain of wretched pepper thrown into the largest dose of water-gruel that ever was administer'd to an invalid. For the most part, he toil'd on, line after line, in a dull current of undiversified sound, which stole upon the ear far more drowsily than the distant murmurings of Lethe; with no attempt to break the lulling stream, or check its sleep-inviting course.

Frogs in a marsh, flies in a bottle, wind in a crevice, a preacher in a field, the drone of a bagpipe, all, all yielded to the inimitable, and soporific monotony of Mr. KEMBLE!

The very best Dramatick writing, where passion is express'd, if deliver'd languidly by the Actor, will fail in it's intended effect: and I will be bold enough to say that were the *Curse in King Lear* new to an audience, and they heard it utter'd, for the first time, in a croak, fainter than a crow's in a consumption, it would pass unnoticed, or appear vapid to the million.

If I raise a critical clatter about my ears, by this assertion, which some may twist into a profanation of Shakespeare

I peare, I leave it to Horace, who can fight battles better than I, to defend me.

“ *Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,* ”

“ *Romani tollent pedites equitesque cachinnum.* ”

That Mr. KEMBLE did not misconceive the Part is certain ; for he told me, some time before the Play was acted, that he fear'd the exertions requisite, in *Sir Edward Mortimer*, would strain his lungs more than *Octavian*, in the *Mountaineers*.

That he can strain his lungs, to good purpose, in *Octavian*, is well known ; and, after this, his own intimation, how will he escape the charge of wilfull and direct delinquency, when, with such a conception of the Part, and with health recover'd, he came forward in the true spirit of *Bottom*, and “ *aggravated his voice so that he roared you as gently as any sucking dove ?* ”\*

He insulted the Town, and injured his Employer, and the Author, sufficiently in the first instance : in the second he added to the insult and injury an hundred-fold : and as often as he mangled the Character (three or four times, I am uncertain which, after the first night's performance) he heap'd aggravation upon aggravation,

\* The most miserable mummer, that ever disgraced the walls of a Theatre, could not have been a stronger drawback than Mr. KEMBLE. He was not only dull in himself but the cause of dulness in others. Like the baleful *Upas* of

\* Mr. KEMBLE informed me, previous to the second representation of the Play, that he felt himself capable of exertion.

*Java*, his pestiferous influence infected all around him.—When two Actors come forward, to keep up the Shuttlecock of scenick-fiction, if one plays slovenly, the other cannot maintain his game. Poor BANNISTER JUN. would he speak out (but I have never press'd him, and never shall press him to say a word upon the subject) could bear ample testimony to the truth of this remark. He suffer'd like a man under the cruelty of *Mezentius*. All alive himself, he was tied to a corpse, which he was fated to drag about with him, scene after scene, which weigh'd him down, and depress'd his vigour. Miss FARREN, too, who might animate any thing but a soul of lead, and a face of iron, experienced the same fate.

I could proceed, and argue, and reason, and discuss, and tire the reader, as I have tired myself (it is now, my good friend, one o'clock in the morning) to prove, further, that Mr. KEMBLE was unsound in my cause, and that he ruin'd my Play:—But I will desist here. I think I have *proved* enough to manifest that my arguments are not unfounded.

They who are experienced in *Dramaticks* will, I trust, see that I have made a fair *extenuation* of myself—they who are impartial will, I hope, be convinced that I have set down *nought in malice*.

The only question that may arise to shake, materially, the credit of all I have said, is——“How is it probable that Mr. KEMBLE should injure you thus, without provocation? Is it in nature? Is it in man?” I can merely answer that I am unconscious of having given him cause for provocation;—that if I have given him cause, he has taken a bad mode of revenge; that Mr. KEMBLE's nature has frequent-

ly puzzled me in my observation upon it ; and that I think him a very *extraordinary man*.

But let him take this with him, should this crudely written preface ever fall in his way. I have committed it to paper *currente calamo*. I mean no allusion, no epithet, to apply to him as a private individual. As a private individual I give him not that notice which it might, here, be impertinent to bestow :—but I have an undoubted right to discuss his merits, or demerits, in his publick capacities of Manager and Actor : and my cause of complaint gives me a good reason as well as a right. His want of conduct, his neglect, his injustice, his oppression, his finesse, his person, his face, are in this point of view all open to my animadversion.

“ *He is my goods, my chattels ;* ”

“ *My Horse, my Ox, my Ass, my any thing.* ”

And I would animadvert still, further, did I not think I had already said sufficient to gain the object of guarding my own reputation. That object has solely sway'd me in dwelling so long upon a “ plain tale ” encumber'd with so fatiguing a Hero as JOHN KEMBLE.

ADVER-



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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T

### TO THE READER.

**I** Am indebted for the ground-work of this Play to a Novel entitled "*Things as they are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams; written by William Godwin.*" Much of Mr. Godwin's story I have omitted; much, which I have adopted, I have compress'd; much I have added; and much I have taken the liberty to alter.

All this I did that I might fit it, in the best of my judgment, to the stage.

I have cautiously avoided all tendency to that which, vulgarly, (and wrongly, in many instances,) is termed Politicks; with which, many have told me, *Caleb Williams* teems.

The stage has, now, no business with Politicks: and, should a Dramatick Author endeavour to dabble in them, it is the Lord Chamberlain's office to check his attempts, before they meet the eye of the Publick. I perused Mr. Godwin's book, as a tale replete with interesting incident, ingenious in it's arrangement, masterly in it's delineation of character, and forcible in its language. I considered it as right of Common; and, by a title which custom has given to Dramatists, I enclosed it within my theatrical paling. However I may have till'd the land, I trust he discovers no intentional injury to him, in my proceeding.

To all the Performers (excepting Mr. KEMBLE) I offer my hearty thanks for their exertions; which would have served me more, had not an actor, "*dark as Erebus*" cast a gloom

gloom upon them, which none of their efforts, however brilliant, could entirely disperse :

But this does not diminish my obligations to them:—so much, indeed, I owe to them, that, when the Play was last perform'd, it was rising, spite of *Lirebas*, in favour with the Town. It was, then, advertised, day after day, at the bottom of the Play bills, for repetition, till the promissory advertisement became laughable; and, at length, the advertisement and the Play were dropt together,

If, after the foregoing Preface, I should at a future period, bring the Play forward in the Hay-market Theatre, I am fully aware of the numbers who from party, and pique, may now oppose it. I am aware, too, of the weight which a first impression leaves upon the minds of the most candid:—Still, so strong is my confidence in the genuine decision of a London audience, who have a fair opportunity of exercising their judgment, and feelings, (which they have not had, yet, in respect to this play) that I believe I shall venture an appeal.

The Piece is, now, printed as it was acted on the *first night*; that they who peruse it may decide whether, even in that shape, (with all the misfortunes, before enumerated, with which it was doom'd to struggle) it should be, for ever, consign'd to moulder on the shelf.

The Songs, Duets, and Chorusses, are intended merely as vehicles for musical effect. Some criticks have pompously call'd them *Lyrick Poetry*—that by raising them to dignity they may more effectually degrade them: as men lift a stone very high, before they let it fall, when they would completely dash it to pieces.

I, now, leave the gentle reader to the perusal of the Play—and, lest my Father's memory may be injured by mistakes; and, in the confusion of after-times, the *Translator of Terence*, and the

the *Author of The Jealous Wife*, be supposed guilty of the *Iron Chest*; I shall, were I to reach the Patria chal longevity of Me-  
thusalem, continue (in all my Dramatick publications) to sub-  
scribe myself

GEORGE COLMAN, the Younger.

*Piccadilly,*  
*July, 20th, 1796.*

Dra-

## Dramatis Personae.

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Sir Edward Mortimer, .....	<i>Mr. Kemble !!!</i>
Fitzharding, .....	<i>Mr. Wroughton.</i>
Wilford, .....	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun.</i>
Adam Winterton, .....	<i>Mr. Dodd.</i>
Rawbold, ..	<i>Mr. Barrymore.</i>
Samson, .....	<i>Mr. Suett.</i>
Boy, .....	<i>Master Welsh.</i>
Cook, .....	<i>Mr. Hollingsworth.</i>
Peter, .....	<i>Mr. Banks.</i>
Walter, .....	<i>Mr. Maddoks.</i>
Simon, .....	<i>Mr. Webb.</i>
Gregory, .....	<i>Mr. Trueman.</i>
Armstrong, .....	<i>Mr. Kelly.</i>
Orson, .....	<i>Mr. R. Palmer.</i>
1st Robber, .....	<i>Mr. Dignum.</i>
2d Robber, .....	<i>Mr Sedgwick.</i>
3d Robber, .....	<i>Mr. Bannister.</i>
Robber's Boy, .....	<i>Master Webb.</i>
Helen, .....	<i>Miss Farren.</i>
Blanch, .....	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>
Dame Rawbold, .....	<i>Miss Tidswell.</i>
Barbara, .....	<i>Signora Storace.</i>
Judith, .....	<i>Miss De Camp.</i>

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SCENE, in the New Forest, in Hampshire, and  
on its Borders.



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# THE IRON CHEST;

A P L A Y,

IN THREE ACTS.

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## ACT I.—SCENE I.

*The inside of RAWBOLD'S COTTAGE. Several children, squalid and beggarly, discovered in different parts of the room: some asleep. DAME RAWBOLD seated, leaning over the embers of the fire. BARBARA seated near her. SAMSON standing in the front of the stage. A narrow stair-case in the back scene. A taper burning. The whole scene exhibits poverty and wretchedness.*

GLEE.

SAMSON.

FIVE times, by the taper's light,  
The hour-glass I have turn'd to night.

*First Boy.*—Where's father?

*Samson.*—He's gone out to roam:

    If he have luck,

    He'll bring a buck,

Upon his lusty shoulders, home.

*The different voices.*

Home ! home !

He comes not home !

Hark ! from the woodland vale below,

The distant clock sounds, dull, and slow !

Bome ! bome ! bome !

*Sam.*—Five o'clock, and father not yet returned from New Forest ! An he come not shortly, the Sun will rise, and roast the venison on his shoulders.—Sister Barbara !—Well, your rich men have no bowels for us lowly ! they little think, while they are gorging on the fat haunch of a goodly buck, what fatigues we poor honest souls undergo in stealing it.—Why, sister Barbara !

*Bar.*—I am here brother Samson, (*getting up*).

*Sam.*—Here ! marry, out upon you for an idle baggage ! why, you crawl like a snail.

*Bar.*—I prithee, now, do not chide me, Samson.

*Sam.*—'Tis my humour. I am father's head man in his poaching. The rubs I take from him, who is above me, I hand down to you, who are below me. 'Tis the way of office—where every miserable devil domineers it over the next more miserable devil that's under him. You may scold sister Margery, an you will—she's your younger by a twelvemonth.

*Bar.*—Truly brother, I would not make any one unhappy, for the world. I am content to do what I can to please ; and to mind the house.

*Sam.*

*Sam.*—Truly, a weighty matter ! Thou art e'en ready to hang thyself, for want of something to while away time. What hast thou much more to do than to trim the faggots, nurse thy mother, boil the pot, patch our jackets, kill the poultry, cure the hogs, feed the pigs, and comb the children ?

*Bar.*—Many might think that no small charge, Samson.

*Sam.*—A mere nothing.—While father and I (bate us but the mother and children) have the credit of purloining every single thing that you have the care of. We are up early, and down late, in the exercise of our industry.

*Bar.*—I wish father and you would give up the calling.

*Sam.*—No—there is one keen argument to prevent us.

*Bar.*—What's that, brother ?

*Sam.*—Hunger. Wouldst have us be rogues, and let our family starve ? Give up poaching and deer-stealing ! Oons ! dost think we have no conscience ? Yonder sits mother, poor soul—old, helpless, and crazy.

*Bar.*—Alas ! brother, 'tis heart-aching to look upon her. This very time three years she got her maim. It was a piteous tempest.

*Sam.*—Aye—'twas rough weather.

*Bar.*—I never pass the old oak that was shivered that night, in the storm, but I am ready to

weep. It remembers me of the time when all our poor family went to ruin.

*Sam.*—Pish—no matter: The cottage was blown down—the barn fired—father undone—Well, landlords are flinty hearted—no help! what then? We live, don't we? (*sullenly*)

*Bar.*—Troth, brother, very sadly. Father has grown desperate; all is fallen to decay. We live by pilfering on the Forest—and our poor mother distracted, and unable to look to the house. The rafter, which fell in the storm, struck so heavy upon her brain, I fear me, 'twill never again be settled.

*Moth.*—Children! Barbara! where's my eldest daughter? She is my darling.

*Bar.*—I am here, mother.

*Sam.*—Peace, fool! you know she's doating.

*Moth* —Look to the cattle, Barbara! We must to market to-morrow. My husband's a rich man. We thrive! we thrive! Ha, ha, ha!—oh!

*Bar.*—Oh brother! I cannot bear to see her thus—though, alas! we have long been used to it. The little ones too—scarce cloath'd—hungry—almost starving!—Indeed, we are a very wretched family.

*Sam.*—Hark! Methought I heard a tread.—Hift! be wary. We must not open in haste, for fear of surprises.

(*A knock at the Cottage door.*)



## DUET.

*Samson*.—Who knocks at this dead hour?

*Rawbold* (*without.*)

A friend.

*Samson*.—How should we know,

A friend from foe?

A signal you must give.

*Rawbold* (*without.*)

Attend.

(*Rawbold gives three knocks, which Samson counts, singing at intervals.*)

*Samson*.—One, two, three!

'Tis he.

Give me the word we fixt to night,

'Tis Roebuck (*in a whisper to Barbara*)

*Rawbold* (*without.*) Roebuck.

*Samson*.

That is right,

Enter now by candle-light.

*Rawbold*.—Open now by candle light.

*Samson opens the door, and Rawbold enters.*

*Raw*.—Bar the door. So, softly.

*Sam*.—What success, father?

*Raw*.—Good: my limbs ache for't.

*Moth*.—O brave husband! Welcome from the court. Thou shalt be made a knight; and I a lady. Ha! ha!

*Raw*.—Rest, rest, poor soul!—How you stand! (*to Samson*). The chair, you gander.

*Sam*.—(*to Barbara*) Why, how you stand! the chair, you gander!

(*They bring Rawbold a chair: he sits.*

*Raw.*

*Raw.*—Here—take my gun—'tis unscrewed. The keepers are abroad. I had scarce time to get it in my pocket.

*(He pulls the gun from a pocket under his coat, in three pieces, which Samson screws together, while they are talking.)*

Fie ! 'tis sharp work ! Barbara, you jade, come hither.

*Sam.*—Barbara, you jade, come hither.

*Raw.*—Who bid thee chide her, lout ! Kifs thy old father, wench. Kifs me I say.—So—why dost tremble ? I am rough as a tempest. Evil fortune has blown my lowring nature into turbulence : but thou art a blossom that dost bend thy head so sweetly under my gusts of passion, 'tis pity they should e'er harm thee.

*Bar.*—Indeed, father, I am glad to see you safe returned.

*Raw.*—I believe thee. Take the keys. Go to the locker, in the loft, and bring me a glass to recruit me.

*(Barbara goes out.)*

*Sam.*—Well, father, and so———.

*Raw.*—Peace.—I ha, shot a buck.

*Sam.*—O rare ! Of all the sure aims on the borders of the New Forest, here, give me old Gilbert Rawbold ; though I, who am his son, say it, that should not say it.—Where have you stow'd him, father ?

*Raw.*—Under the furze, behind the hovel. Come night again, we will draw him in, boy. I have been watch'd.

*Sam.*

*Sam.*—Watch'd! O, the pestilence! our trade will be spoiled if the Groom-Keepers be after us. The law will persecute us father.

*Raw.*—Do'st know Mortimer?

*Sam.*—What, Sir Edward Mortimer? Aye, sure. He is head Keeper of the forest. 'Tis he who has shut himself up in melancholy. Sees no rich, and does so much good to the poor.

*Raw.*—He has done me naught but evil. A gun cannot be carried on the border, here, but he has scent on't at a league's distance. He is a thorn to me. His scouts this night were after me—all on the watch. I'll be revenged—I'll—So, the brandy.—*Enter BARBARA, with the Liquor.*

*Raw.*—(after drinking) 'Tis right, ifaith!

*Samf.*—That 'tis I'll be sworn; for I smuggled it myself. We do not live so near the coast for nothing.

*Raw.*—Sir Edward Mortimer look to it!

*Barb.*—Sir Edward Mortimer! O, dear father, what of him?

*Raw.*—Aye, now thou art all agog! Thou woud'st hear somewhat of that smooth-tongued fellow, his secretary—his clerk, Wilford; whom thou so often meet'st in the forest. I have news on't. Look how you walk thither again. What, thou wouldst betray me to him, I warrant;—conspire against your father.

*Sam.*

*Sam.*—Aye; conspire against your father—and your tender loving brother, you viper, you!

*Barb.*—Beshrew me, father, I meant no harm: and, indeed, indeed, Wilford is as handsome a—I mean as good a youth as ever breathed. If I thought he meant ill by you, I should hate him.

*Raw.*—When didst see him last?—Speak!

*Barb.* You terrify me so, father, I am scarce able to speak. Yesternoon, by the copse. 'Twas but to read with him the book of sonnets he gave me.

*Sam.* That's the way your sly, grave rogues, work into the hearts of the females. I never knew any good come of a girl's reading sonnets, with a learned clerk, under a copse.

*Raw.* Let me hear no more of your meetings. I am content to think you would not plot my undoing.

*Barb.* I?—O father!

*Raw.* But he may plot yours. Mark me—Fortune has thrust me forth to prowl, like the wolf;—but the wolf is anxious for its young. I am an outcast whom hunger has hardened. I violate the law; but feeling is not dead within me: and, callous villain as I am accounted, I would tear that greater villain piecemeal, who would violate my child, and rob an old man of the little remains of comfort wretchedness has left him.



(*A knocking at the door. A voice without.*  
Hilliho ! ho !)

*Raw.*—How now !

*Sam.*—There ! an they be not after us already.  
I'll—We have talk'd, too, 'till tis broad day light.

*Wilford (without)* Open, good master Rawbold ; I would speak to you suddenly.

*Barb.*—O heaven ! 'tis the voice of Wilford himself.

*Raw.*—Wilford ! I'm glad on't—Now he shall—I'm glad on't. Open the door : Quickly, I say. He shall smart for it.

*Sam.*—Are you mad, father ? 'Tis we shall smart for it. Let in the keeper's head man ! The hind quarter of a buck has hung these fourteen days, in the pantry.

*Raw.*—Open, I say.

*Sam.*—O Lord ! I defy any secretary's nose not to smell stolen venison the moment 'tis thrust into our hovel.

*SAMSON opens the door. Enter WILFORD.*

*Wilf.*—Save you, good people. You are Gilbert Rawbold, as I take it.

*Raw.*—I am. Your message here, young man, bodes me no good : but I *am* Gilbert Rawbold—and here's my daughter. Do'st know her ?

*Wilf.*—Ah, Barbara, good wench ! how fares it with you ?

*Raw.*—Look on her well—then consult your own conscience. 'Tis difficult, haply, for a secretary to find one. You are a villain.

*Wilf.*—You lie. Hold, I crave pardon. You are her father. She is innocent, and you are unhappy : I respect virtue and misfortune too much to shock the one or insult the other.

*Raw.* Sdeath ! why meet my daughter in the forest ?

*Wilf.* Because I love her.

*Raw.* And would ruin her.

*Wilf.* That's a strange way of shewing one's love, methinks. I have a simple notion, Gilbert, that the thought of having taken a base advantage of a poor girl's affection might go nigh to break a man's sleep, and give him unquiet dreams : now, I love my night's rest, and shall do nothing to disturb it.

*Raw.* Would'tt not poison her mind ?

*Wilf.* 'Tis not my method, friend, of dosing a patient. Look ye, Gilbert ; Her mind is a fair flower, stuck in the rude soil, here, of surrounding ignorance, and smiling in the chill of poverty : —I would feign cheer it with the little sun-shine I possess of comfort and information. My parents were poor like her's ; Should occasion serve, I might, haply, were all parties agreed, make her my wife. To offer ought else would affect her, you, and myself ; and I have no talent at making three people uneasy at the same time.

*Raw.*

*Raw.* Your hand. On your own account, we are friends.

*Barb.* O dear father!

*Raw.* Be silent. Now to your errand. 'Tis from Mortimer.

*Wilf.* I come from Sir Edward.

*Raw.* I know his malice. He would oppress me with his power. He would starve me and my family. Search my house.

*Samf.* No, father no. You forget the hind quarter in the pantry. *(Aside)*

*Raw.* Let him do his worst: but let him beware. A tyrant; a villain.

*Wilf.* Harkye—he is my master. I owe him my gratitude;—every thing:—and had you been any but my Barbara's father, and spoken so much against him, my indignation had work'd into my knuckles, and cram'd the words down your rusty throat.

*Sam.* I do begin to perceive how this will end. Father will knock down the secretary as flat as a buck.

*Raw.* Why am I singled out? Is there no mark for the vengeance of office to shoot its shaft at but me. This morning, as he dog'd me in the forest ———

*Wilf.* Hush, Rawbold. Keep your counsel. Should you make it publick he must notice it.

*Raw.* Did he not notice it?

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* No matter—but he has sent me thus early, Gilbert, with this relief to your distresses, which he has heard of. Here are twenty marks for you and your family.

*Raw.* From Sir Edward Mortimer?

*Wilf.* 'Tis his way;—but he would not have it mention'd. He is one of those judges who, in their office, will never warp the law to save offenders: but his private charity bids him assist the needy, before their necessities drive them to crimes which his public duty must punish.

*Raw.* Did Mortimer do this! did he! heaven bless him! Oh, young man, if you knew half the misery—my wife—my children—Shame ont! I have stood many a tug, but the drops, now, fall in spite of me. I am not ungrateful; but I cannot stand it. We will talk of Barbara when I have more man about me.

*(Exit up the stair-case.)*

*Wilf.* Farewell. I must home to the lodge quickly. Ere this, I warrant, I am look'd for.

*Barb.* Farewell.

## QUINTETTO.

*Wilford.*

THE Sun has tipt the hills with red;  
The lout now flourishes his flail;  
The punchy parson waddles from his bed,  
Heavy, and heated, with his last night's ale.

Adieu!



Adieu ! adieu ! I must be going ;  
 The dapper village cock is crowing.  
 Adieu, my little Barbara !

*Barbara.*

Adieu !—and should you think upon  
 The lowly cottage, when you're gone,  
 Where two old Oaks, with ivy deckt,  
 Their branches o'er the roof project,  
 I pray, good sir, just recollect  
 That there lives little Barbara.

*Samson.*

And Samson too, good Sir, in smoke and smother  
 Barbara's very tender—loving brother.

*First Boy, to Samson.*

Brother, look ! the sun, aloof,  
 Peeps through the crannies of the roof.  
 Give us food, good brother, pray !  
 For we eat nothing yesterday.

*Children.* Give us food, good brother, pray !

*Samson.* Oh, fire and faggot ! what a squalling !

*Barbara.* Do not chide 'em.—

*Samson.* Damn their bawling !

Hungry stomachs there's no balking :  
 I wish I could stop their mouths with talking :  
 But very good meat is, cent per cent,  
 Dearer than very good argument.

*Wilford.* Adieu, adieu, I must be going ;  
 The dapper village cock is crowing.

Adieu, my little Barbara ! }

*Barbara.* Oh, think on little Barbara. }

*Children.* Give us food !

*Samson.* Curse their squalling.

*Wilford*

*Wilford and Barbara.* Adieu! adieu!

*Samson.* Damn their bawling.

*Samson, Wilford, and Barbara.*

Adieu my little Barbara!

Oh, think on little Barbara!

You'll think on little Barbara.

}

SCENE II. *An old fashion'd Hall, in Sir EDWARD MORTIMER'S Lodge.*

*Several Servants cross the Stage, with Flaggons, Tankards, Cold meat, &c. &c.*

*Enter ADAM WINTERTON.*

*Wint.* Softly, varlets, softly! See you crack none of the stone flaggons. Nay, 'tis plain your own breakfasts be toward, by your skuttling thus.—A goodly morning! Why, you giddy-pated knave, (*to one of the servants.*) is it so you carry a dish of pottery? No heed of our good master, Sir Edward Mortimer's ware? Fie, Peter Pickbone, fie!

*Serv.*—I am in haste, master Steward, to break my fast.

*Wint.*—To break thy fast!—to break thy neck, it should seem. Ha! ha! good i'faith!—Go thy ways knave! (*Exit servant.*) 'Tis thus the rogues ever have me. I would feign be angry with them, but, straight, a merry jest passeth across me

me, and my choler is over. To break thy neck it should seem! ha, ha! 'twas well conceited, by St. Thomas!—My table-book, for the business of the day. Ah, my memory holds not as it did. It needs the spur. (*Looking over his book.*) Nine and forty years have I been house-steward and butler. Let me see.—Six winters ago, come Christmas eve, died my old master, sir Marmaduke.—Ah! he was a heavy loss. I look'd to drop before him. He was hale and tough:—but, thank heaven, I ha' seen him out, my dear old master! Let me see—my tables: (*Looking over them and singing.*)

When birds do carrol on the bush,

With a heigh no nonny — — heigho!

*Enter Cook.*

*Cook.*—Master Steward! Good master Winterton!

*Wint.*—Who calls merry old Adam Winterton? Ha, Jacob Cook! Well bethought—the dinner. Nay, I bear a brain: thinking men will combine. I never see Jacob Cook but it reminds me of ordering dinner. We must have——what say my tables——we must have, Jacob——Nay, by St. Thomas, I perceive 'twas Christmas eve *seven* years died my good old master, sir Marmaduke.

*Cook.*—I pray you despatch me, good master steward. I would bestir in time.

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—Then I would counsel thee to rise earlier, Jacob; for truth to say thou art a sluggard. Ha! good i'faith!—Let me see;—Dinner—oh! Hast thou prepared the fare I order'd yester-night?

*Cook.*—All kill'd, and ready: but will not Sir Edward Mortimer pall on his diet? 'Tis the very same bill of fare we serv'd yesterday.

*Wint.*—Hey—let me see—I have settled the dinners throughout the week in my tables. Now, by our lady, I have mistaken, and read Thursday twice over!—Ha! ha! ha!—A pestilence upon me! Well Sir Edward, (heaven bless him!) must bear with me. He must e'en dine to day on what he dined on yesterday!—'tis too late to be changed. Get thee gone, knave, get thee gone.

*Cook.*—(*Going out.*)—Age has so overdone this old dry-bones he'll shortly tumble from the spit.—“Thursday twice over!”—This comes of being able to read. An old buzzard! *Exit.*

*Wint.*—These fatigues of office somewhat wear a man. I have had a long lease on't. I ha' seen out Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and King James. 'Tis e'en almost time that I should retire, to begin to enjoy myself. Eh! by St. Thomas! hither trips the fair mistress Blanch. Of all the waiting gentlewomen I ever looked on, during the two last reigns, none stir'd my fancy like this little rose-bud.

*Enter Blanch.*

*Blanch.*—A good day, good Adam Winterton.

*Wint.*



*Wint.*—What wag! what tulip! I never see thee but I am a score of years the younger.

*Blanch.*—Nay, then, let us not meet often, or you will soon be in your second child-hood.

*Wint.*—What you come from your mistress, the Lady Helen, in the forest here; and would speak with Sir Edward Mortimer, I warrant?

*Blanch.*—I would. Is his melancholy worship stirring yet?

*Wint.*—Fie, you mad-cap! He is my master, and your Lady's friend.

*Blanch.*—Yes, truly, it seems, her only one, poor Lady: he protects her now she is left an orphan.

*Wint.*—A blessing on his heart! I would it were merrier. Well, she is much beholden to Sir Edward for his consolation: and he never affords her his advice but his bounty is sure to follow it.

*Blanch.*—Just so a crow will nourish its nestling: he croaks first, and then gives her food.

*Wint.*—Ha, ha! good i'faith!—but wicked. Thy company will corrupt, and lead me astray. Should they happen to marry, (and I have my fancies on't,) I'll dance a galliard with thee in the hall, on the round Oak table. Sbud! when I was a youth, I would ha' caper'd with St. Vitus, and beat him.

*Blanch.*—You are as likely to dance, now, as they to marry. What has hindered them, if the par-

ties be agreed?—yet I have, now, been with my mistress these two years; since Sir Edward first came hither, and placed her in the cottage, hard by his lodge.

*Wint.*—Tush! family reasons.—Thou knowest nothing: thou art scarce catch'd. Two years back, when we came from Kent, and Sir Edward first entered on his office, here, of Head Keeper, thou wert a Colt, running wild about New Forest. I hired you myself to attend on madam Helen.

*Blanch.*—Nay I shall never forget it. But you were as frolicksome, then, as I, methinks. Dost remember the box on the ear I gave thee, Adam?

*Wint.*—Peace, peace, you pie! an you prate thus I'll stop your mouth. I will, by Saint Thomas!

*Blanch.*—An I be inclined to the contrary, I do not think you are able to stop it.

*Wint.*—Out, you baggage! thou hast more tricks than a kitten. Well, go thy ways. Sir Edward is at his study, and there thou wilt find him. Ah, mistress Blanch! had you but seen me in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign!

*Blanch.*—How old art thou now, Adam?

*Wint.*—Four score, come Martlemas: and, by our Lady, I can run with a lapwing.

*Blanch.*—Canst thou?—Well said!—Thou art a merry old man, and shalt have a kiss of me, on one condition.

*Wint.*—Shall I! oddsbud, name it, and 'tis mine.

*Blanch.*—Then, catch me. (*Runs off.*)

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—Pestilence out! there was a time when my legs had serv'd:—but, to speak truth, I never thrust them, now, into my scarlet hose that they do not remember me of two flicks of red sealing-wax. I was a clean-limb'd stripling, when I first stood behind Sir Marmaduke's arm chair, in the old Oak eating-room.

SONG. *Adam Winterton.*

SIR Marmaduke was a hearty Knight;  
 Good man! Old man!  
 He's painted standing bolt upright,  
 With his hose roll'd over his knee;—  
 His Perriwig's as white as chalk;  
 And on his fist he holds a Hawk;  
 And he looks like the head  
 Of an ancient family.

II.

His dining-room was long and wide;  
 Good man! Old man!  
 His Spaniels lay by the fire-side;—  
 And in other parts, d'ye see,  
 Cross-bows, tobacco-pipes, old hats,  
 A saddle, his wife, and a litter of cats;  
 And he look'd like the head  
 Of an ancient family.

III.

He never turned the poor from his gate;  
 Good man! Old man!  
 But always ready to break the pate  
 Of his Country's enemy.  
 What knight could do a better thing,  
 Than serve the poor, and fight for his King.  
 And so may every head  
 Of an ancient family.

*Enter*

*Enter Wilford.*

*Wilf.*—Every new act of Sir Edward's charity sets me a thinking; and the more I think the more I am puzzled. 'Tis strange that a man should be so ill at ease, who is continually doing good. At times, the wild glare of his eye is frightful; and, last night, when I was writing for him, in the library, I could not help fancying I was shut up with the devil. I would stake my life there's a secret; and I could almost give my life to unravel it. I must to him for my morning's employment. (*Crossing the stage.*)

*Wint.*—Ah! boy! Wilford! secretary! whither away, lad?

*Wilf.*—Mr. Winterton!—Aye, marry, this good old man has the clue, could I but coax him to give it me.—A good morning to you, Sir!

*Wint.*—Yea, and the like to thee, boy. Come, thou shalt have a cup of Canary, from my corner cup-board, yonder.

*Wilf.*—Not a drop.

*Wint.*—Troth, I bear thee a good will for thy honest old dead father's sake.

*Wilf.*—I do thankfully perceive it, Sir. Your placing me in Sir Edward's family, some nine months ago, when my poor father died, and left me friendless, will never out of my memory.

*Wint.*—Tut, boy, no merit of mine in assisting the friendless. 'Tis our duty child. I could never  
abide

abide to see honest industry chop fallen. I love to have folks merry about me, to my heart.

*Wilf.*—I would you could instill some mirth into our good master Sir Edward. You are an old domestick—the only one he brought with him, two years back, from Kent,—and might venture to give his spirits a jog. He seems devour'd with spleen and melancholy.

*Wint.*—You are a prying boy.—Go to.—I have told thee, a score of times, I would not have thee curious about our worthy master's humour. By my troth, I am angry with thee. What a boy like you?—a——Thou hast put me in choler. Continue this, and I'll undo thee;—I'll un——sbud! I'll unprotect thee.—Ha, good, i'faith! nay, marry, my rage holds not long:—flash and out again. Unprotect thee!—ha! 'twas exceeding good by Saint Thomas!

*Wilf.*—I should cease to pry, sir, would you but once, (as I think you have more than once seem'd inclined) gratify my much-raised curiosity.

*Wint.*—Well said, i'faith, I do not doubt thee. I warrant thou wouldst cease to enquire, when I had told thee all thou wouldst know.—What, green-horn, didst think to trap the old man?—Go thy ways, boy! I have a head.—Old Adam Winterton can sift a subtle speech to the bottom.

*Wilf.*—Ah, good sir, you need not tell me that. Young as I am, I can admire that experience, in another, which I want myself.

*Wint.*



*Wint.*—There is something marvellous engaging in this young man. You have a world of promise, boy. Sixty years ago, in Queen Elizabeth's time, I was just such another. I remember Marian Potpan, the farmer's daughter, of Stocks Green, was then enamour'd of me. Well, beware how you offend sir Edward.

*Wilf.*—I would not, willingly, for the world. He has been the kindest master to me. He has inform'd my mind, reliev'd my distresses, cloath'd me, shelter'd me :—but, whilst my fortunes ripen in the warmth of his goodness, the frozen gloom of his countenance chills me.

*Wint.*—Well, well, take heed how you prate on't. Out on these babbling boys! There is no keeping a secret with youngers in a family.

*Wilf.*—(*very eagerly.*) What then there is a secret!—'Tis as I guessed after all.

*Wint.*—Why, how now, hot-head?—Mercy on me! an this tinder-box boy do not make me shake with apprehension. Is it thus you take my frequent council?

*Wilf.*—Dear sir, 'tis your council which most I covet. Give me but that; admit me to your confidence; steer me with your advice, which I ever held excellent, and, with such a pilot, I may sail prosperously through a current which, otherwise, might wreck me.

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—'Tis melting to see how unfledged youth will shelter itself, like a chicken, under the wing of such a tough old cock as myself! Well, well, I'll think on't, boy.

*Wilf.*—The old answer.—Yet, he softens apace: could I but clench him now—Faith, sir, 'tis a raw morning; and I care not if I taste the canary your kindness offer'd.

*Wint.*—Aha! lad! say'st thou so? Just my modest humour when I was young. I ever refused my glass at first, but I came to it ere I had quitted my company. Here's the key of the corner cup-board, yonder. See you do not crack the bottle, you heedless goose, you!

*(Wilford takes out bottle and glasses.)*

Ha! fill it up. Od! it sparkles curiously. Here's to—— I prithee, tell me now, Wilford; didst ever in thy life see a waiting-gentlewoman, with a more inviting eye than the little Mrs. Blanch?

*Wilf.*—Here's Mrs. Blanch—*(drinks.)*

*Wint.*—Ah, wag! well, go thy ways! Well, when I was of thy age——odsbud! no matter; 'tis past, now;—but here's the little Mrs. Blanch—*(drinks.)*

*Wilf.*—'Tis thought, here, sir Edward means to marry her lady, Madame Helen.

*Wint.*—Nay, I know not. She has long been enamour'd of him, poor lady! when he was the  
gay

gay, the gallant sir Edward, in Kent. Ah, well! two years make a wond'rous change!

*Wilf.*—Yes, 'tis a good tough love, now a days, that will hold out a couple of twelve-months.

*Wint.*—Away, I mean not so, you giddy pate! He is all honour; and as steady in his course as the sun: yet I wonder sometimes he can bear to look upon her.

*Wilf.*—Eh? why so? Did not he bring her, under his protection, to the Forest; since, 'tis said, she lost her relations?

*Wint.*—Hush, boy! on your life do not name her uncle—I would say her relations.

*Wilf.*—Her uncle! wherefore? Where's the harm in having an uncle, dead or alive?

*Wint.*—Peace, peace! In that uncle lyes the secret.

*Wilf.*—Indeed! how good Adam Winterton? I prithee, how?

*Wint.*—Ah! 'twas a heavy day! Poor sir Edward is now a broken spirit—but if ever a good spirit walk'd the earth in trunk hose, he is one.

*Wilf.*—Let us drink sir Edward's health.

*Wint.*—That I would, tho' 'twere a mile to the bottom.—(*drink*). Ha, 'tis cheering, i'faith! Well, in troth, I have regard for thee, boy, for thy father's sake.

*Wilf.*—Oh, good sir! and this uncle, you say—

*Wint.*

*Wint.*—Of Madam Helen—ah! there lyes the mischief.

*Wilf.*—What mischief can be in him? why, he is dead.

*Wint* —Come nearer—see you prate not now, on your life. Our good master, sir Edward, was arraign'd on his account, in open court.

*Wilf.*—Arraign'd! how mean you?

*Wint.*—Alas, boy! tried.—Tried for ——— nearer yet—his murder.

*Wilf.*—Mu—mur—Murder! (*drops the glass.*)

*Wint.*—Why, what! why, Wilford! out, alas! the boy's passion will betray all! what, Wilford, I say!

*Wilf.*—You have curdled my blood!

*Wint.*—What, varlet, thou darest not think ill of our worthy master?

*Wilf.*—I—I am his secretary. Often alone with him at dead midnight, in his library. The candles in the sockets—and a man glaring upon me who has committed mur—ugh!

*Wint.*—Committed! Thou art a base lying knave, to say it: and while I wear a rapier, I'll ———tush! Heaven help me! I forget I am fourscore. Well, well—hear me, pettish boy, hear me. Why, look now, thou dost not attend.

*Wilf.*—I—I mark; I mark.

*Wint.*—I tell thee, then, our good sir Edward was beloved in Kent, where he had returned a year before from his travels. Madam Helen's

uncle was hated by all the neighbourhood, rich and poor. A mere brute, dost mark me.

*Wilf.*—Like enough: but when brutes walk upon two legs, the law of the land, thank Heaven! will not suffer us to butcher them.

*Wint.*—Go to, you fire-brand! Our good master labour'd all he could, for many a month, to soothe his turbulence; but in vain. He pick'd a quarrel with sir Edward, in the publick county assembly; nay, the strong ruffian struck him down, and trampled on him. Think on that, Wilford; on our good master sir Edward, whose great soul was nigh to burst with the indignity.

*Wilf.*—Well, but the end on't.

*Wint.*—Why, our young master took horse, for his own house, determin'd, as it appear'd, to send a challenge to this white-liver'd giant in the morning.

*Wilf.*—I see. He kill'd him in a duel. That's another kind of butchery, which the law allows not; true humanity shudders at, and false honour justifies.

*Wint.*—See, now, how you fly off! Sir Edward's revenge, boy, was baffled. For his antagonist was found dead in the street, that night; killed, by some unknown assassins, on his return from the assembly.

*Wilf.*—Indeed! *unknown* assassins!

*Wint.*—Nay, 'tis plain, our good sir Edward had no hand in the wicked act: for he was tried,



as I told you, at the next assize. Mercy on me ! 'twas a crowded court ; and how gentle and simple threw up their caps, at his acquittal ! Heaven be thank'd ! he was cleared beyond a shadow of doubt.

*Wilf.*—He was ; I breathe again. 'Twas a happy thing. 'Twas the only way left of cleansing him from a foul suspicion,

*Wint.*—Out alas ! lad, 'tis his principal grief. He is full of nice feeling, and high-flown honour ; and the thought of being tried, for such a crime, has given him his heart's wound. Poor gentleman ! he has shun'd the world ever since. He was once the life of all company—but now !

*Sir Ed. (without)*—Winterton !

*Wint.*—Hark ! some one calls. Out on thee, thou hast sunk my spirits into my heels. Who calls merry old Adam Winterton ?

*Sir Edward (without)* Adam Winterton ! come hither to me.

*Wint.*—Nay, by our lady, 'tis Sir Edward himself !—Pestilence ont ! if I seem sad now, 'twill be noted. I come, good Sir Edward.

“ When birds—(not a word on thy life)—  
do carroll on the bush,”

“ With a hey no nonny”——Mercy on me !

(*Exit.*

*Wilf.*—My throat's parch'd, and my blood freezes. A quart of brandy couldn't moisten the one nor thaw the other. This accounts, then, for

all. Poor, unhappy gentlemen ! This unravels all, from the first day of my service—when a deep groan made me run into the library, and I found him locking up his papers, in the iron chest, as pale as ashes.—Eh?—What can be in that chest!—Perhaps some proof of——no I shudder at the suggestion.—’Tis not possible one so good can be guilty of——I know not what to think—nor what to resolve. But curiosity is roused, and, come what may, I’ll have an eye upon him. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—*A Library.*

*Sir Edward Mortimer* discover’d at a Writing Table. *Adam Winterton* attending :

*Mort.*—’Tis his first trespass, so we’ll quit him  
Adam :—

But caution him how he offend again.

As Keeper of the forest, I should fine him.

*Wint.*—Nay that your worship should. He’ll  
prove, ere long,

—Mark but my words—a sturdy poacher. Well,  
T’is you know best.

*Mort.*—Well, well, no matter, Adam;—  
He has a wife, and child.

*Wint.*—Ah ! blest your honour !

*Mor.*—They kill’d his dog ?

*Wint.*—Aye, marry, sir :—a lurcher.

Black Martin Wincot, the groom keeper shot him ;  
A perilous good aim.—I warrant me,  
The rogue has lived this year upon that lurcher.

*Mort.*

*Mort.*—Poor wretch!—Oh! well bethought;  
Send Walter to me—

I would employ him: he must ride for me,  
On business of much import.

*Wint.*—Lackaday!

That it should chance so! I have sent him forth,  
To Winchester, to buy me flannel hose;  
For winter's coming on. Good lack! that things  
Should fall so crossly!

*Mort.*—Nay, nay, do not fret—:

'Tis better that my business cool, good Adam,  
Than thy old limbs.

*Wint.*—Ah! you've a kindly heart!

*Mort.*—Is Wilford waiting?

*Wint.*—Wilford! mercy on me!

I tremble now to hear his name. He is—  
Here in the hall, sir.

*Mort.*—Send him in, I prithee.

*Wint.*—I shall, sir. Heaven blest you! hea-  
ven blest you! (Exit.

*Mort.* Good morning, good old heart! This  
honest soul

Would feign look cheery in my house's gloom,  
And, like a gay and sturdy ever-green,  
Smiles in the midst of blast, and desolation,  
Where all around him withers.—Well, well—  
wither!

Perish this frail and fickle frame!—this clay,  
That, in it's dross-like compound, doth contain  
The mind's pure ore and essence.—Oh! that mind!  
That mind of man! that god-like spring of action!  
That

That source, whence Learning, Virtue, Honour,  
flow!—

Which lifts us to the stars; which carries us  
O'er the swollen waters of the angry deep,  
As swallows skim the air.—That Fame's sole fountain!

That doth transmit a fair, and spotless name  
When the vile trunk is rotten:—Give me that!  
Oh! give me but to live, in after-age,  
Remember'd and un sullied!—Heaven and earth!  
Let my pure flame of Honour shine in story,  
When I am cold in death—and the slow fire,  
That wears my vitals now, will no more move me  
Than 'twould a corpse within a monument.

*(A knock at the door of the library)*

How now! Who's there? Come in.

*(Enter Wilford.)*

Wilford! is't you? You were not wont to knock.

*Wilf.*—I fear'd I might surprize you, sir.

*Mort.*—Surprize me!

*Wilf.*—I mean—disturb you, sir:—yes—at your studies—

Disturb you at your studies.

*Mort.*—Very strange!

You were not used to be so cautious.

*Wilf.*—No—

I never used—but I—hum—I have learnt!—

*Mort.*—Learnt!

*Wilf.*—Better manners, sir. I was quite raw,  
When, in your bounty, you first shelter'd me:

But, thanks to your great goodness, and the lessons  
Of

Of Mr. Winterton, I still improve,  
And pick up something daily.

*Mort.*—Aye, indeed!

Winterton!—No he dare not—Hark you, sir.

*(stepping up to him)*

*Wilf.*—Sir!

*Mort.*—*(retreating from him)*. What am I about!

—Oh, honour! honour!

Thy pile should be so uniform, displace  
One atom of thee, and the slightest breath  
Of a rude peasant makes thy owner tremble  
For his whole building. Reach me, from the shelf,  
The volume I was busied in, last night.

*Wilf.*—Last night, sir?

*Mort.*—Aye;—it treats of Alexander.

*Wilf.*—Oh, I remember, sir—of Macedon.

I made some extracts, by your order. *(goes to the Book-Case)*

*Mort.*—Books

*(My only commerce, now,)* will sometimes rouse me  
Beyond my nature. I have been so warm'd,  
So heated by a well-turn'd rhapsody,  
That I have seem'd the hero of the tale,  
So glowingly described. Draw me a man  
Struggling for Fame, attaining, keeping it,  
Dead ages since, and the Historian  
Decking his memory, in polish'd phrase,  
And I can follow him through every turn,  
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,  
Until the thick pulsation of my heart  
Wakes me, to ponder on the thing I am.

*Wilf.*



*Wilf.*—(*giving him the book*)

To my poor thinking, fir, this Alexander  
Would scarcely rouse a man to follow him.

*Mort.*—Indeed! why so lad? He is reckon'd  
brave,

Wife, generous, learn'd, by older heads than  
thine.

*Wilf.*—I cannot tell, fir:—I have but a glean-  
ing.—

He conquer'd all the world;—but left uncon-  
quer'd

A world of his own passions—and they led him,  
(It seems so there) on petty provocation,  
Even to murder. (*Mortimer starts—Wilford and  
he exchange looks—both confused.*)

I have touch'd the string—

'Twas unawares—I cannot help it. (*aside*)

*Mort.*—(*attempting to recover himself.*)—Wilford  
——Wilford I——you mistake the character——

I, mark you—he—death and eternal tortures!

(*dashs the book on the floor, and siezes Wilford*)

Slave! I will crush thee! pulverise thy frame!

That no vile particle of prying nature

May——Ha, ha ha!—I will not harm thee,  
boy—

O, agony! (*Exit.*)

*Wilf.*—Is this the high-flown honour, and de-  
licate feeling, old Winterton talk'd of, that can-  
not bear a glance at the trial?—Delicate! had I  
been born under a throttling planet, I had never  
survived

survived this collaring. This may be guilt. If so——well, what have I to do with the knowledge ont!—what *could* I do? cut off my benefactor! who gives me bread! who is respected for his virtues, pitied for his misfortunes, loved by his family, bless'd by the poor!—Pooh! he is innocent. This is his pride and shame. He was acquitted—Thousands witness'd it—thousands rejoiced at it—thousands——eh? the key left in the iron chest! Circumstance and mystery tempt me at every turn. Ought I—no matter. These are no common incitements and I submit to the impulse. I heard him stride down the stairs. It opens with a spring I see. I tremble in every joint. (*goes to the chest.*)

*Enter Sir EDWARD MORTIMER.*

*Mort.*—I had forgot the key and——ha! by hell!

(*Sees Wilford; snatches a pistol from the table, runs up to him, and holds it to his head. Wilford on his knees, claps down the lid of the trunk which he had just open'd. After an apparent struggle of mind, Mortimer throws the pistol from him.*)

*Mort.*—Begone!—Come back.—Come hither to me.

Mark me—I see thou dost at every turn—  
And I have noted thee too. Thou hast found  
(I know not how) some clue to my disgrace:—  
Aye, my disgrace—we must not mince it now—  
Publick dishonour!—trod on!—buffeted!

F

Then

Then tried as the foul demon who had foild  
My manly means of vengeance. Anguish gnaws  
me :

Mountains of shame are piled upon me !—Me,  
Who have made Fame my idol. 'Twas enough !  
But something must be super-added. You,—  
A worm, a viper I have warm'd, must plant,  
In venom'd sport, your sting into my wounds,  
Too tender e'en for tenderness to touch,  
And work me into madness. Thou wouldst  
question

My very——slave !——my very innocence ;  
Ne'er doubted yet by judges nor arraigners.  
Wretch ! you have wrung this from me. Be  
content

I am sunk low enough.

*Wilf.*—(returning the key) Oh, sir ! I ever  
Honour'd and loved you. But I merit all.  
My passions hurried me I know not wither.  
Do with me as you please, my kind, wrong'd  
master !

Discard me—thrust me forth—nay, kill me !——

*Mort.* Kill you !

*Wilf.* I know not what I say. —I know but this,  
That I would die to serve you.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Servant.* Sir, your brother  
Is just alighted at the gate.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* My brother !

He could not time it worse. Wilford, remember.  
Come, shew me to him. (*Exit with servant.*)

*Wilf.* Remember ! I shall never while I live forget it : nay, I shall never while I live forgive myself. My knees knock together still ; and the cold drops stand on my forehead, like rain-water on a pent-house.

*Enter Barbara.*

*Barb.* Wilford !

*Wilf.* Eh ? Barbara ! How camest thou here ?

*Barb.* With my father, who waits below to see Sir Edward.

*Wilf.* He——He is busied ; he cannot see him now. He is with his brother.

*Barb.* Troth, I am sorry for it. My poor father's heart is bursting with gratitude, and he would fain ease it by pouring out his thanks to his benefactor. Oh, Wilford, your's is a happy lot to have such a master as Sir Edward.

*Wilf.* Happy ? Oh ! yes---I---I am very happy

*Barb.* Mercy ! has any ill befallen you ?

*Wilf.* No ; nothing. 'Tis all my happiness. My happiness is like your father's gratitude, Barbara ; and, at times, it goes near to choak me.

*Barb.* Nay, I'm sure there's more in this. Bless me, you look pale ! I cou'dn't bear to see you ill, or uneasy, Wilford.

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* Cou'dn't you, Barbara? Well, well, I shall be better presently. 'Tis nothing of import.

*Barb.* Trust me, I hope not.

*Wilf.* Well, question me no more on't now, I beseech you, Barbara.

*Barb.* Believe me, I would not question you but to console you, Wilford. I would scorn to pry into any one's grief; much more your's, Wilford, to satisfy a busy curiosity. Though, I am told, there are such in the world who would.

*Wilf.* I——I am afraid there are, Barbara. But come, no more of this. 'Tis a passing cloud on my spirits, and will soon blow over.

*Barb.* Ah! could I govern your fortunes, foul weather should ne'er harm you.

*Wilf.* Should not it, sweet! Kiss me. (*Kisses her.*) The lips of a woman are a sovereign cordial for melancholy.

## DUETT.

*Wilford and Barbara.*

*Wilf.* Sweet little Barbara, when you are advancing,  
Sweet little Barbara, my cares you remove;

*Barb.* Poor little Barbara can feel her heart dancing,  
When little Barbara is met by her love.

*Wilf.* When I am grieved, love! oh, what would you say?

*Barb.* Tattle to you, love,  
And prattle to you, love,  
And laugh your grief and care away.

*Wilf.* Sweet little Barbara, &c.

*Barb.* Poor little Barbara, &c.

*Wilf.*



*Wilf.* Yet, dearest Barbara, look all through the nation,  
Care, soon or late, my love, is ev'ry man's lot.

*Barb.* Sorrow and melancholy, grief and vexation,  
When we are young and jolly, soon is forgot.

*Wilf.* When we grow old, love ! then what will you say ?

*Barb.* Tattle to you, love,  
And prattle to you, love,  
And laugh your grief and care away.

*Wilf.* Sweet little Barbara, &c.

*Barb.* Poor little Barbara, &c.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT

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A C T II.

SCENE I.—*The New Forest.*

*Enter* ARMSTRONG and ORSON.

ARMSTRONG.

GO to—I tell thee, Orson, (as I have told thee more than once) thou art too sanguinary.

*Orf.*—And, I tell you, Captain Armstrong—but always under favour, you being our leader—you are too humane.

*Arm.*—Humanity is scarcely counted a fault: if so, 'tis a fault on the right side.

*Orf.*—Umph! perhaps not with us. We are robbers.

*Arm.*—And why should robbers lack humanity? They who plunder most respect it as a virtue, and make a shew on't to guild their vices. Lawyers, Physicians, Placemen, all—all plunder and slay, but all pretend to humanity.

*Orf.*—They are Regulars, and plunder by licence.

*Arm.*—Then let us Quacks set the regulars a better example.

*Orf.*—This humanity, Captain, is a high horse you are ever bestride upon. Some day, mark my word, he'll fling you.

*Arm.*—Cruelty is a more dangerous beast:—When the rider's thrown, his brains are kick'd out, and no one pities him.

*Orf.*—Like enough;—but your tough horseman, who ventures boldly, is never dismounted. When I am engaged in a desperate chace, (as we are, Captain,) I stick at nothing. I hate milk sops.

*Arm.*—And love mutiny. Take heed, Orson, I have before caution'd you not to glance at me.

*Orf.*—I say nothing: but if some escape to inform against us, whom we have rob'd, 'tis none of my fault. Dead men tell no tales.

*Arm.*—Wretch! Speak that again, and you shall tell none. (*holds a carbine to his head.*)

*Orf.*—Flash away!—I don't fear death.

*Arm.*—More shame for thee; for thou art unfit to meet it.

*Orf.*—I know my trade. I set powder, ball, and rope, at defiance.

*Arm.*—Brute! You mistake headstrong insensibility for courage. Do not mistake my horror of it for cowardice: for I, who shudder at cruelty, will fell your boldness to the earth, when I see you practice it. Submit.

*Orf.*—I do. I know not what 'tis, but I have told you, often, there is something about you awes me. I cannot tell——I could kill twenty to your one.

*Arm.*—There 'tis.——Thou wouldst dart upon the weak unguarded man, like a tyger. A ferocious animal,

animal, whether crawling or erect, ever flinks from fair opposition.

*Orf.*—My courage was never yet doubted, Captain.

*Arm.*—Your nerves, fool. Thou art a mere machine. Could I but give it motion, I would take an oak from the forest, here, clap a flint into it for heart, and make as bold a fellow as thou art. Listen to my orders.

*Orf.*—I obey.

*Arm.*—Get thee to our den. Put on thy disguise—then hie thee to the market town for provision, for our company. Here——Here is part of the spoil we took yester-night: see you bring an honest account of what you lay out. (*giving money*)

*Orf.* My nonour!——

*Arm.* Well, I do not doubt thee, here. Our profession is singular; it's followers do not cheat one another. You will not be back till dusk. See you fall not on any poor straggling peasant, as you return.

*Orf.* I would feign encounter the solitary man, who is sometimes wandering by night about the forest. He is rich.

*Arm.* Not for your life. 'Tis Sir Edward Mortimer, the head keeper. Touch him not; 'tis too near home. Besides, he is no object for plunder. I have watch'd him, at midnight, stealing from his lodge, to wander like one crazed.

He

He is good, too, to the poor; and should walk unmolested by Charity's charter. 'Twere pity that he who administers to necessity, all day, should be rified by necessity at night. An thou shouldst meet him, I charge thee spare him.

*Ors.* I must, if it be your order. This sparing doctrine will go nigh, at last, to starve all the thieves. When a man takes to the trade of a wolf, he should not go like a lamb to his business. (*Exit.*

*Arm.* This fellow is a downright villain: Harden'd and relentless. I have felt, in my penury, the world trample on me. It has driven me to take that, desperately, which wanting I should starve. Death! my spirit cannot brook to see a sleek knave walk negligently by his fellow in misery, and suffer him to rot. I will wrench that comfort from him which he will not bestow.—But nature puts a bar:—Let him administer to my wants, and pass on:—I have done with him.

### SONG.

*Armstrong.*

When the Robber his victim has noted,  
When the Free-booter darts on his prey,  
Let Humanity spare the devoted;  
Let Mercy forbid him to slay.

Since my hope is by penury blighted,  
My sword must the traveller daunt;  
I will snatch from the rich man, benighted,  
The gold he denies to my want.



But the victim when, once, I have noted,  
     At my foot, when I look on my prey,  
 Let Humanity spare the devoted;  
     Let Mercy forbid me to slay.

SCENE II. *The Hall in Sir EDWARD MORTIMER'S Lodge.*

*Enter FITZHARDING.*

*Fitz.* Well, business must be minded :—but he  
     stays  
 A tedious time, methinks.—You fellow !  
     (*To a servant crossing the hall.*)

*Ser.* Sir !

*Fitz.* Where is Sir Tristful ? Where's Don Melancholy ?

*Serv.* Who, sir ?

*Fitz.* My brother, knave, Sir Edward Mortimer.

*Serv.* He was with you, but now, sir

*Fitz.* Sir, I thank you ;—

That's information. Louts, and serving-men,  
 Can never parley straight. I met a fellow,  
 Here, on my way across the heath,—a Hind—  
 And ask'd how far to Lymington : I look'd  
 The answer would have bolted from his chops,  
 Bounce, like a pellet from a popgun.—No :—  
 He stared, and scratch'd his empty head, and cried,  
 “ Where do you come from ? ”——Who brought  
     in my luggage ?

*Serv.* It was not I, sir.

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* There!—They never can!

Go to your master ; pray him to despatch  
His household-work :—tell him I hate fat Folios.  
Plague ! when I cross the country, here, to see  
him,

He leaves me ram'd into an elbow chair,  
With a huge, heavy book, that makes me nod,  
Then tumbles on my toes. Tell him, do'st hear,  
Captain Fitzharding's company has tired me.

*Serv.* Who's company ?——

*Fitz.* My own, knave.

*Serv.* Sir, I shall. (Exit.

*Fitz.* A book to me's a sovereign Narcotick ;  
A lump of opium ; every line a dose.  
Edward is all deep reading, and black letter ;  
He shews it in his very chin. He speaks  
Mere Dictionary ; and he pores on pages  
That give plain men the head-ach. “ Scarce,  
and curious,”

Are baits his learning nibbles at. His brain  
Is cram'd with mouldy volumes, cramp, and use-  
less,

Like a librarian's lumber-room.—Poor fellow !  
Grief will do much !—well ! some it drives to  
reading,

And some to drinking :—'twill do much !—this  
trial——

A fool to fret so for't ! his honour's clear.  
Tut ! I'm a soldier—know what honour is.  
Had I been slander'd, and a fair Court martial

Cleanfed me from calumny, as white as fnow,  
 I had ne'er moped, and fumed, and winced, and  
     kick'd,  
 But fat down heart-whole. Plague upon't! this  
     houfe  
 Appears the very cave of melancholy.  
 Nay, hold, I lie :—here comes a petticoat.

*Enter Blanch.*

Od! a rare wench! This is the beft edition  
 In Edward's whole collection. Here, come hither!  
 Let me perufe you.

*Blanch.* Would you fpeak with me, Sir?

*Fitz.* Aye, child. I'm going now to read you.

*Blanch.* Read me!

You'll find me full of errors, fir.

*Fitz.* No matter.

Come nearer, child: I cannot fee to read  
 At fuch a diftance.

*Blanch.* You had better, fir,  
 Put on your fpectacles.

*Fitz.* Aye, there fhe has me!

A plague upon old Time! old fcythe and hour-  
     glafs

Has fet his mark upon me. Harkye, child:  
 You do not know me. You and I muft have  
 Better acquaintance.

*Blanch.* O, I've heard of you.

You are Sir Edward's kinfman, Sir—his brother.

*Fitz.* Aye—his half brother—by the mother's  
     fide—

His

His elder brother.

*Blanch.* Yes, Sir, I see that.

*Fitz.* This gypsey's tongue is like her eye : I  
know not

Which is the sharpest. Tell me what's your  
name.

*Blanch.* My name is Blanch, Sir—born, here,  
in the forest.

*Fitz.* Sbud ! I must be a Keeper in this forest.  
Whither art going, sweet one ?

*Blanch.* Home, sir.

*Fitz.* Home !

Why is not this thy home ?

*Blanch.* No, Sir ; I live  
Some half mile hence—with madam Helen, sir.  
I brought a letter from her, to Sir Edward.

*Fitz.* Odso, with Helen !—so—with her !—the  
object

Of my grave brother's groaning passion. Plague !  
I would 'twere in the house. I do not like  
Your rheumatick, October affignations,  
Under an elm, by moonlight. This will end  
In flannels and sciatica. My passion  
Is not Arcadian. Tell me, pretty one,  
Shall I walk with you, home ?

*Blanch.* No, Sir, I thank you ;  
It would fatigue you, fadly.

*Fitz.* Fatigue me !

Oons ! this wild forest filly, here, would make me  
Grandfather to Methusaleh. Look here—  
Here is a purse of money.

*Blanch.*

*Blanch.*—O, the father!

What will you give me any?

*Fitz.*—Gold I find

The universal key; the *passe par tout*.

It will unlock a forest maiden's heart,

As easy as a politician's. Here;

Here are two pieces, rose-bud. Buy a top-knot;

Make thyself happy with them.

*Blanch.* That I will.

The poor old woman, northward of the lodge,

Lies sick in bed. I'll take her this, poor soul,

To comfort her.

*Fitz.* Hold!—hey the devil!—hold.

This was not meant to comfort an old woman.

*Blanch.* Why, would'nt you relieve her, Sir?

*Fitz.* Um?—yes:—

But—pshaw! pooh, prithee—there's a time for  
all things.

Why tell me of her now,—of an old fool,—

Of comforting the aged, now?

*Blanch.* I thought

That you might have a fellow-feeling, Sir.

*Fitz.* This little pastoral devil's laughing at me!

Oons! come and kiss me, jade. I am a Soldier,

And Justice of the Peace.

*Blanch.* Then, shame upon you!

Your double calling might have taught you better.

I see your drift now. Take your dirt again,

(*throws down the money.*)

Good Captain-Justice!—Stoop for it,—and think

How



How an old Soldier, and a Justice, looks,  
 When he is picking up the bribes he offers,  
 To injure those he should protect ;—the helpless,  
 The poor, and innocent. *Exit.*

*Fitz.* I warrant me,  
 Could I but see my face, now, in a glass,  
 That I look wond'rous sheepish. I'm ashamed  
 To pick up the two pieces.—Let them lye.—  
 I would not wrong the innocent ;—good reason ;—  
 There be so few that are so :—she is honest ;  
 I must make reparation. Odsso ! Wilford !

*Enter Wilford.*

How fares it, boy ?

*Wilf.* I thank you, sir. I hope you have enjoyed  
 Your health, these three months past, since last  
 you honour'd us  
 With your good presence at the lodge.

*Fitz.* Indifferent.  
 Some cramps and shooting pains, boy. I have  
 dropt  
 Some cash here, but I am afraid to bend  
 To pick it up again, least it should give me  
 An aukward twinge. Stoop for it, honest Wilford.  
 There's a good lad !

*Wilf.* Right willingly, Sir. *(Picks up the money.)*

*Fitz.* So !

The Soldier and the Justice save their blushes.—  
 Now, carry it, I prithee, at your leisure,

To

To an old gossip, near the lodge here—northward—

I've heard of her—she's bed-ridden, and sick.

You need not say who sent you.

*Wilf.* I conceive.

'Tis private bounty; that's true charity.

*Fitz.* Nay, pish!—my charity!——

*Wilf.* Nay, I could swear

'Tis not the first time you have offered this  
In secret.

*Fitz.* Um!—why no;—not quite the first.  
But tell me, lad, how jogs the world here, eh?  
In Rueful Castle?—What, some three months back,  
We two were cronies. What hast thou forgot?  
Thou wert my favourite here, man.

*Wilf.* Sir, you honour'd me  
By saying so.

*Fitz.* Tut! honour'd!—tut—a fig!  
Thou art grown starch and sad. This air is catching;  
Thou art infected. Harkye, Wilford, harkye!  
Thou'rt a sly rogue! What you could never tell  
me

Of Helen's waiting maid; the little cherry;—  
Of——plague upon her name!—of——

*Wilf.* Blanch, Sir?

*Fitz.* Blanch:

That's it;—the forest fairy.—You and I  
Must have some talk about her.

*Wilf.* Have you seen her?

*Fitz.* Just now: just gone. Od! I have blunder'd horribly!

You must know, lad——come hither.

*(They retire to the back of the scene.)*

*Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.*

*Mort.* Now for my brother, and—Ha! Wilford with him!

That imp is made my scourge. They whisper too.  
O! I had rather court the thunder-bolt,  
To melt my bones, and pound me to a mass,  
Than suffer this vile canker to corrode me.  
Wilford!

*Wilf.* Who calls?—eh!—'tis fir Edward.

*Fitz.* Mum!

*Mort.* I seem to interrupt you.

*Wilf.* *(earnestly.)* No, indeed.

No, on my life, fir:—we were only talking  
Of ———

*Fitz.* Hold your tongue. Oons! boy, you must not tell.

*Mort.* Not!

*Fitz.* Not! not to be sure:—why, 'tis a secret.

*Wilf.* You shall know all, fir.—'Twas a trifle—nothing—

In faith you shall know all.

*Fitz.* In faith you lie.

Be satisfied, good Edward:—'tis a toy.—

H

But

But, of all men, I would not have thee know on't.  
It is a tender subject.

*Mort.* Aye, indeed!

*Fitz.* May not I have my secret? Oons!  
good brother,

What would you say, now, should a meddling  
knave

Busy his brains with matters, though but trivial,  
Which concern you alone?

*Mort.* I'd have him rot:

Die piecemeal; pine; moulder in misery.

Agent, and sacrifice to Heaven's wrath,

When castigating plagues are hurl'd on man,

Stands lean, and lynx-eyed Curiosity,

Watching his neighbour's soul. Sleepless himself

To banish sleep from others. Like a Leech

Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,

He gorges on't—then renders up his food,

To nourish Calumny, his foul-lung'd mate,

Who carries Rumour's trumpet; and whose breath,

Infecting the wide surface of the world,

Strikes pestilence and blight. O, fie ont! fie!

Whip me the curious wretch from pole to pole!

Who writhes in fire, and scorches all around him,

A victim making victims!

*Fitz.* By the mass,

'Twere a sound whipping that, from pole to pole!

From constable to constable might serve.

E'en you yourself were like to prove, but now,

This

This Leech, that's yoke-fellow, you say, to Scandal,

The bad-breath'd trumpeter.

*Mort.* Your pardon, brother;  
I had forgot. Wilford, I've business for you.  
Wait for me—aye—an hour after dinner,  
Wait for me in the library.

*Wilf.* The library! —  
I sicken at the sound. (*aside.*) Wait there for you—  
and—

Captain Fitzharding, sir?

*Mort.* For me, alone.

*Wilf.* Alone, sir!

*Mort.* Yes,—begone.

*Wilf.* I shall, sir—but,  
If I have ever breath'd a syllable  
That might displease you may —

*Mort.* Fool! breathe no more.

*Wilf.* I'm dumb.  
I'd rather step into a Lion's den  
Than meet him in the library!—I go, Sir. *Exit.*

*Fitz.* Brother, you are too harsh with that poor  
boy.

*Mort.* Brother, a man must rule his family  
In his own way.

*Fitz.* Well, well, well—Don't be touchy.  
I speak not to offend: I only speak  
On a friend's privilege. The poor are men,  
And have their feelings, brother.

*Mort.* So have I!



*Fitz.* One of the best that we can shew, believe me,

Is mildness to a servant. Servants, brother,  
Are born with fortune's yoke about their necks;  
And that is galling in itself enough;  
We should not goad them under it. The master  
Should rather cheer them in their servitude,  
With kindly words—not too familiar neither;  
But utter'd with that air which true benevolence  
Imparts to dignified nobility.

*Mort.* Brother, your hand. You have a gentle nature—

May no mischance e'er ruffle it, my brother!  
I've known thee from my infancy, old soldier;  
And never did I know—I do not flatter—  
A heart more stout, more cas'd with hardy man-  
hood,  
More full of milk within. Trust me, dear friend,  
If admiration of thy charity  
May argue charity in the admirer,  
I am not destitute.

*Fitz.* You!—I have seen you  
Sometimes o'erflow with it.

*Mort.* And what avails it?

Honour has been my theme; good will to man  
My study. I have labour'd for a name  
As white as mountain snow; dazzling, and speck-  
less:

Shame on't! 'tis blur'd with blots! Fate, like a  
mildew,

Ruins

Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap,  
And all my crop is weeds.

*Fitz.* Why, how now, brother!

This is all spleen. You mope yourself too much,  
In this dull forest, here. Twenty blue devils  
Are dancing jigs, and hornpipes, in your brains.  
Fie, fie! be more a man.

*Mort.* Well, I have done.

*Fitz.* Come, what's for dinner? Od! I mean  
to eat

Abundantly.

*Mort.* I know not, brother. Honest Winter-  
ton

Will tell you all.

*Fitz.* What he! old Adam! he!

My merry buck of Paradise?——Odfo!

I have not seen him. Well, he shall produce

A flaggon of the best; and, after dinner,

We will be jovial. Come, come, rouse you, man!

I came on purpose, thirty miles from home,

To jog your spirits. Prithee, now, be gay!

And, prithee, too, be kind to my young favourite!

To Wilford there.

*Mort.* Well, well; I hope I have been.

*Fitz.* No doubt, in actions:—but in words,  
and looks.—

A rugged look's a damper to a greenhorn.

I watch'd him, now, when you frown'd angerly;

And he betray'd ——

*Mort.* Betray'd!

*Fitz.* Ten thousand fears.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* Oh!

*Fitz.* The poor devil couldn't shew more scared  
Had you e'en held a pistol to his head.

*(Mortimer starts.)*

Why hey-day! what's the matter?

*Mort.* Brother I ——

Quot on me not; my nerves are aspin-like;  
The slightest breath will shake 'em. Come, good  
brother.

*Fitz.* You'll promise to be gay?

*Mort.* I'll do my best.

*Fitz.* Why that's well said! A man can do no  
more.

Od! I believe my rattling talk has given you  
A stir already.

*Mort.* That it has indeed!

Come, brother!

*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III. HELEN'S COTTAGE.

*Enter Helen and Samson.*

*Helen.* Are you he that wish to enter in my service?

*Samf.* Yes, so please you, Madam Helen, for want of a better.

*Helen.* Why, I have seen you in the forest—at Rawbold's cottage. He is your father, as I think.

*Samf.* Yes, so please you, Madam; for want of a better.

*Helen.*

*Helen.* I fear me you may well say that. Your father, as I have heard, bears an ill name, in the forest.

*Samf.* Alas ! madam, he is obliged to bear it—for want of a better. We are all famish'd, madam : and the naked and hungry have seldom many friends to speak well of them.

*Helen.* If I should hire thee, who will give thee a character ?

*Samf.* My father, madam.

*Helen.* Why firrah, he has none of his own.

*Samf.* The more fatherly in him, madam, to give his son what he has need of, for himself. But a knave is often applied to, to vouch for a good servant's honesty. I will serve you as faithfully as your last footman ; who, I have heard, ran away this morning.

*Helen.* Truly, he did so.

*Samf.* I was told on't, some half hour ago ; and ran, hungrily, hither, to offer myself. So, please you, let not poverty stand in the way of my preferment.

*Helen.* Should I entertain you, what could you do to make yourself useful ?

*Samf.* Any thing. I can wire hares, snare partridges, shoot a buck, and smuggle brandy, for you, madam.

*Helen.* Fie on you, knave ! 'Twere fitter to turn you over to the Verdcrores of the forest, for punishment,

punishment, than to encourage you in such practices.

*Samf.* I would practice any thing better, that might get me bread. I would scrape trenchers, fill buckets, and carry a message. What can a man do! He can't starve.

*Helen.* Well, firrah, to snatch thee from evil, I care not if I make trial of thee?

*Samf.* No! will you?

*Helen.* Nineteen in twenty might question my prudence for this:—but, whatever loss I may suffer from thy roguery, the thought of having open'd a path to lead a needy wanderer back to virtue will more than repay me.

*Samf.* O, bless you, lady! If I do not prove virtuous never trust in man more. I am overjoy'd!

*Helen.* Get thee to the kitchen. You will find a livery there will suit you.

*Samf.* A livery! O, the father! Virtuous and a livery, all in a few seconds! Heaven bless you!

*Helen.* Well, get you to your work.

*Samf.* I go, madam. If I break any thing to day, beseech you let it go for nothing; for joy makes my hand tremble. Should you want me please to cry Samson, and I am with you in a twinkling. Heaven bless you! Here's fortune!

(*Exit.*

*Helen.* Blanch stays a tedious time. Heaven send Mortimer's health be not worse! He is sadly altered since we came to the forest. I dream'd last night,



night, of the fire he saved me from; and I saw him, all fresh, in manly bloom, bearing me through the flames, even as it once happened.

*Enter Blanch.*

*Helen.* How now wench! You have almost  
tired my patience.

*Blanch.* And my own legs, madam. If the old footman had not made so much use of his, by running away, they might have spared mine.

*Helen.* Inform me of Sir Edward Mortimer.  
Hast seen him?

*Blanch.* Yes, I have, madam.

*Helen.* Say; tell me;  
How look'd he? how's his health? is he in spirits?  
What said he, Blanch? Will he be here to day?

*Blanch.* A little breath, madam, and I will answer all, duly.

*Helen.* O! fie upon thee, wench!  
These interrogatories should be answered  
Quicker than breath can utter them.

*Blanch.* That's impossible, lady.

*Helen.* Thou would'st not say so hadst thou ever  
lov'd.

Love has a fleeter messenger than speech,  
To tell love's meaning. His expresses post  
Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue  
Can shape them into words. A lover's look  
Is his heart's Mercury. O! the Eye's eloquence,

I

Twin-

Twin-born with thought, outstrips the tardy voice,  
Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash  
The sluggish thunder peal that follows it.

*Blanch.* I am not skill'd in eye-talking, madam. I have been used to let my discourse ride upon my tongue, and, I have been told, 'twill trot at a good round pace upon occasion.

*Hel.* Then let it gallop, now, beseech you, wench,

And bring me news of Mortimer.

*Blanch.* Then, madam, I saw Sir Edward in his library: and deliver'd your letter. He will be here either in the evening, or on the morrow: 'tis uncertain which—for his brother, Captain Fitzharding, is arrived on a visit to him.

*Hel.* Is he?—well, that may somewhat raise his spirits.

That soldier has a pleasant, harmless mind.  
Mirth gilds his age, and sits upon his brow  
Like sun in winter. I ne'er saw a man  
More cheerful in decline, more laughter-loving,  
More gay, and frolicksome.

*Blan.* Frolicksome enough, if you knew all—but not so harmless. (*aside*)

*Hel.* He'll scarce be here to night.

*Blanch.* Who? Sir Edward? I aply not, madam: but his letter may chance to specify further particulars.

*Hel.* His letter! Has he written?—fie upon thee!

Why

Why didst not give it me, at once? Where is it? Thou art turn'd dreamer, wench!—Come, quickly.

*Blanch.* You talk'd to me so much of reading eyes, madam, that I e'en forgot the letter. Here it is.

*Helen.* Come to me, shortly, in my cabinet: I'll read it there—I am almost unfit To open it. I ne'er receive his letters But my hand trembles. Well, I know 'tis silly, And yet I cannot help it. I will ring; Then come to me good Blanch—not yet. My Mortimer,  
Now for your letter! (*Exit.*)

*Blanch.* I would they were wedded once, and all this trembling would be over. I am told your married lady's feelings are little roused in reading letters from a husband.

*Enter SAMSON—drest in a Livery.*

*Sam.* This sudden turn of fortune might puff some men up with pride. I have look'd in the glass already:—and if ever man look'd braver in a glass than I, I know nothing of finery.

*Blanch.* Hey day! who have we here?

*Sam.* Oh, lord! this is the maid.—I mean the waiting-woman. I warrant we shall be rare company, in a long winter's evening.

*Blanch.* Why, who are you?

*Sam.* I'm your fellow-servant:—the new comer.

The last footman cast his skin in the pantry this morning, and I have crept into it.

*Blanch.* Why, sure, it cannot be!—Now I look upon you again, you are Samson Rawbold—old Rawbold's son, of the forest here.

*Sam.* The same; I am not like some upstarts; When I am prosperous, I do not turn my back on my poor relations.

*Blanch.* What, has my lady hired thee?

*Sam.* She has taken me, like a pad nag, upon trial.

*Blanch.* I suspect you will play her a jade's trick, and stumble in your probation. You have been caught tripping, ere now.

*Sam.* An I do not give content 'tis none of my fault. A man's qualities cannot come out all at once. I wish you would teach me a little how to lay a cloth.

*Blanch.* You are well qualified for your office truly, not to know that.

*Samf.* To say truth, we had little practice that way at home. We stood not upon forms. We had sometimes no cloth for a dinner.

*Blanch.* And, sometimes, no dinner for a cloth.

*Sam.* Just so. We had little order in our family.

*Blanch.* Well, I will instruct you.

*Sam.* That's kind. I will be grateful. They tell me I have learnt nothing but wickedness yet: but I will instruct you in any thing I know, in return.

*Blanch.*

*Blanch.* There I have no mind to become your scholar. But be steady in your service, and you may outlive your beggary, and grow into respect.

*Sam.* Nay, an riches rain upon me, respect will grow of course. I never knew a rich man yet who wanted followers to pull off their caps to him.

## SONG.

## SAMSON.

## I.

A traveller stopt at a widow's gate ;  
She kept an Inn, and he wanted to bait ; —

But the landlady slighted her guest :  
For when Nature was making an ugly race,  
She certainly moulded this traveller's face  
As a sample for all the rest.

## II.

The chamber-maid's sides they were ready to crack,  
When she saw his queer nose, and the hump at his back ; —

A hump is'nt handsome, no doubt —  
And though 'tis confess'd, that the prejudice goes,  
Very strongly, in favour of wearing a nose,  
Yet a nose should'nt look like a snout.

## III.

A bag full of gold on the table he laid —  
'Thad a wond'rous effect on the widow and maid !

And they quickly grew marvellous civil.  
The money immediately alter'd the case ;  
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and his face,  
Tho' he still might have frighted the devil.

## IV.

He paid like a prince — gave the widow a smack —  
Then stop'd on his horse, at the door, like a sack ;  
While the landlady, touching the chink,

Cried —



Cried—"Sir, should you travel this country again,

"I heartily hope that the sweetest of men

"Will stop at the widow's to drink."

*Exeunt*

#### SCENE IV. *The LIBRARY.*

WILFORD, *discover'd.*

*Wilf.* I would Sir Edward were come! The dread of a fearful encounter is, often, as terrible as the encounter itself. Yet my encounters with him, of late, are no trifles. Some few hours back, in this very room, he held a loaded pistol within an inch of my brains. Well, that was passion—he threw it from him on the instant, and—eh!—He's coming.—No. The old wainscot cracks, and frightens me out of my wits: and, I verily believe, the great folio dropt on my head, just now, from the shelf, on purpose to encrease my terrors.

*(Enter Sir EDWARD MORTIMER, at one door of the Library, which he locks after him. WILFORD turns round on hearing him shut it.)*

*Wilf.* What's that?—'Tis he himself! Mercy on me! he has lock'd the door!—What is going to become of me!

*Mort.* Wilford! -Is no one in the picture-gallery?

*Wilf.* No——not a soul, Sir——Not a human soul.—

None within hearing, if I were to bawl  
Ever so loud.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* Lock yonder door.

*Wilf.* The door, Sir !

*Mort.* Do as I bid you.

*Wilf.* What, Sir ? Lock—— (*Mortimer waves with his hand*)

I shall, Sir. (*going to the door and locking it*)

His face has little anger in it, neither :

'Tis rather mark'd with sorrow, and distress.

*Mort* Wilford approach me.—What am I to say  
For aiming at your life !—Do you not scorn me,  
Despise me for it ?

*Wilf.* I ! Oh, Sir !——

*Mort.* You must.

For I am singled from the herd of men,

A vile, heart-broken wretch !

*Wilf.* Indeed, indeed, Sir,

You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love,  
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,

All follow you :—and I !—I owe you all !

I am most bound to bless you.

*Mort.* Mark me, Wilford.—

I know the value of the orphan's tear,

The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected ;

I feel to merit these, and to obtain them,

Is to taste here, below, that thrilling cordial

Which the remunerating Angel draws,

From the eternal fountain of delight,

To pour on blessed souls, that enter heaven.

I feel

I feel this:—I!—How must my nature, then,  
 Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand,  
 In human blood?—and yet it seems, this day,  
 I fought your life.—O! I have suffer'd madness—  
 None know my tortures—pangs!—but I can end  
 them:

End them as far as appertains to thee.—  
 I have resolv'd it.—Hell-born struggles tear me!  
 But I have ponder'd on't,—and I must trust thee.

*Wilf.* Your confidence shall not be ——

*Mort.* You must swear.

*Wilf.* Swear, Sir!—will nothing but an oath,  
 then ——

*Mort.* Listen.

May all the ills that wait on frail humanity  
 Be doubled on your head, if you disclose  
 My fatal secret! May your body turn  
 Most lazar-like, and loathsome; and your mind  
 More loathsome than your body! May those fiends  
 Who strangle babes, for very wantonness,  
 Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,  
 And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your  
 youth!

And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind  
 Poison your aged days; while all your nights,  
 As on the earth you lay your houseless head,  
 Out-horror horror! May you quit the world  
 Abhor'd, self-hated, hopeless for the next,  
 Your life a burthen, and your death a fear!

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me!

*Mort.* Hope this may fall upon thee;—Swear thou hopest it,

By every attribute which heaven, earth, hell,  
Can lend, to bind, and strengthen conjuration,  
If thou betray'st me.

*Wilf.* Well I —— (*hesitating.*)

*Mort.* No retreating!

*Wilf.* (*after a pause.*)

I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,  
Divine, or human,—never to divulge!

*Mort.* Remember you have fought this secret.  
—Yes,

'Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.  
'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,  
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.  
Know, Wilford that —— damnation!

*Wilf.* Dearest Sir!

Collect yourself. This shakes you horribly.  
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,  
At Madam Helen's.

*Mort.* There it is.—Her Uncle!

*Wilf.* Her uncle!

*Mort.* Him. She knows it not—None know  
it—

You are the first ordained to hear me say,  
I am——his murderer.

*Wilf.* O, heaven!

*Mort.* His assassin.

*Wilf.* What you that—mur—the murder—  
I am choak'd!

*Mort.* Honour, thou blood-stain'd God! at  
whose red altar

Sit War and Homicide, O, to what madness  
Will insult drive thy votaries! By heaven,  
In the world's range there does not breathe a man  
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe,  
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,  
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,  
Stain'd me,—oh, death, and shame!—the world  
look'd on,

And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;  
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,  
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,  
In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!  
I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance,  
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my  
wrongs,

Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street:—  
I stab'd him to the heart:—and my oppressor  
Roll'd, lifeless, at my foot.

*Wilf.* Oh! mercy on me!

How could this deed be cover'd!

*Mort.* Would you think it?

E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,  
Butcher'd a fellow-creature in the dark,  
I had all good mens love. But my disgrace,  
And my opponent's death, thus link'd with it,  
Demanded notice of the magistracy.

They



They summon'd me, as friend would summon friend,  
 To acts of import, and communication.  
 We met: and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,  
 To put me on my trial. No accuser,  
 No evidence appeared, to urge it on.—  
 'Twas meant to clear my fame.—How clear it, then?  
 How cover it? you say.—Why, by a Lie:—  
 Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,  
 Which Truth once made her throne, to forge a lie;  
 This tongue to utter it.—Rounded a tale,  
 Smooth as a Seraph's song from Satan's mouth;  
 So well compacted, that the o'er throng'd court  
 Disturb'd cool justice, in her judgment-seat,  
 By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finish'd.  
 The Court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble  
 Bore me, in triumph, home. Aye!—look upon  
 me.—

I know thy sight aches at me.

*Wilf.* Heaven forgive me!

I think I love you still:—but I am young;  
 I know not what to say:—it may be wrong.—  
 Indeed I pity you.

*Mort.* I disdain all pity.—

I ask no consolation. Idle boy!  
 Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence  
 Was given to move thy pity?—Love of fame  
 (For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus,  
 To quash thy curious mischief in it's birth.  
 Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,  
 Drove me to murder—lying:—'twould again.

My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all !  
 Are barter'd for a name. I *will* maintain it.  
 Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,  
 And my soul's agency survive in death,  
 I could embody it with heaven's lightning,  
 And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit  
 Should strike the blaster of memory  
 Dead in the church-yard. Boy, I would not kill  
 thee :

Thy rashness and discernment threaten'd danger :  
 To check them there was no way left but this :—  
 Save one—your death :—you shall not be my victim.

*Wilf.* My death ! What take my life ?—My  
 life ! to prop

This empty honour.

*Mort.* Empty ! Groveling fool !

*Wilf.* I am your servant, Sir : child of your  
 bounty ;

And know my obligation. I have been  
 Too curious, haply ; 'tis the fault of youth.  
 I ne'er meant injury : if it would serve you,  
 I would lay down my life ; I'd give it freely :—  
 Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it ?  
 You could not ;—should not.

*Mort.* How !

*Wilf.* You dare not.

*Mort.* Dare not !

*Wilf.* Some hours ago you durst not. Passion  
 moved you ;

Reflection interposed, and held your arm.

But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,

My

My innocence would give me strength to struggle,  
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.  
How would you look to find a peasant boy  
Return the knife you level'd at his heart ;  
And ask you which in heaven would shew the best,  
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty ?

*Mort.* 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To  
spare it,

I have endanger'd mine. But dread my power ;—  
You know not it's extent. Be warn'd in time :  
Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, Sir !  
Myriads of engines, which my secret working  
Can rouse to action, now encircle you.  
I speak not vaguely. You have heard my princi-  
ple ;

Have heard, already, what it can effect :  
Be cautious how you thwart it. Shun my brother ;  
Your ruin hangs upon a thread : Provoke me,  
And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make  
The slightest movement to awake my fears,  
And the gaunt criminal, naked and stake-tied,  
Left on the heath to blister in the sun,  
'Till lingering death shall end his agony,  
Compared to thee, shall seem more enviable  
Than Cherubs to the damn'd.

*Wilf.* O, misery !

Discard me sir ! I must be hateful to you.  
Banish me hence. I will be mute as death ;  
But let me quit your service.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* Never.—Fool!

To buy this secret, you have sold yourself.

Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your  
breath,

From this time forth, are fetter'd to my will.

You have said, truly: you are hateful to me:—

Yet you shall feel my bounty:—that shall flow,

And swell your fortunes; but my inmost soul

Will yearn with loathing, when—hark! some one  
knocks!

Open the door.

[*Wilford opens the door, and Winterton comes in.*]

*Mort.* How now, Winterton?

Did you knock more than once? Speak—did you  
listen—

—I mean, good Adam, did you wait?—Aye, wait  
Long at the door, here?

*Wint.* Bless your honour! no.

You are too good to let the old man wait.

*Mort.* What, then, our talk, here—Wilford's  
here and mine—

Did not detain you at the door?—Ha!—did it?

*Wint.* Not half a second.

*Mort.* Oh!—well, what's the matter?

*Wint.* Captain Fitzharding, Sir, entreats your  
company.

I've placed another flaggon on the table.

Your worship knows it.—Number thirty-five:—

The supernaculum.

*Mort.*

*Mort.* Well, well.—I come.

What, has he been alone?

*Wint.* No—I've been with him.

Od! he's a merry man! and does so jest!

He calls me first of men, cause my name's Adam.

Well! 'tis exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas!

*Mort.* Come, Adam; I'll attend the Captain.  
—Wilford,

What I have just now given you in charge,

Be sure to keep fast lock'd. I shall be angry,—

Be very angry if I find you careless.

Follow me, Adam.

*Exit Mortimer---Winterton following.*

*Wilf.* This house is no house for me. Fly I will, I am resolved:—but whither? His threats strike terror into me; and were I to reach the pole, I doubt whether I should elude his grasp. But to live here a slave—slave to his fears,—his jealousies! Night's coming on. Darkness be my friend! for I will forth instantly. The thought of my innocence will cheer me as I wander thro' the gloom. Oh! when guilty Ambition writhes upon its couch, why should bare-foot Integrity repine, though it's sweet sleep be canopied with a ragged hovel!

*(Exit.)*



SCENE V.—*The inside of an Abbey, in ruins. Part of it converted into an habitation for Robbers. Various entrances to their apartment, through the broken arches of the building, &c. &c.*

*Enter JUDITH, and a BOY.*

*Jud.* Well, firrah! have you been upon the scout? Are any of our gang returning?

*Boy.* No, Judith! not a soul.

*Jud.* The rogues tarry thus to fret me.

*Boy.* Why, indeed, Judith, the credit of your cookery is lost among thieves. They never come punctual to their meals.

*Jud.* No tidings of Orson yet, from the market town?

*Boy.* I have seen nothing of him.

*Jud.* Brat! thou dost never bring me good news.

*Boy.* Judith, you are ever so cross with me!

*Jud.* That wretch Orson slights my love of late. Hence, you hemp-feed, hence! Get to the broken porch of the abbey, and watch. 'Tis all you are good for.

*Boy.* You know I am but young yet, Judith! but with good instructions, I may be a robber, in time.

*Jud.* Away, you imp! you will never reach such preferment. (*A whistle without.*) So! I hear some of our party. (*Whistle again; the boy puts his fingers in his mouth, and whistles in answer.*)

*Jud.*

*Jud.* Why must you keep your noise, firrah?

*Boy.* Nay, Judith, 'tis one of the first steps we boys learn in the profession. I shall ne'er come to good, if you check me so. Huzza! here come two!

*Enter two Robbers, through the broken part of the Scene.*

*Jud.* So! you have found your road at last. A murrain light upon you! is it thus you keep your hours?

*1st Rob.* What, hag, ever at this trade! Ever grumbling?

*Jud.* I have reason. I toil to no credit; I watch with no thanks. I trim up the table for your return, and no one returns in due time to notice my industry. Your meat is scorch'd to cinders. Rogues, would it were poison for you!

*2d Rob.* How the fury raves! Here, take my carbine; 'twas levell'd, some half hour since, at a traveller's head.

*Jud.* Hah, hah, hah! Rare! Didst shoot him?

*1st Rob.* Shoot him? No. This devil in petticoats thinks no more of slaying a man, than killing a cock-chaffer. I never knew a woman turn to mischief, that she did not outdo a man, clean.

*Jud.* Did any of you meet Orson on your way?

*1st Rob.* Aye, there the hand points. When that fellow is abroad you are more savage than customary; and that is needless.

*2d Rob.* None of our comrades come yet? They will be finely soaked.

*1st Rob.* Aye, the rain pours like a spout upon the ruins of the old abbey wall here.

*Jud.* I'm glad on't. May it drench them, and breed agues! 'twill teach them to keep time.

*1st Rob.* Peace! thou abominable railer. A man had better dwell in purgatory, than have thee in his habitation.—Peace, devil! or I'll make thee repent.

*Jud.* You! 'tis as much as thy life is worth to move my spleen.

*1st Rob.* What, you will set Orson, your champion, upon me?

*Jud.* Coward! he should not disgrace himself with chastising thee.

*1st Rob.* Death and thunder!——

*Jud.* Aye, attack a woman, do! it suits your hen-hearted valour. Assault a woman!

*1st Rob.* Well—passion hurried me. But I have a respect for the soft sex, and am cool again. Come, Judith, be friends.—Nay, come, do; and I will give thee a farthingale, I took from a lawyer's widow.

*Jud.* Where is it?

*1st Rob.* You shall have it.

*Jud.* Well—I—— Hark!

*2d Rob.* Soft! I think I hear the foot of a comrade.

## MUSICAL DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.

*Robbers and Judith.*

Listen ! No ; it is the owl,  
 That hoots upon the mould'ring tow'r.  
 Hark ! the rain beats, the night is foul !  
 Our comrades stay beyond their hour.

Listen !

All's hush'd around the abbey wall.——  
 Soft ! Now I hear a robber's call !

Listen !

They whistle !—Answer it !—'Tis nigh !  
 Again ! A comrade comes.—'Tis I !  
 And here another ; and here another !  
 Who comes ! A brother. Who comes ?

A brother.

Now they all come pouring in ;  
 Our jollity will soon begin.  
 Sturdy partners, all appear !  
 We're here ! and here, and here, and here !  
 Thus we stout freebooters prowl,  
 Then meet to drain the flowing bowl !

*( At different periods of the Musick, the Robbers enter,  
 through various parts of Ruins, in groups. )*

*Enter ORSON, with Luggage on his Back, as if re-  
 turn'd from the Market.*

*1st. Rob.* See ! hither comes Orson at last. He walks in like plenty, with provision on his shoulder.

*Jud.* O, Orson !—why did'st tarry, Orson ? I began to fear. 'Thou art cold and damp. Let me wring the wet from thy cloaths. O ! my heart leaps to see thee.

*1st. Rob.* Mark how this she-bear hugs her bruin !

*Orf.* Stand off ! This hamper has been wearisome enough. I want not thee on my neck.

*Jud.* Villain ! 'tis thus you ever use me. I can revenge :—I can——do not, dear Orson ! do not treat me thus.

*Orf.* Let a man be ever so sweet temper'd, he will meet somewhat to sour it. I have been vex'd to madness.

*2d. Rob.* How now, Orson, what has vex'd thee now ?

*Orf.* A prize has slip't through my fingers.

*3d. Rob.* Aye ! marry, how ?

*Orf.* I met a straggling knave on foot, and the rogue resisted. He had the face to tell me that he was thrust on the world to seek his fortune ; and that the little he had about him was his all. Plague on the provision at my back ! I had no time to rifle him :—but I have spoil'd him for fortune seeking, I warrant him.

*Rob.* How ?

*Orf.* Why I beat him to the ground. Whether he will e'er get up again the next passenger may discover.

*Jud.* Ha ! Ha ! O, brave, ! That's my valiant Orson !

*3d. Rob.* Orson, you are ever disobeying our Captain's order. You are too remorseless and bloody.

*Orf.* Take heed, then, how you move my anger,



ger, by telling me on't. The affair is mine—I will answer to the consequence.

*4th. Rob.* I hear our Captain's signal. Here he comes. Ha!—he is leading one who seems wounded.

*Enter ARMSTRONG, supporting WILFORD.*

*Arm.* Gently, good fellow! come, keep a good heart!

*Wilf.* You are very kind. I had breathed my last, but for your care. Wither have you led me?

*4th. Rob.* Where you will be well treated, 'youngster. You are now among as honourable a knot of men as ever cried "stand" to a traveller.

*Wilf.* How: among robbers!

*4th. Rob.* Why so the law's cant calls us gentlemen who live at large.

*Wilf.* So! For what am I reserved!

*Arm.* Fear nothing. You are safe in this asylum. Judith, lead him in. See some of my linen ready, and look to his wound.

*Jud.* I do not like the office. You are ever at these tricks. 'Twill ruin us in the end. What have we to do with charity?

*Arm.* Turbulent wretch! obey me.

*Jud.* Well, I shall. Come, fellow, since it must be so.

*Arm.* Anon, I'll visit you myself, lad.

*Wilf.* Heaven bless you! whate'er becomes of my

my life—and faith, I am almost weary on't—I am bound to your charity. Gently, I pray you—my wound pains.—Gently!

(*Exit. led out by JUDITH.*)

*Arm.* I would I knew which of you had done this.

*1st. Rob.* Why what's the matter, Captain?

*Arm.* Cruelty is the matter. Had not accident led me to the spot where he lay, yon poor boy had bled to death. I learn'd his story, partly, from him, on the way: and know how basely he has been handled by one of you. Well, time must discover him: for he, who had brutality enough to commit the action, can scarcely have courage enough to confess it.

*Orf.* Courage, Captain, is a quality, I take it, little wanted by any here. What signify words—I did it.

*Arm.* I suspected thee, Orson. 'Tis scarce an hour since he, whom thou hast wounded, quitted the service of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the forest, here; and enquiry will doubtless be made.

*2d. Rob.* Nay then we are all discover'd.

*Arm.* Now, mark what thou hast done. Thou hast endanger'd the safety of our party; thou hast broke my order (tis not the first time, by many) in attacking a passenger:—and what passenger? One whose unhappy case should have claim'd thy pity. He told you he had displeased his master—  
left

left the house of comfort, and with his scanty pittance, was wandering round the world to mend his fortune. Like a butcher, you struck the forlorn boy to the earth, and left him to languish in the forest. Would any of our brave comrades have done this?

*All.*—None! None!

*Arm.* Comrades, in this case, my voice is single. But if it have any weight, this brute, this Orson, shall be thrust from our community, which he has disgraced. Let it not be said, brothers, while want drives us to plunder, that wantonness prompts us to butchery.

*Robbers.* O brave Captain! away with him!

*Orf.* You had better ponder on't, ere you provoke me.

*Arm.* Rascal! do you mutter threats. 'You cannot terrify us. Our calling teems with danger—we are not to be daunted by the treachery of an informer. We defy you. Go. You dare not hurt us. You dare not sacrifice so many brave, and gallant fellows, to your revenge, and proclaim yourself scoundrel. Begone.

*Orf.* Well, if I must, I must. I was always a friend to you all: but if you are bent on turning me out—why—fare you well.

*Robbers.* Aye, aye—Away, away.

*Orf.* Farewell then.

(*Exit.*

*Arm.* Come, comrades—Think no more of this.

this. Let us drown the choler we have felt in wine and revelry.

## FINALE.

Jolly Friars tippled here,  
E're these Abbey walls had crumbled ;  
Still the ruins boast good cheer,  
Though long ago the cloysters tumbled.

The Monks are gone :—

Well ! well !

That's all one :—

Let's ring their knell.

Ding dong ! ding dong ! to the bald-pated monk !

He set the example,

We'll follow his sample,

And all go to bed most religiously drunk.

Peace to the good fat Friar's soul !

Who every day,

Did wet his clay,

In the deep capacious bowl.

Huzza ! Huzza ! we'll drink and we'll sing !

We'll laugh, and we'll quaff,

And make the welkin ring !

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

## A C T III.

SCENE I. WINTERTON'S *Room*, in Sir EDWARD MORTIMER'S *Lodge*.

SAMSON and BLANCH, *discover'd, at a Table, with  
Bottle and Glasses.*

BLANCH.

SAMSON, you must drink no more.

*Sams.* One more glass, Mistress Blanch, and I shall be better company. 'Twill make me loving.

*Blanch.* Nay, then, you shall not have a drop.

*Samf.* I will :—and so shall you too. (*filling the glass*) Who knows but it may make you the same.

*Blanch.* You are wond'rous familiar, Mr. Lout.

*Samf.* I would not willingly offend. I will endeavour at more respect. My humble duty to you. (*drinks.*)

*Blanch.* I would counsel you to be cautious of drinking, Samson. Consider where you are. We are now, remember, in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge.

*Samf.* In the Butler's room;—where drinking has always a privilege. (*fills.*)

*Blanch.* What, another !

*Sams.* Do not fear. 'Twill not make me fa-  
Miliar



miliar again. My lowly respects to you. (*drinks*) This same old Winterton's wine has a marvellous choice flavour. I wonder whether 'twas smuggled.

*Blanch.* Should you totter with this, now, in the morning, 'twould go nigh to shake your office to the foundation, before night. My Lady would never pardon you.

*Samf.* 'Twould be hard to turn me adrift, for getting drunk, on the second day of my service.

*Blanch.* Truly, I think 'twould be reason sufficient.

*Samf.* 'Twould not be giving a man a fair trial. How should she know but I intend to be sober for a year after?

*Blanch.* How should she know, indeed! or any one else, who has heard of your former rogueries.

*Samf.* Well, the worst fault I had was being a sportsman.

*Blanch.* A sportsman! out on you, rogue! you were a poacher.

*Samf.* Aye, so the rich nick-name us poor brothers of the field; and lay us by the heels when we do that for hunger which they practice for amusement. Cannot I move you to take a thimble-full, this cold morning?

*Blanch.* Not a drop, I.

*Samf.* Hark! I think I hear old Winterton coming back. By our lady, Mistress Blanch, we have made a desperate hole in the bottle, since he left us.

*Blanch.*

*Blanch.* We! why, you slanderous rogue, I have not tasted it.

*Samf.* No—'tis not he.

*Blanch.* No matter; he will be back on the instant. Leave this idle guzzling, if you have any shame. Think we are attending madam Helen, in her visit to Sir Edward, on his sudden sickness. Think, too, on the confusion from Wilford's flight. Is it a time for you, sot, to tipple, when the whole house is in distress and melancholy?

*Samf.* Alas! I have too tender a heart Mistress Blanch; and have need of somewhat, in the midst of this sorrow, to cheer my spirits.

*Blanch.* This wine will shortly give your professions of amendment the lie.

*Samf.* Let it give me the lie: 'Tis an affront I can easily swallow. Come, a bargain—an you will take one glass with me, I will give over.

*Blanch.* Well, on that condition——

*Samf.* Agreed—for that will just finish the bottle. (*fills*) I will drink no health, now, but of thy giving.

*Blanch.* Then listen and edifye.—May a man never insult a woman with his company, when drunkenness has made him a brute.

*Samf.* With all my heart:—But a woman knows that man may be made a brute, when wine is clean out of the question. Eh! Here comes the old man, in real earnest.

*Enter* ADAM WINTERTON.

*Wint.* Well, I am here again.—What madcap? —In truth, I have a world of care. Our good master taken ill on the sudden. Wilford flown: —A base, ungrateful boy!—One that I was so fond of:—And to prove such a profligate! I began to love the young villain like my own child. I had mark'd down the unfortunate boy, in my last testament: I had——Bless me! my cold is wondrous troublesome to my eyes, this morning. Ah! 'tis a wicked world:—But old Winterton keeps a merry heart still. Do I not, pretty mistress Blanch?

*Blanch.* I hope you do, Adam.

*Wint.* Nay, on second thought, I do not keep it; for thou hast stolen it from me, tulip! ha! good ifaith!—

*Samf.* Ha! ha!—Well ifaith that is a good jest! ha! ha!

*Wint.* Dost think so, varlet? “Thou hast stolen it from me, tulip!” Well, it was; it was exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas! Heigho! I must e'en take a glass to console me. One cup to——eh! mercy on me! why the liquor has flown. Ha! the bottle has leak'd, haply.

*Samf.* Yes, Sir:—I crack'd that bottle, myself, in your absence.

*Wint.* Crack'd! Why what a careless goose  
art

art thou! these unthrifty knaves!—ah! times are sadly changed for the worse, since I was a boy.

*Blanch.* Dost think so, Adam?

*Adam.* Question any man, of my age, and he will say the same. Domesticks never broke bottles in queen Elizabeth's time. Servants were better then—aye, marry, and the bottles were better bottles. 'Tis a degenerate world! Well; heigho!

*Blanch.* Why dost sigh thus, Adam?

*Wint.* In truth, this is as heavy a day for me!—

*Blanch.* I hope not, Adam. Come, come, things are not so bad, I warrant thee. You have long drank smilingly of the cup of life, Adam; and when a good man takes his potion without murmuring, Providence seldom leaves the bitterest drop at the bottom. What is the matter, Adam?

*Wint.* Alas! nothing but evil. These attacks come on our worthy master as thick as hail, and weaken him daily. He has been grievous ill, in the night, poor soul! and ne'er slept a wink since I brought him the news.

*Blanch.* What news, good Adam?

*Wint.* Why of Wilford's flight!—A reprobate! The shock of his baseness has brought on Sir Edward's old symptoms.

*Blanch.* What call you his old symptoms?

*Wint.* The shiverings, and trembling fits, which  
have

have troubled him these two years. I begin to think the air of this forest doth nourish agues. I can never move him to drink enough of canary. I think, in my conscience, I had been aguish myself, in these woods, had I not drank plenty of canary.

*Samf.* Mass, when I am ill, this old boy shall be my apothecary. *(aside.)*

*Blanch.* Well, well, he may mend. Do not fancy the worst, ere worse arrives, Adam.

*Wint.* Nay, worse has arrived already.

*Blanch.* Aye! marry, how?

*Wint.* Wilford's villany. Sir Edward says, he has proofs of the blackest treachery against him.

*Blanch.* Indeed!

*Wint.* It chills my old blood to think on't! I had mark'd out the boy as a boy of promise—A learned boy! He had the backs of all the books in our library by heart: and now a hue and cry is after him. Mercy on me! if the wretched lad be taken, Sir Edward will bring him to the charge. We none know what 'tis yet; but time will shew.

*Blanch.* You surprize me! Wilford turn dishonest! I could scarce have credited this; and after two years trial, too.

*Samf.* O, monstrous! to turn rogue after two years trial! Had it happened after two days, indeed, 'twere not to be wonder'd at.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Mr. Winterton, there is a young woman of the forest, would speak with you.

*Wint.*



*Wint.* Out on't! These cottagers time their business vilely. Well, bid her come in, Simon.

*Ser.* And, Mistress Blanch, your lady would see you anon, in the breakfast parlour. [*Exit.*]

*Blanch.* I come quickly. Be not cast down, now, Adam; keep thy old heart merry still.

*Wint.* Ha! in truth, I know not well, now, what would mend my spirits.

*Blanch.* What think you of the kiss I promis'd?

*Wint.* Ah, wag! go thy way. Od! thou hast nimble legs. Had I o'ertaken thee yesterday—— Ah! well, no matter.

*Blanch.* Come, I will not leave thee comfortless, in these sad times. Here—Here is my hand, Adam.

*Wint.* Thou wilt shew me a light pair of heels again, now.

*Blanch.* No, in faith. Come; 'tis more than I would offer to every one. Take it.

*Wint.* That I will, most willingly. (*Kisses her hand.*)

*Blanch.* Do not play the rake now, and boast of my favours; for I am told there is a breed of puppies will build stories, to a simple girl's prejudice, on slighter encouragement than this. Be not you one of those empty coxcombs, and so adieu, Adam. [*Exit.*]

*Wint.* Nay, I was never given to vaunt. 'Sbud! if I had, many a tale had been told, sixty years back, of young, lusty Adam Winterton.—Eh! why what dost thou titter at, scapegrace?

*Samf.* I, sir?—Not I. (*smothering a laugh.*

*Wint.* I had forgot this varlet. Pestilence on't! Should this knave prate of my little gallantry, I tremble for the good name of poor Mistress Blanch!

*Enter BARBARA.*

*Bar.* May I come in, good your worship?

*Wint.* Aye, marry, that thou may'st, pretty one.—Well, though many things have declined, since I was a boy, female beauty keeps its rank still. I do think there be more pretty women now than there were in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

*Samf.* Flesh! this is our Barbara. (*aside.*

*Wint.* Well, and what wouldst have, sweet one, with old Adam——Eh! by St. Thomas, why thou art she I have seen, ere now, with Wilford.

*Barb.* Beseech you, tell me where he is, sir?

*Wint.* Alas, child, he's gone—flown! Eh? what—why art not well, child?

*Barb.* Nothing, sir——I only——I hoped he would have called at our cottage, ere he quitted the forest. Is there no hope that he may come back, sir?

*Wint.* None, truly, except force bring him back. Alas, child! the boy has turn'd out naught; and justice is dogging him at the heels.

*Barb.* What Wilford, sir?—my poor—O, sir, my heart is bursting! I pray you, pardon me. Had he pass'd our cottage in his flight, I would have ran out, and follow'd him all the world over.

*Wint.*

*Wint.* To see what love will do! Just so did Jane Blackthorn take on for me, when Sir Mar-maduke carried me to London, in the hard winter.

*Barb.* Beseech you, forgive me, sir! I only came to make enquiry, for I had heard a strange tale. I would not have my sorrows make me troublesome to your worship.

*Wint.* To me? poor wench! nay, that thou art not. I trust, child, I ne'er turn'd a deaf ear, yet, to the unfortunate. 'Tis man's office to listen to the sorrows of a woman, and do all he can to soothe them. Come, come, dry thy tears, chicken.

*Barb.* I look'd to have been his wife shortly, sir. He was as kind a youth——And, I am sure, he wanted not gratitude. I have heard him talk of you, as you were his father, sir.

*Wint.* Did he? Ah! poor lad. Well, he had good qualities; but, alas! he is now a reprobate. Poor boy! To think, now, that he should speak kindly of the old man, behind his back!

*Barb.* Alas, this is the second flight to bring unhappiness to our poor family!

*Wint.* The second! How do'st mean, wench?

*Barb.* My brother, sir, left our cottage suddenly, yesterday morning; and we have no tidings of him since.

*Samf.* Lo you, now, where he stands, to glad the hearts of his disconsolate relations! Sister Barbara, why dost not know me?

*Barb.* Eh? No—Sure it can't——Brother Samson?

*Samf.* Mr. Samson—Head serving man to the Lady Helen, of the New Forest.

*Barb.* O, the fortune! can it be! what gain'd thee so good a place, Samson?

*Samf.* Merit. I had no interest to back me. Mine is a rare case—I was promoted on the score of my virtues.

*Wint.* Out upon thee! thy knaveries have been the talk of the whole forest; and furnish'd daily food for conversation.

*Samf.* Truly, then, conversation has fared better upon them than I. But my old character is laid aside with my old jerkin. I am now exalted.

*Wint.* An I have any forecast in destiny, friend, thou bidst fair, one day, to be more exalted.—Ha! good ifaith! Come, you must to the kitchen knave. I must thither myself, to give order for the day.

*Barb.* Must I return home, then, your worship, with no tidings?

*Wint.* Ah! heaven help me! what havock doth wanton Cupid make with us all! Well, tarry about the house, with thy brother; we may hear somewhat, haply, anon. Take care of thy sister knave; and mark what I have said to thee.—“Thou bidst fair one day to be more exalted.” Ha! well, it was exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas! *Exit.*

*Samf.* Well, Barbara, and how fares father?

*Barb.*

*Barb.* He has done nought but chide, since you disappear'd, Samson. It has four'd him with us all.

*Samf.* Well, I will call, soon, and set all even.

*Barb.* Will you, brother?

*Samf.* I will. Bid him not be cast down. I will protect the Rawbold family.

*Barb.* Truly, brother, we are much in need of protection.

*Samf.* Do not fear. Lean upon my power. I am head of all the male domesticks, at madam Helen's

*Barb.* O, the father! of all! and how many be there, brother?

*Samf.* Why, truly, not so many as there be at the Lodge, here. But I have a boy under me, to chop wood, and draw water.

*Barb.* The money we had from Sir Edward's bounty, is nearly gone in payment of the debt our father owed. You know he had shortly been imprison'd, else.

*Samf.* My stock is somewhat low, too.—But, no matter. Keep a good heart. I am now a rising man. I will make you all comfortable.

*Barb.* Heaven bless you Samson!

*Samf.* In three months, I look for a quarter's wages; and then Dick shall have a shirt. I must now take you roundly to task.

*Barb.* Me, brother!



*Samf.* Aye, marry. You would throw yourself away on this Wilford—who, as the story goes, is little better than the devil's own imp.

*Barb.* O, brother! be not so uncharitable. I know not what is against him, but he has not been heard yet. Consider too—were all our actions, at home, to be sifted, I fear me, we might not escape blameless.

*Samf.* Aye, but he, it seems, is falling, and we are upon the rise; and that makes all the difference. Mafs! how gingerly men will sift the faults of those who are getting up hill in the world; and what a rough shake they give those who are going downward!

*Barb.* I would not be one of those sifters, brother.

*Samf.* No,—I warrant, now, thou wouldst marry this vagabond.

*Barb.* That I would, brother. He has cheer'd me in my distress, and I would sooner die than leave him, now he is unfortunate.

*Samf.* Hast thou no respect for the family? Thou wilt bring endless disgrace on the name of Rawbold. Shame on you! to take away from our reputation, when we have so little!

*Barb.* I thought, brother, you would have shewn more pity for your poor sister.

*Samf.* Tush! Love's a mere vapour.

*Barb.* Ah! brother.

DUETT.

## DUETT.

SAMSON *and* BARBARA.

I.

*Barbara.*

From break of the morning, were I with my love,  
I'd talk till the evening drew nigh ;  
And, when the day did close,  
I'd sing him to repose,  
And tune my love a lullaby.

II.

*Samson.*

From break of the morning, were I with my love,  
O ! long e'er the evening drew nigh,  
Her talk would make me doze,  
Till the musick of my nose  
Would play my love a lullaby.

III.

*Barbara.*

Our children around us, I'd look on my love,  
Each moment in rapture would fly.

*Samson.*

But love is apt to pall,  
When the brats begin to squall,  
And a wife is screaming lullaby.

*Both.* From break of the morning, &c.

SCENE.

SCENE II. *A Room in Sir PHILIP MORTIMER'S Lodge.*

MORTIMER and HELEN discovered.

*Hel.* Sooth, you look better now; indeed you do.

*Mort.* Thou'rt a sweet flatterer!

*Hel.* Ne'er trust me, then,

If I do flatter. This is wilfulness.—

Thou wilt be sick, because thou wilt be sick.

I'll laugh away this fancy, Mortimer.

*Mort.* What couldst thou do to laugh away my sickness?

*Hel.* I'll mimick the physician—wise and dull—  
With cane at nose, and nod emphatical,  
Portentous in my silence; feel your pulse,  
With an owl's face, that shall express as much  
As Galen's head, cut out in wood, and gilt,  
Stuck over an apothecary's door.

*Mort.* And what wouldst thou prescribe?

*Hel.* I would distil  
Each flower that lavish happiness produced,  
Through the world's paradise, ere Disobedience  
Scatter'd the seeds of care; then mingle each,  
In one huge cup of comfort for thee, love,  
To chase away thy dulness. Thou shouldst wanton  
Upon the wings of Time, and mock his flight,  
As he sail'd with thee tow'rd Eternity.  
I'd have each hour, each minute of thy life,  
A golden holiday; and should a cloud

O'ercast

O'ercaſt thee, be it light as a goſſamer,  
That Helen might diſperſe it with her breath,  
And talk thee into ſunſhine !

*Mort.* Sweet, ſweet Helen !

Death, ſofter'd with thy voice, might dull his ſting,  
And ſteep his darts in balfam. Oh ! my Helen,  
Theſe warnings which that griſly monarch ſends,  
Forerunners of his certain viſitation,  
Of late are frequent with me. It ſhould ſeem  
I was not meant to live long.

*Hel.* Mortimer !

My Mortimer ! You——Oh ! for heaven's ſake,  
Do not talk thus ! You chill me. You are well ;  
Very well.—You give way—Oh, Mortimer !  
Banish theſe fantasies. Think on poor Helen !

*Mort.* Think on thee, Helen ?

*Hel.* Aye : but not think thus.

You ſaid, my Mortimer, my voice could ſoothe,  
In the moſt trying ſtruggle.

*Mort.* Said I ſo ?

Yet, Helen, when my fancy paints a death-bed,  
I ever place thee foremoſt in the ſcene,  
To make the picture touching. After man  
Is ſummon'd, and has made up his account,  
Oh ! 'tis a bitter after-reck'ning, when  
His pallid lips receive the laſt, ſad kiſs,  
Fond, female anguiſh prints ! Then, Helen, then,  
Then comes man's agony ! To leave the object  
He ſhelter'd in his heart, grief-ſtruck and helpleſs ;  
To graſp her hand ; to fix his hollow eye

Upon

{ Upon her face, and mark her mute despair,  
 'Till the last flutter of his aching spirit  
 Hurries him hence, for ever !

*Hel.* Oh ! for pity——

What have I done, that you—— (*bursts into tears.*)

*Mort.* My Helen !

*Hel.* I did not mean to weep. Oh, Mortimer,  
 I could not talk so cruelly to you !

I would not pain you thus, for worlds !

*Mort.* Nay, come ;

I meant not this. I did not mean to say  
 There's danger now ; but 'tis the privilege  
 Of sickness to be grave, and moralize  
 On that which sickness brings. I prithee, now,  
 Be comforted. Believe me, I shall mend.  
 I feel I shall already.

*Hel.* Do you, Mortimer ?

Do you, indeed, feel so ?

*Mort.* Indeed I do.

*Hel.* I knew you would :—I said it. Did I not ?  
 I am so glad ! You must be cautious now.—  
 I'll play the nurse to-day—and then, to-morrow,  
 You shall not brood at home, as you are wont,  
 But we will ride together, through the forest.  
 You must have exercise. Oh ! I will make you  
 Fresh as the summer dew-drop, and as healthy  
 As ruddy Labour, springing from his bed,  
 To carol o'er the fallow !

*Mort.* Dearest prattler !

Men would meet sickness with a smiling welcome,  
 Were all woo'd back to health thus prettily.

*Hel.*



*Hel.* I see it in your looks, now, you are better.

*Mort.* Scarce possible, so suddenly!

*Hel.* O, yes;

There is no little movement of your face

But I can mark on the instant—'Tis my study.

I have so gaz'd upon it, that, I think,

I can interpret ev'ry turn it has,

And read your inmost soul.

*Mort.* What?

*Hel.* Mercy on me!

You change again.

*Mort.* 'Twas nothing. Do not fear;

These little shocks are usual.—'Twill not last.

*Hel.* Would you could shake them off!

*Mort.* I would I could!

*Hel.* Resolve it, then; and the bare resolution  
Will bring the remedy. Rally your spirits;

I prithee, now, endeavour.—This young man,

This boy—this Wilford—he has been ungrateful;

But do not let his baseness wear you thus.

Ev'n let him go.

*Mort.* I'll hunt him through the world!

*Hel.* Why, look you there now! Pray be calm.

*Mort.* Well, well;

I am too boisterous: 'Tis my unhappiness

To seem most harsh where I would shew most kind.

The world has made me peevish.—This same boy

Has somewhat moved me.

*Hel.* He's beneath your care.

Seek him not now, to punish him. Poor wretch!

He carries that away, within his breast,  
Which will embitter all his life to come,  
And make him curse the knowledge on't.

*Mort.* The knowledge!——

Has he then breathed——Carries within his  
breast!

What does he know?

*Hel.* His own ingratitude.

*Mort.* O, very true.

*Hel.* Then leave him to his Conscience.

It is a scorpion, sent by Heaven itself,  
To fix on hidden crimes; a slow, still stream,  
Of moulten lead, kept dropping on the heart,  
To scald and weigh it down. Believe me, love,  
There is no earthly punishment so great,  
To scourge an evil act, as man's own conscience,  
To tell him he is guilty.

*Mort.* 'Tis a hell!

I pray you talk no more on't.—I am weak—  
I did not sleep last night.

*Hel.* Would you sleep now?

*Mort.* No, Helen, no. I tire thy patient sweetness.

*Hel.* Tire me! nay, that you do not. You  
forget

How often I have sat by you, and watch'd,  
Fanning the busy summer-flies away,  
Lest they should break your slumbers. Who comes  
here?

*Enter WINTERTON.*

What, Winterton ! How do'st thou, old acquaintance ?

How dost thou, Adam ?

*Wint.* Bless your goodness, well.

Is my good master better ?

*Hel.* Somewhat, Adam.

*Wint.* Now, by our lady, I rejoice to hear it !  
I have a message——

*Hel.* O, no business now !

*Wint.* Nay, so I said. Quoth I, his honour's  
sick ;

Perilous sick ! but the rogue press'd, and press'd ;  
I could refuse no longer. Out upon them !

The varlets know old Winterton's good nature.

'Tis my weak side.

*Hel.* Who has thus importuned you ?

*Wint.* To say the truth, a most ill-favor'd varlet.  
But he will speak to none but to his worship.  
I think 'tis forest business.

*Mort.* O, not now :

Another time—to morrow—when he will.

I am unfit.—They teize me !

*Wint.* Ev'n as you please, your worship. I  
should think,

From what he dropt, he can give some account  
Of the poor boy.

*Mort.* Of Wilford !

*Wint.* Troth, I think so.

The knave is shy; but Adam has a head.

*Mort.* Quick; send him hither on the instant!

Haste!

Fly, Adam, fly!

*Wint.* Well now, it glads my heart  
To hear you speak so briskly.

*Mort.* Well, despatch!

*Wint.* I go. Heaven blefs you both! Heaven  
send you well,

And merry days may come again. [Exit.

*Hel.* I fear, this business may distract you, Mortimer:

I would you would defer it till to-morrow.

*Mort.* Not so, sweet. Do not fear. I prithee  
now,

Let me have way in this. Retire awhile.

Anon I'll come to thee.

*Hel.* Pray now, be careful.

I dread those agitations. Pray, keep calm.

Now do not tarry long. Adieu, my Mortimer!

*Mort.* Farewel, awhile, sweet!

*Hel.* Since it must be so—

Farewel!

[Exit Helen.

*Mort.* Dear, simple innocence! thy words of  
comfort

Pour oil upon my fires. Methought her eye,  
When first she spake of conscience, shot a glance  
Like her dead uncle on me. Well, for Wilford!  
That slave can play the Parthian with my fame,

And

And wound it while he flies. Bring him before me,  
 Place me the runagate within my gripe,  
 And I will plant my honour on its base,  
 Firmer than adamant, tho' hell and death  
 Should moat the work with blood! Oh, how  
                     will sin

Engender sin! Throw guilt upon the soul,  
 And, like a rock dash'd on the troubled lake,  
 'Twill form its circles, round succeeding round,  
 Each wider than the——

*Enter ORSON.*

How now! What's your business?

*Ors.* Part with your office in the forest: part  
 Concerns yourself in private.

*Mort.* How myself?

*Ors.* Touching a servant of your house; a lad,  
 Whole heels, I find, were nimbler than his duty.

*Mort.* Speak; what of him? Quick—Know  
                     you where he is?

Canst bring me to him?

*Ors.* To the very spot.

*Mort.* Do it.

*Ors.* Nay, softly.

*Mort.* I'll reward you—amply—  
 Ensure your fortunes.

*Ors.* First ensure my neck.

'Twill do me little good else. I've no heirs;  
 And, when I die, 'tis like the law will bury me,  
 At its own charge.

*Mort.*



*Mort.* Be brief, and to your purpose.

*Orf.* Then, to the business which concerns your office,

Here, in the forest.

*Mort.* Nay, of that anon.

First of my servant.

*Orf.* Well, ev'n as you please.

'Tis no rare thing—Let public duty wait,  
Till private interests are settled. But  
My story is a chain. Take all together,  
'Twill not unlink.

*Mort.* Be quick, then. While we talk,  
This slave escapes me.

*Orf.* Little fear of that.

He's in no plight to journey far to-day.

*Mort.* Where is he hid?

*Orf.* Hard by; with robbers.

*Mort.* Robbers!——

Well, I'm glad on't. 'Twill suit my purpose best.  
(*aside.*)

—What, has he turn'd to plunder?

*Orf.* No; not so.

Plunder has turn'd to him. He was knock'd down,  
Last night, here in the forest, flat and sprawling;  
And the milk-hearted captain of our gang  
Has shelter'd him.

*Mort.* It seems, then, thou'rt a thief?

*Orf.* I serv'd in the profession: But, last night,  
The scurvy rogues cashier'd me. 'Twas a plot,  
To ruin a poor fellow in his calling,

And

And take away my means of getting bread.  
I come here, in revenge. I'll hang my comrades,  
In clusters, on the forest oaks, like acorns.

*Mort.* Where lies their haunt?

*Orf.* Give me your honour, first——

*Mort.* I pledge it, for your safety.

*Orf.* Send your officers

To the old abbey ruins; you will find  
As bold a gang as e'er infested woods,  
And fatten'd upon pillage.

*Mort.* What, so near me!

In some few minutes, then, he's mine! Ho!  
Winterton!

Now for his lurking place! Hope dawns again.  
Remain you here; I may have work for you.

(*to Orson.*)

O! I will weave a web so intricate,  
For this base insect! so entangle him!——  
Why, Winterton! Thou jewel, reputation!  
Let me secure thee, bright and spotless, now;  
And this weak, care-worn body's dissolution,  
Will cheaply pay the purchase! Winterton!

[*Exit.*]

*Orf.* There may be danger in my stay here. I  
will e'en slink off, in the confusion I have rais'd.  
I value not the reward. I hang my comrades, and  
that shall content me.

(*Exit.*)

*A Hall,*

*A Hall in the Lodge.*

*Enter FITZHARDING.*

*Fitz.* Rare scuttling towr'd ! This lodge is little Babel :

And Spleen and Sicknefs are the household gods,  
In this, my brother's, castle of confufion.  
The hue and cry is up ! I am half tempted  
To wifh the game too nimble for the dogs,  
That hunt him at the heels. Dishoneft ! Well,  
I'll ne'er trust looks again. His face hangs out  
A goodly fign ; but all within, it feems,  
Is dirty rooms, ftale eggs, prick'd wine, four beer,  
Rank bacon, mufty beef, and tallow candles.  
I'll be deceived no more.—I'll mix with none,  
In future, but the ugly : honeft men,  
Who can out-grin a Griffin ; or the head  
Carved on the prow of the good fhip the Gorgon.  
I'm for carbuncled, weather-beaten faces,  
That frighten little children, and might ferve  
For knockers to hall gates.—Now—who are you ?

*Enter SAMSON.*

*Samf.* Head ferving man to madam Helen, Sir.

*Fitz.* Well, I may talk to thee ; for thou doft  
answer

To the defcription of the fort of men  
I have refolved to live with.

*Samf.* I am proud, Sir,  
To find I have your countenance.

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* Can't tell me  
The news of Wilford?

*Sams.* He is turn'd a rogue, Sir.  
An errant knave, Sir. 'Tis a rare thing, now,  
To find an honest servant:—We are scarce.

*Fitz.* Where lies the Abbey where they go to  
seek him?  
Dost know it?

*Sams.* Marry, do I; in the dark.  
I have stood near it, many a time, in winter,  
To watch the hares, by moonlight.

*Fitz.* A cold pastime!

*Sams.* Aye, Sir; 'twas killing work. I've left  
it off.

*Fitz.* Think you they will be back soon?

*Sams.* On the instant:  
It is hard by, Sir.—Hark I hear their horses!  
They are return'd, I warrant.

*Fitz.* Run you, fellow,—  
If Wilford's taken, send him here to me.

*Sams.* Why he's a rogue, Sir. Would your  
worship stoop  
To parley with a rogue?

*Fitz.* Friend, I will stoop  
To prop a sinking man, that's call'd a rogue,  
And count him innocent, 'till he's found guilty.  
I learn'd it from our English laws; where Mercy  
Models the weights that fill the scales of Justice;  
And Charity, when Wisdom gives her sentence,  
Stands by to prompt her. 'Till detection comes,

I side with the accused.

*Sams.* Would I had known  
Your worship sooner. You're a friend, indeed!  
All undiscover'd rogues are bound to pray for  
you :

—So, Heaven blefs you !

*Fitz.* Well, well—bustle ; stir ;——  
Do as I bid thee.

*Sams.* Aye Sir.—I shall lean  
Upon your worship in any time of need.—  
Heaven reward you !——Here's a friend to make !

*Exit.*

*Fitz.* I have a kind of movement, still, for  
Wilford,

I cannot conquer. What can be this charge  
Sir Edward brings against him ?—Should the boy  
Prove guilty !—well ; why should I pity guilt ?  
Philosophers would call me driv'ler.—Let them.  
Whip a deserter, and philosophy  
Stands by, and says he merits it. That's true :—  
But wherefore should philosophy take snuff,  
When the poor culprit writhes ? A plague on  
stoicks !

I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,  
Like an old beer-butt. I would have the vessel  
What some call weak :—I'd have it ooze a little.  
Better compassion should be set abroad,  
'Till it run waste, then let a system-monger  
Bung it with Logick ; or a trencher cap  
Bawl out his ethics on it, 'till his thunder

Turn



Turns all the liquor four.—So! Here he comes!

*Enter WILFORD.*

*Wilf.* I am inform'd it is your pleasure, Sir,  
To speak with me.

*Fitz.* Aye, Wilford. I am sorry—  
Faith, very sorry,—you and I meet thus.  
How could you quit my brother thus abruptly?  
Was he unkind to you?

*Wilf.* Most bountiful.  
He made me all I am. The poor can number  
His virtues thick as stars. I owe him, Sir,  
A world of gratitude.

*Fitz.* 'Tis a new mode  
Of payment you have taken. Wherefore fly?

*Wilf.* I was unfit to serve him, Sir.

*Fitz.* Unfit!

*Wilf.* I was unhappy, Sir. I fled a house  
Where certain misery awaited me,  
While I was doom'd to dwell in't.

*Fitz.* Misery!

What was this certain misery?

*Wilf.* Your pardon,—  
I never will divulge.

*Fitz.* Indeed!

*Wilf.* No, never.  
Pray do not press me. All that I can say  
Is, that I have a strong, and rooted reason,  
Which has resolved me. 'Twere impossible  
I should be tranquil here. I feel it, Sir,  
A duty to myself to quit this roof.

*Fitz.* Harkye, young man. This smacks of  
mystery ;

And now looks foully. Truth, and Innocence,  
Walk round the world in native nakedness.

But Guilt is cloak'd.

*Wilf.* Whate'er the prejudice  
My conduct conjures up, I must submit.

*Fitz.* 'Twere better now you conjured up your  
friends :

For I must tell you——No, there is no need.  
You learn'd it, doubtless, on the way, and know  
The danger you, now, stand in.

*Wilf.* Danger, Sir !

What ? How ? I have learn'd nothing, Sir ; my  
guides

Drag'd me in silence hither.

*Fitz.* Then 'tis fit

I put you on your guard. It grieves me, Wilford,  
To say there is a heavy charge against you,  
Which, as I gather, may affect your life.

*Wilf.* Mine!—O, good Heaven !

*Fitz.* Pray be calm:—for, soon,  
Here, in the face of all his family,  
My brother will accuse you.

*Wilf.* He!—What, He!

He accuse me ! O monstrous ! O, look down  
You who can read mens hearts !——A charge  
against me !

Ha, ha ! I'm innocent ! I'm innocent ! (*much  
agitated*)

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* Collect your firmness. You will need it all.

*Wilf.* I shal!, indeed! I pray you tell me, Sir, What is the charge?

*Fitz.* I do not know it's purport.  
I would not hear on't: for on my voice rests  
The issue of this business;—and a judge  
Should come unbiass'd to his office. Wilford,  
Were twenty brothers waiting my award,  
You should have even, and impartial justice.

*Wilf.* O, you are just! I would all men were so!

*Fitz.* I hope most men are so. Rally your thoughts.

When you are call'd upon! if truth will serve you,

Sketch out your story with her chaste, bold pencil:  
If truth should fail you, Wilford, even take  
The fairest colours human art can mix,  
To give a glow to plausibility.

'Tis self-defence, and 'tis allow'd, when man  
Must battle it, with all the world against him.

——Heaven blefs you, boy!—that is, I mean—  
pshaw! plague!

—Farewell! and may you prosper! *Exit.*

*Wilf.* Then, all my youthful hopes are blighted  
in the bud! The breath of my powerful persecutor  
will wither them. Let me recall my actions.  
—My breast is unclog'd with crime. This charge  
is to be open;—in the eye of the world; of the  
laws.—Then, why should I fear? I am native  
of

of a happy foil where justice guards equally the life of its poorest and richest inhabitant. Let him inflict his menaces upon me, in secret; Let him torture my mind and body; he shall not, cannot, touch my good name.

*Enter BARBARA.*

*Barb.* O, Wilford! (*falls on his neck*)

*Wilf.* Barbara! at such a time, too!

*Barb.* To be brought back, thus, Wilford! and to go away without seeing me! without thinking of me!

*Wilf.* It was not so.—I was hastening to your cottage, Barbara, when a ruffian, in the forest, encounter'd and wounded me.

*Barb.* Wounded you!

*Wilf.* Be not alarm'd. 'Tis not, as I thought yesternight, of moment. One of his party took me to the Abbey ruins, and gave me timely succour.

*Barb.* And, was it so! was it indeed so, Wilford?

*Wilf.* Aye, Barbara. When I was drag'd hither, the whole troop escaped, or they had vouch'd for the truth on't.

*Barb.* I would they not had escaped. For all here say that you had fled to join them.

*Wilf.* What! join with robbers! what next shall I be charged with!

*Barb.* Bethink you, Wilford—the time is short: I know your heart is good; but——

*Wilf.*

*Wilf.* But what? Can you suspect it, too, Barbara!

*Barb.* O! mine is so link'd with it, that I would follow you through beggary, through prisons, Wilford.

*Wilf.* Prisons! The sound, now, makes me shudder!

*Barb.* If in a hasty moment you have done ought to wrong Sir Edward, throw yourself on his mercy;—sue for pardon.

*Wilf.* For pardon!—I shall go mad! Pardon! I am innocent,—Heaven knows I am innocent.

*Barb.* Heaven be thank'd!—The family is all summon'd. O, Wilford! my spirits sink within me.

*Wilf.* (*aside*) I am, now, but a sorry comforter.—Come, Barbara; be tranquil. You see I am so. Dont——dont you, Barbara? (*agitated*)

*Enter a SERVANT.*

*Serv.* You must attend in the next room.

*Wilf.* What, Walter, is it you? Pray tell me if—

*Serv.* Do not question me. I hold no discourse with any of your stamp.

*Wilf.* Your tone is strangely changed on the sudden. What have I done?

*Serv.* You are going to be tried. That's enough for me.

*Wilf.*



*Wilf.* I might rather claim your pity on that score, Walter.

*Serv.* What, pity a man that's going to be tried? O, monstrous!

*Wilf.* Well, fare you well. I will not upbraid you, Walter. You have many in the world to countenance you. Blacken well your neighbour, and nine in ten are in haste to cry shame upon him, ere he has time, or opportunity, to wipe off the accusation. I follow you.

*Serv.* Do so.

*Exit.*

*Barb.* O, Wilford!

*Wilf.* Be of good cheer. I go arm'd in honesty, Barbara. I can bear every thing. Every thing, save making you the partner of my misfortunes. That Barbara——I am sure you love me——That would give me a pang which would——Farewell!

*Exit.*

*Barb.* Alas! I tremble for his safety! should they tear him from me!——

### S O N G.—BARBARA.

DOWN by the river there grows a green willow;

Sing all for my true love! my true love, O!

I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow;

And all for my true love, my true love, O!

When bleak blows the wind, and tempests are beating,

I'll count all the clouds, as I mark them retreating,

For true lovers joys, well a-day! are as fleeting.

Sing, O for my true love, &c.

What

Maids come, in pity, when I am departed ;  
 Sing all for my true love, &c.  
 When dead, on the bank, I am found broken-hearted,  
 And all for my true love, &c.  
 Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing,  
 Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing,  
 And over my corse keep the green willow growing.  
 'Tis all for my true love, &c.

[ *Exit.*

*An Apartment in the Lodge.*

FITZ-HARDING, WILFORD, and various domesticks,  
*discovered.*—To them enter ADAM WINTERTON.

*Fitz.* Is not Sir Edward coming, Adam?

*Wint.* Aye, Sir.—

But he is grievous ill.—Since Wilford came,  
 He had another fit.—But he'll be here.

Ah, boy! that I should live to see this day!

I have a merry heart no longer, now.

*Wilf.* Good man! you have been ever kind to  
 me.

*Wint.* Heav'n send you may prove honest!

Heav'n send it!

—Here comes Sir Edward. Would that I had died  
 Two reigns ago!

*Enter Sir EDWARD MORTIMER.*

*Fitz.* Now, brother.—You look pale,  
 And faint with sickness.

Q

*Wint.*

*Wint.* Here's a chair your worship.

*Mort.* No matter.—To our business, brother.  
Wilford,

You may well guess the struggle I endure  
To place you here the mark of accusation.  
I gave you ample warning: Caution'd you,  
When many might have scourged: and, even now,  
While I stand here to crush you,—aye, to crush  
you,—

My heart bleeds drops of pity for your youth,  
Whose rashness plucks the red destruction down,  
And pulls the bolt upon you.

*Wilf.* You know best

The movements of your heart, sir. Man is blind,  
And cannot read them: but there is a Judge,  
To whose all-seeing eye our inmost thoughts  
Lye open. Think to him you, now, appeal.—  
Omniscience keeps heaven's register;  
And, soon or late, when Time unfolds the book,  
Our trembling souls must answer to the record,  
And meet their due reward or punishment.

*Fitz.* Now, to the point, I pray you.

*Mort.* Thus it is, then.

I do suspect—By heaven the story lingers,  
Like poison, on my tongue,—but he will force it—

*Fitz.* What is it you suspect?

*Mort.* —That he has rob'd me.

*Wilf.* Rob'd! I! O, horrible!

*Fitz.* Not yet—not yet.

Pray tell me brother—I will be impartial;—

But

But I am somewhat moved.—Pray tell me, brother,  
How ground you this fuspicion !

*Mort.* Briefly, thus.——

You may have noticed, in my library,  
A chest (*Wilford starts*)—You fee he changes at  
the word.

*Wilf.* And well I may ! (*aside.*

*Mort.* Where I have told you, brother,  
The writings which concern our family,  
With jewels, cash, and other articles,  
Of no mean value, were deposited.

*Fitz.* You oftentimes have said so.

*Mort.* Yesterday,  
Chance call'd me, suddenly away ; I left  
The key in't—but as suddenly return'd ;  
And found this Wilford, this young man, whose  
state,

Whose orphan state, met pity in my house,  
'Till pity grew to friendship,—him I found,  
Fix'd o'er the chest, upon his knees, intent,  
As, now, I think, on plunder ; tinging theft  
Still blacker with ingratitude ; and rifling  
The easy fool who shelter'd him. Confusion  
Shook his young joints, as he let fall the lid,  
And gave me back the key.

*Fitz.* Did you not search  
Your papers on the instant ?

*Mort.* No :—for, first,  
(Habit so long had fix'd my confidence)  
I deem'd it boyish curiosity ;—  
But told him this would meet my further question :

And, at that moment, came a servant in,  
To say you were arrived. He must have mark'd  
Our mix'd emotion.

*Fitz.* Is that servant here?

*Servant.* 'Twas I, Sir.

*Mort.* Was it you? Well, saw you ought  
To challenge your attention?

*Serv.* Sir, I did.

Wilford was pale and trembling; and our master  
Gave him a look as if 'twould pierce him through;  
And cried, "Remember."—Then he trembled  
more,

And we both quitted him.

*Mort.* When first we met,  
You found me somewhat ruffled.

*Fitz.* 'Tis most true.

*Mort.* But somewhat more when, afterwards, I  
saw

Wilford conversing with you—like a snake,  
Sun'd by your looks, and basking in your favour.  
I bade him quit the room, with indignation,  
And wait my coming in the library.

*Fitz.* I witness'd that, with wonder.

*Mort.* O, good brother!

You little thought, while you so gently school'd me,  
In the full flow of your benevolence,  
For my harsh bearing tow'rd him, on what ground  
That harshness rested. I had made my search,  
In the brief interval of absence from you,  
And found my property had vanish'd.

*Fitz.* Well——

You



You met him in the library ?

*Mort.* O never

Can he forget that solemn interview !

*Wilf.* Aye, speak to that :—it was a solemn interview.

*Mort.* Observe, he does acknowledge that we met. Guilt was my theme :—he cannot, now deny it.

*Wilf.* It was a theme of—No. (*checking himself.*)

*Mort.* He pleaded innocence :

While every word he spake belied his features,  
And mock'd his protestation. I restrain'd  
The chastisement he fear'd ; nor wou'd I blazon  
The wrong I could not fix ; and subject, thus,  
By general inquiry, all the guiltless  
To foul suspicion. That suspicion lay  
Most heavily on him ; but the big cloud  
Of anger he had gather'd burst not on him,  
In vengeance to o'erwhelm him : chill it drop'd,  
But kindly, as the dew, in admonition ;  
Like tears of fathers o'er a wayward child,  
When love enforces them to ruggedness.

*Fitz.* What said you to him ?

*Mort.* “ Regulate your life,

“ In future, better. I, now, spare your youth ;

“ But dare not to proceed. All I exact,

“ ( 'Tis a soft penance )—that you tarry here ;

“ My eye your guard, my house your gentle prison,

“ My bounty be your chains. Attempt not flight ;

“ Flight ripens all my doubt to certainty,

“ And justice to the world unlocks my tongue.”—

He

He fled, and I arraign him.

*Fitz.* Trust me, brother,  
This charge is staggering. Yet accidents  
Sometimes combine to cast a shade of doubt  
Upon the innocent. May it be so here!  
Here is his trunk: 'twas brought here at my order.  
'Tis fit that it be search'd.

*Mort.* O, that were needless.  
He were a shallow villain that would trust  
His freight of plunder to so frail a bottom.  
School-boys, who strip the orchard of its fruit,  
Conceal their thievery better.

*Fitz.* Yet 'tis found,  
Such negligence is often link'd with guilt.  
—Take note—I say not yet that he is guilty,  
But I scarce heard of crafty villain, yet,  
Who did not make some blot in his foul game,  
That lookers-on have thought him blind, and mad,  
It was so palpable.—'Tis rarely otherwise:  
Heaven's hand is in it, brother: Providence  
Marks guilt, as 'twere, with a fatuity.—  
Adam, do you inspect it. (to Winterton.)

*Wilf.* Here's the key—  
E'en take it, freely.—You'll find little there  
I value; save a locket, which my mother  
Gave me upon her death-bed; and she added  
Her blessing to't. Perhaps, her spirit now  
Is grieving for my injuries.

*Wint.* (after opening the trunk). O, mercy!

*Fitz.* How now? What's there?

*Wint.*

*Wint.* As I'm a wretched man,  
The very watch my good old master wore !  
And, here, my lady's jewels !

*Wilf.* I am innocent.  
Just Heaven hear me !

*Fitz.* I must hear you, now.  
What can you say ?—Oh ! Wilford.

*Wilf.* Give me breath.  
Let me collect myself. First this. (*falls on his knees*)  
May sleep

Ne'er close my burning eyes ; may conscience  
gnaw me ;

May engines wrench my entrails from their seat ;  
And whirl them to the winds before my face,  
If I know aught of this !

*Fitz.* Make it appear so.—But look there ; look  
there ! (*pointing to the trunk.*)

*Wilf.* Heap circumstance upon me ; multiply  
Charge upon charge ; pile seeming fact on fact ;  
Still I maintain my innocence. Look at me !  
Are these the throes of guilt ? Are these con-  
vulsions

Of a poor, helpless, friendless, wretched boy,  
The struggles of a villain ?—One thing more :  
I here aver it—to his face aver it—  
He knows—Yes, he—Yes, my accuser knows,  
I merit not his charge.

(*a general expression of indignation*)

*Wint.* O ! fie on't, fie !

*Fitz.* Wilford, take heed ! A base attempt to  
blacken

An injured master, will but plunge you deeper.

*Wilf.* I know what I am doing. I repeat it:  
Will die repeating it. Sir Edward Mortimer  
Is conscious of my innocence.

*Mort.* Proceed——

Look at these proofs, and talk.—Unhappy boy,  
Thy tongue can do me little mischief now.

*Wilf.* Do you not know——

*Mort.* What?

*Wilf.* ——'Tis no matter, sir.

But I could swear——

*Mort.* Nay, Wilford, pause awhile.  
Reflect that oaths are sacred. Weigh the force  
Of these asseverations. Mark it well.

*I swear by all the ties that bind a man,  
Divine or human! Think on that, and shudder.*

*Wilf.* The very words I utter'd! I am tongue-  
tied. *(aside.*

*Fitz.* Wilford, if there be aught that you can  
urge,

To clear yourself, advance it.

*Wilf.* O, I could!

I could say much, but must not.—No, I will not.  
Do as you please.—I have no friend—no witness,  
Save my accuser. Did he not—pray ask him—  
Did he not vaunt his wiles could ruin me?  
Did he not menace, in his pride of power,  
To blast my name, and crush my innocence?

*Fitz.* What do you answer, Sir?

*Mort.* I answer—No.—

More were superfluous, when a criminal  
 Opposes empty volubility  
 To circumstantial charge. A stedfast brow  
 Repels not fact, nor can invalidate  
 These dumb, but damning, witnesses, before him.  
*(pointing to the trunk.)*

*Wilf.* By the just Pow'r that rules us, I am  
 ignorant

How they came there!—but 'tis my firm belief,  
 You placed them there, to sink me.

*Fitz.* O, too much!

You steel mens' hearts against you! Death and  
 shame!

It rouses honest choler. Call the officers.—

He shall meet punishment. *(Servants going.)*

*Mort.* Hold! pray you, hold.

Justice has, thus far, struggled with my pity,  
 To do an act of duty to the world.

I would unmask a hypocrite; lay bare

The front of guilt, that men may see and shun it:

'Tis done—And I will, now, proceed no further.

I would not hurt the serpent, but to make

The serpent hurtless. He has lost his sting.

Let him depart, and freely.

*Fitz.* Lookye, brother.

This shall not be.—Had he proved innocent,

My friendship had been doubled; you well know

I have been partial to him—but this act

Is so begrimed with black, ungrateful malice,

That I insist on justice. Fly, knaves! run,



And let him be secured. [*Exeunt servants.*] You  
tarry here. (*to Wilford.*)

*Mort.* I will not have it thus.

*Fitz.* You must—You shall—

'Tis weak else. Oons! I trust I have as much  
Of good, straight-forward pity, as may serve;  
But, to turn dove—to sit still, and be peck'd at,  
It is too tame. His insolence tops all!  
Does not this rouse you, too?—Look on these  
jewels.——

Look at this picture.—'Twas our mother's: Stay,  
Let me inspect this nearer. What are here?

Parchments—— (*inspecting the trunk.*)

*Mort.* O, look no further—They are deeds,  
Which, in his haste, no doubt he crowded there,  
Not knowing what—to look o'er at his leisure—  
Family deeds—They all were in my chest.

*Wilf.* O, 'tis deep laid!—These, too, to give a  
colour! (*aside.*)

*Fitz.* What have we here? I have your leave,  
good brother,

As arbiter in this. Here is a paper  
Of curious enfolding—slipt, as 'twere  
By chance, within another. This may be  
Of note upon his trial.——What's this drops?  
A knife, it seems!

*Mort.* What! (*starting.*)

*Fitz.* Marks of blood upon it.

*Mort.* Touch it not. Throw it back!—bury  
it—sink it!

Oh,

Oh, carelessness and haste! Give me that paper.  
Darkness and hell!—Give back the paper.

[MORTIMER attempts to snatch it; WILFORD runs between the two brothers, falls on his knees, and prevents him, holding FITZHARDING.]

*Wilf.* (rapidly) No.

I see—I see!—Preserve it. You are judge!—  
My innocence, my life, rests on it!

*Mort.* Devils

Foil me at my own game!—Fate!—Ha, ha, ha!  
Sport, Lucifer!—He struck me—

[MORTIMER is fainting, and falling; WILFORD runs and catches him.]

*Wilf.* I'll support him.——

Read! read! read!

*Fitz.* What is this?—My mind misgives me!  
It is my brother's hand!—*To die before me!*  
What can this mean?—— [reads.]  
*Narrative of my murder of*—Oh, great Heav'n!  
“If by some chance my guilt should be disclos'd,  
“May this contribute to redeem the wreck  
“Of my lost honour!”—I am horror-struck!

*Wilf.* Plain, plain!——Stay! he revives.

*Mort.* What has been——soft!

I have been wand'ring with the damn'd, sure.—  
Brother!—

And—aye—'tis Wilford! Oh! thought flashes  
on me

Like Lightning. I am brain-scorch'd. Give me  
leave.

I will speak—Soon I will——a little yet——

Come hither, boy.—Wrong'd boy ! O Wilford,  
Wilford !

*(bursts into tears, and falls on Wilford's neck.)*

*Wilf.* Be firm, Sir ; pray be firm ! my heart  
bleeds for you—

Warms for you ! Oh ! all your former charity  
To your poor boy, is in my mind.—Still, still,  
I see my benefactor !

*Mort.* Well, I will—

I will be firm. One struggle, and 'tis over:  
I have most foully wrong'd you ! Ere I die—  
And I feel death-struck—let me haste to make  
Atonement.—Brother, note. The jewels,  
Yes, and that paper—Heaven and accident  
Ordain'd it so !—were placed—Curse on my flesh,  
To tremble thus !—were placed there by my hand:

*Fitz.* O, mercy on me !

*Mort.* More. I fear'd this boy ;  
He knew my secret ; and I blacken'd him,  
That, should he e'er divulge the fatal story,  
His word might meet no credit. Infamy  
Will brand my mem'ry for't : Posterity,  
Whose breath I made my god, will keep my shame  
Green in her damning record. Oh ! I had—  
I had a heart o'erflowing with good thoughts  
For all mankind ! One fatal, fatal turn,  
Has poison'd all ! Where is my honour, now ?  
To die !—To have my ashes trampled on,  
By the proud foot of scorn ! Polluted ! Hell—  
Who dares to mock my guilt ? Is't you—or you ?  
Wrack

—Wrack me that grinning fiend! Damnation!  
 Who spits upon my grave? I'll stab again—  
 I'll—Oh! *(falls.)*

*Fitz.* This rives my heart in twain: Why,  
 brother, brother!  
 His looks are ghastly.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Serv.* Sir, the officers:

*Fitz.* Away, knave! Send them hence—the  
 boy is innocent.

*Serv.* What, Wilford?

*Fitz.* Aye. Tell it your fellows: Hence!—  
 You shall know more anon. Send in some help—  
 Your master's ill o' the sudden. Send some help!  
*(Exit Serv.)*

*Wilf.* 'Twere best to raise him, Sir.

*Fitz.* Soft, who comes here?

*Enter HELEN:*

*Hel.* Where is he? Ill! and on the ground!  
 Oh, Mortimer!

Oh, Heaven! my Mortimer. O, raise him.—  
 Gently.

Speak to me, love. He cannot!

*Mort.* Helen—'Twas I that——

*(he struggles to speak, but appears unable to utter.)*

*Hel.* Oh, he's convulsed!

*Fitz.*

*Fitz.* Say nothing. We must lead him to his chamber.

Befeech you to say nothing! Come, good lady:  
(*FITZHARDING and HELEN lead MORTIMER out.*)

*Enter BARBARA, on the opposite side:*

*Barb.* O, Wilford! I have flown to you! You are innocent.—The whole house now has it, you are innocent. Thank Heaven! Speak; tell me—How—how was it, dear, dear Wilford?

*Wilf.* I cannot tell you now, Barbara. Another time: But it is so.—I cannot speak now.—

*Barb.* Nor I, scarce, for joy! See! hither come your fellows, to greet you. I am so happy!

*Enter SERVANTS, &c. &c. &c.*

*Servants.* Joy! Wilford.

*Wilf.* Peace, peace, I pray you. Our master is taken ill: So ill, my fellows, that I fear me he stands in much danger. That you rejoice in my acquittal, I perceive, and thank you. Sir Edward's brother will explain further to you: I cannot. But believe this:—Heaven, to whose eye the dark movements of guilt are manifest, will ever watch over, and succour the innocent, in their extremity. Clamour not now your congratulations to me, I entreat you: Rather, let the slow, still voice of gratitude be lifted up to Providence, for that care she ever bestows upon those deserving her protection!

FINALE



## F I N A L E:

WHERE Gratitude shall breathe the note,  
To white-robed Mercy's throne,  
Bid the mild strain on æther float,  
A soft and dulcet tone.

Sweet, sweet and clear the accents raise,  
While mellow flutes shall swell the song of praise.  
Melody! Melody!  
A soft and dulcet melody!

Where fever droops his burning head;  
Where sick men languish on their bed;  
Around let ev'ry accent be,  
Harmony! Harmony!  
A soft and dulcet harmony!

THE END.

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# ALMEYDA;

## QUEEN OF GRANADA.

A

TRAGEDY.

IN FIVE ACTS,

---

BY SOPHIA LEE.

---

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

---

" HE CHOSE A MOURNFUL MUSE

" SOFT PITY TO INFUSE.—

DRYDEN.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

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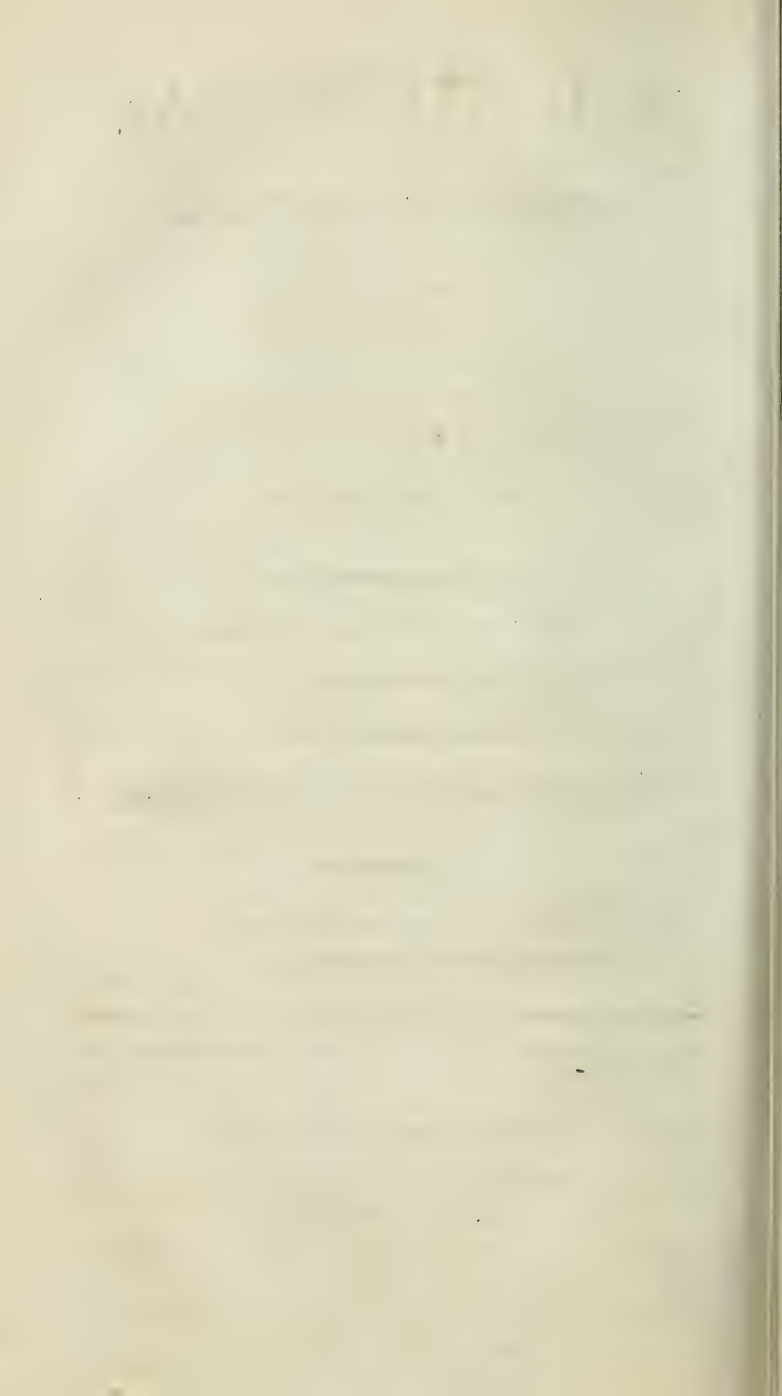
FOR MESSRS. CADELL AND DAVIES,

IN THE STRAND.

---

1796.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.



TO

*MRS. SIDDONS.*

DEAR MADAM,

THE high admiration I ever felt for the superior talents you have so eminently displayed in *ALMEYDA*, could alone have induced me to venture a second dramatic production. To that admiration, a more intimate knowledge of you, has added an esteem; which is, I flatter myself, reciprocal. Not all the various charms you dignify the Drama with, can equal those of your sympathizing mind, and unassuming manners.—When thus united, they form a character it  
would



would be vanity to praise, tho' virtue  
to delight in. With true gratitude,

I remain,

DEAR MADAM,

Your faithfully devoted

Humble servant,

SOPHIA LEE.

JUNE 3, 1796.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was with no less awe than deference I ventured, in the present day, to bring a Tragedy before the Publick. How great, then, must be my gratitude for the liberal acceptance it has met, and the tears with which it has been honoured. I must have wanted taste and feeling, not to have been animated, by the exquisite talents of Mrs. SIDDONS, into an exertion of such as I possess. That I have been the means of displaying, in a new point of view, her various powers, is a most flattering recompence.

The story of ALMEYDA is wholly a fiction; and the incident which produces the catastrophe the only one not my own.—The deep impression made on me, long since, by a similar *denouement*, in an old play of JAMES SHIRLEY's, determined me to apply it.

The Stage requires a compression and brevity, which seldom improves a play to the reader: I have, therefore, printed ALMEYDA at length, marking by inverted commas the parts omitted in representation.

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## PROLOGUE.

---

*THE Muses long through many a varying age,  
With truth and fiction mix'd, have grac'd the stage.  
When weeping Constancy devoted stood,  
Or patriot Honour seal'd his faith with blood,  
They bade the deep-toned lyre responsive flow,  
Sublimed the suffering, and diffused the woe;  
Applauding Greece the numbers lov'd to hear,  
And her stern warriors gave the graceful tear.  
At length her venal train Corruption led,  
And, with the Virtues link'd, the Muses fled;  
O'er Albion's happy land they paus'd awhile,  
And shed the favouring influence of their smile.  
Her HENRYS, HOTSPURS, trod the martial scene,  
And fir'd to heroes whom they found but men.  
Bold SHAKESPEAR pour'd th' invigorating strain,  
And ROWE, and sweeter OTWAY, fill'd the train.*

*What if the modern bard no more aspire,  
To rival OTWAY's sweetness, SHAKESPEAR's fire;  
What if no laurel meed his altar claim,  
His censor boast no heav'n-enkindled flame,  
Yet if beneath the smould'ring vapour shine  
But one faint glimmering of the spark divine,  
Ah! gently fan the flame! lest fashion's breath  
O'er the pale promise send the blast of death;*

## PROLOGUE.

Nor let the wreath *Thalia* only wear,  
Her sister muse deserves so well to share.  
'Tis her's the generous feeling to impart,  
That mends the morals while it fills the heart:  
Her's are the energies that best inform,  
The sighs that animate, and tears that warm,  
Within the magic sunshine of her eye,  
Truth, Honour, Loyalty, and *Valour* lie;  
All the bold virtues that our sires approved,  
And all that Britons boast, or Britons loved—  
Then 'gainst the charm no more your bosoms steel,  
But own the manly privilege to feel.  
Folly, and Vice, may oft in smiles appear,  
But bashful *Virtue* veils her in a tear.  
The broad, loud laugh, the mirth-inspiring jest,  
Humour's wild frolic, and gay fancy's feast,  
Like brilliant bubbles sparkle o'er the mind,  
But burst, and leave no radiant gleam behind;  
While the bright pencil of the tragic muse,  
Her sacred rainbow draws o'er chilling dews;  
And tho' to air the transient glories run,  
They give the promise of a golden sun!

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the PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE were written by Miss HARRIET LEE.

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## CHARACTERS.

## CHARACTERS.

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Ramirez, <i>King of Castile</i>	Mr. AICKIN.
Abdallah, <i>Regent of Granada</i>	Mr. PALMER.
Alonzo, <i>son of Ramirez</i>	Mr. KEMBLE.
Orasmyn, <i>son of Abdallah, and Ge- neral of the Moors.</i>	} Mr. WROUGHTON.
Hamet, <i>Captain of the Moorish Guard</i>	
Nourassin, <i>a Lord of the Council</i>	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
	Mr. CAULFIELD.

*Officers, Guards, &c.*

Almeyda, <i>Queen of Granada</i>	Mrs. SIDDONS.
Victoria, <i>Princess of Castile</i>	Mrs. POWEL.
Abra, <i>sister to Hamet, and attend- ing on the Queen</i>	} Miss HEARD.

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SCENE—A Moorish Castle on a bold rock which overhangs the Guadalquiver.

Time from the dawning of one morning to the dawning of the next.



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# A L M E Y D A:

## A T R A G E D Y,

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### ACT I.—SCENE I.

*A Hall in the Castle, of Moorish architecture, with windows of painted glass, in the recesses of the arches low sofas are placed with cushions piled, on one of these VICTORIA slumbers, while RAMIREZ walks in the Hall making notes in his tablets; bright fleecy clouds rise behind the painted glass representing the dawn of day.*

RAMIREZ.

REMOVE those lights—the day once more returns,

And nature springs into renew'd existence !  
Collects the fragrance breathing o'er her bosom,  
And offers up the incense to the morn !  
Slow o'er the mazes of the Guadalquiver  
Curl the soft mists, that quicken ev'ry odour.

B

ALL

—All animated beings gladly rise  
 To their diurnal task.—Man, only man,  
 That froward fav'rite of indulgent heav'n,  
 Drops from his weary eye the ungrateful tear,  
 To blight the coming blessing!—dear Victoria!  
 Thy watching hath o'erpower'd thee!—soft, my  
     child,  
 Like this, be all thy slumbers!

VICTORIA.

Have I slept?  
 I pray you pardon the unconscious fault  
 And bless to me the morn, *(half kneeling.*

RAMIREZ.

May each to come  
 Breathe only peace upon thee; and restore  
 Those roses with'ring on the shrine of friendship!

VICTORIA.

Alas! my father, bless too my Almeyda!  
 That *solitary* sov'reign! born to weep  
 The greatness thousands covet! thro' the night,  
 Sleepless, and tearful, she has still entreated  
 That I would win you ever to retain her.  
 A Moor *in name* alone, Granada's throne  
 Charms not her heart—possess'd, and alienate.

RAMIREZ.

I cannot chuse but blame ev'n thee, my child,  
 If thou hast sought to win her from her duty.

VICTORIA.

VICTORIA.

Nay, rather blame the parents who resign'd her.

RAMIREZ.

Forbear these rash conclusions—Monarchs oft  
Must sacrifice each feeling to their duty.

VICTORIA.

Alas! that aught should break the tie of nature!  
The ductile heart, as reason dawns, still takes  
A soft impresson of the nearest object—  
Thus did Almeyda's—yet an infant hostage,  
She wak'd to knowledge on a foe's kind bosom.  
Her lips first falter'd our Castilian tongue,  
And, with becoming gratitude she found  
In those who fondly train'd her up to honor,  
Each dear, each sacred tie, of love, and nature:  
Nor did she mourn her fires, or brother's death,  
As she does now to leave us.

RAMIREZ.

Nor have I,  
My daughter, ill-deserv'd this gen'rous fondness,  
Since with my children she has shar'd my heart,  
—No, tho' to death I hate the Moorish race,  
Vindictive, and insatiate—tho' my sword  
Ev'n yet could flame amid my country's foes  
With energy unbroken, never knew I  
To view a tender babe with abhorrence.

—Ah! sweet Almeyda! in this very hall  
 Thy lies, unconscious of thy fate, assail'd  
 A heart alive to nature and humanity!  
 When with the error of soft innocence  
 Thy little arms clung round thy father's foe.

VICTORIA.

Was this the castle, where Almanzor chose  
 To lodge his queen for safety?

RAMIREZ.

Ay—and wife  
 Had prov'd his choice, if Heav'n their arms had  
 prosper'd.  
 —Thou seest—'tis solid as the rock that bears it;  
 Its proud tow'rs shadow our Castilian plains,  
 Tho' sever'd from them by the Guadalquiver.  
 —They since have aw'd their owner.—For that day  
 Heaven blest the holy valour it inspir'd!  
 That memorable day gave to our arms,  
 An host almost unnumber'd, but by slain.  
 —Flush'd with our conquest, we assail'd this castle,  
 Which the intimidated queen threw open,  
 And as an hostage gave us up her daughter.

VICTORIA.

Oh! mother ill-deserving my Almeyda!

RAMIREZ.

Erroneous youth still takes the first impression,  
 Nor looks beyond the surface! Be more wise;  
 Learn

Learn to pierce through the veil of policy,  
Undazzled by its colours.—So thy friend  
Shall better meet the future.

VICTORIA.

I attend,  
With reverence so profound, each other sense  
Is lost in hearing—

RAMIREZ.

Know the queen thy censure  
Condemns unheard, should rather claim thy pity.  
Match'd to a monarch weak, vain, cold of heart,  
Yet *restless* tho' *inactive*—her short life  
Pass'd in disquiet; from the hour that call'd her.  
Almanzor's crafty brother gain'd the pow'r,  
And in the king's name shelter'd every baseness.  
Two rising princes scorn'd their uncle's sway,  
Alas! perhaps too boldly!—heav'n alone  
Can judge the malady that nipp'd their bloom.  
—Certain it is, Abdallah never offer'd  
A due equiv'lent for our royal hostage  
Until she heir'd Granada.

VICTORIA.

Sweet Almeyda!  
Is this the savage trusted with thy welfare?  
—*Thou* too, perhaps, art doom'd by his ambition.

RAMIREZ.



RAMIREZ.

Not so my daughter.—Politicians ever  
 Present a puppet to the public eye,  
 While they, unseen, delight to guide its motions.  
 —Almeyda thus is needful to her uncle,  
 Who hopes to find in her a weak, vain woman.

VICTORIA.

Heav'n, for his punishment, then form'd an angel!  
 —Who, like Almeyda ever knew to blend  
 Th' eccentric, noble wildness of the Moor,  
 With ev'ry polish'd grace of our Castile?

RAMIREZ.

She is too frank, incautious, and ungovern'd.  
 More rude than cataracts her passions rage.

VICTORIA.

Yet *still* like those, profusely pour upon us  
 Rich *ore*, for ever else beyond our reach!

RAMIREZ.

She must *conceal* those passions to be *great*,  
*Subdue* them to be *happy*. In the mind  
 All sov'reignty begins, and ends.—Who rules  
 Impartially the frailties of his nature  
 Rises almost beyond it, and extends,  
 Far as his name is known, a willing empire.

Teach

Teach thy fair friend, my child, this useful lesson,  
And next thy brother——

VICTORIA.

Ah! alike he needs it!

—I dread the wild concussion of his passions,  
When he shall learn you choose the very hour,  
In which he bravely fights his country's battles,  
To yield the fair, who gives his life a value.

RAMIREZ.

*I therefore choose it.* Well I know, his temper  
Is, like Almeyda's own, warm and ungovern'd.  
Misjudging boy! to fix thy idle heart  
On her, forever placed beyond thy reach!  
—Why saw I not, in childhood, this fond love,  
Which, like a blight, clings to my life's best  
blossom?  
—Yet could *my* son ere hope to wed Almeyda?

VICTORIA.

Alas, my father, when their love commenc'd,  
Almeyda had two brothers; and my mother  
Still fondly fancied, by this union, peace  
Might one day bless the long contesting nations.

RAMIREZ.

Romantic dream of youth, and idle passion!  
What pow'r can reconcile the cold and ancient?

VICTORIA.

## VICTORIA.

Frown not, my father, if I further add,  
 Endear'd to christian laws, and christian manners,  
 Almeyda were to both an easy convert.

RAMIREZ (*sternly.*)

Victoria, if thou would'st atone thy fault  
 In cherishing this weakness, join to soothe  
 Thy brother's disappointment.—Tell Alonzo,  
 My love for him—my justice—nay, my prudence  
 Constrain me to resign his heart's sole object.  
 —Knows he not hardly we maintain our ground  
 Against these treach'rous neighbours, and must still,  
 Whate'er the sacrifice, defend our country?  
 —No news from Murcia yet?—Oh! how I long  
 To hear the issue of the impending battle!  
 —The rising sun gleams on the Moorish helms,  
 And gives a trembling lustre to yon fields!  
 —Th' appointed moment comes to sign the treaty.  
 I see Almeyda too, but dare not meet her;  
 Far be it from me to offend her feelings,  
 Or sacrifice my own—bid her adieu!

(*Exit Ramirez.*)

ALMEYDA (*entering on the other side.*)

During this trying interval, Victoria,  
 I had prepar'd myself to meet the King,  
 And now with breathless fear impatient sought him.  
 Ah,

Ah, wherefore flies he then? Still he relents not?  
 —Thou, or I greatly err, hast sued in vain—  
 Hast sued a *Sov'reign* might remain in bonds,  
 And yield dominion for implicit duty  
 —Well then I bow disdainful to my fate—  
 Yet have a care, Ramirez, thy proud heart  
 May one day feel the pang that pierces mine.

VICTORIA.

What means my dear Almeyda?

ALMEYDA.

Ah! Alonzo!

*Thou* wilt not thus resign—*thou* wilt not scorn me,  
 —Amid the rage of arms—the din of battle  
 Almeyda's sighs shall still be heard, still felt,  
 And counteract all policy—alas!  
 I there alike may err, and ev'n Alonzo  
 May bid the eagle glory chase the dove,  
 And see the victim flutter to the ground.  
 —Alonzo leads the war, and quite forgets me!

VICTORIA.

Gentle Almeyda—govern these wild transports,  
 Which ever warp your judgment—

ALMEYDA.

Do not hope it—  
 Nor venture to decide a lover's conduct—  
 Thy tranquil blood flows equal thro' thy veins,  
 Like the clear riv'let thro' the grassy vale,

C

While





ALMEYDA.

Away with *reason*! melancholy hermit!  
 Who idle eyes the storm, then, vainly active,  
 Collects, and treasures, ev'ry wreck of passion!  
 —I shall have hopeless years enough for reason,  
 And give this hour to love.—Oh! say Victoria,  
 —And yet I dread to hear—is the King fixed  
 To ratify the peace?

VICTORIA.

He has no choice—  
 The rights of nations and his country's welfare,  
 Oblige him to restore you.—

ALMEYDA.

Rather say,  
 He has no heart—nor feels for my affliction—  
 —Ah! if the rights of nations were his rule,  
 Why did he subjugate a Monarch's daughter?  
 Why win her easy heart by gracious treatment?  
 Until secure of silent, anxious, duty,  
 He gave the Moors a Queen—himself a slave.—

VICTORIA.

Wherefore reproach my father with his virtues?  
 He conquer'd for his country—that loved cause  
 Induc'd him first to *keep*, and now to *yield* you.  
 —Rather admire th' impartiality  
 Which ranked you with his children in his heart.

—Perhaps ev'n deeper motives sway'd his conduct;  
 —Perhaps he stood between you and an uncle,  
 Who views with jealous eyes your right of empire.

ALMEYDA.

Nay, now Ramirez speaks from prejudice.  
 Whom should I trust if not my father's brother?

VICTORIA.

In *Heav'n*, and your integrity; but never  
 In this vindictive, subtle, savage Moor.  
 —*Without* he is as specious as the mountain,  
 Whose rich fertility delights each gazer,  
 But, oh! volcanos rage *within*! and gath'ring  
 Each noisome vapour of the o'ercharg'd earth,  
 Forth unsuspected bursts the flaming deluge,  
*Felt* soon as *seen*—ev'n to annihilation!

ALMEYDA.

Alas! and is it thus? To such a wretch  
 Must I be render'd up, in ignorance,  
 To learn the *science* of hypocrisy—  
 With worldly art to arrange each little sentence,  
 And preconcert each action?—Never more  
 Shall I enjoy the sweets of confidence,  
 Or find in love a pleasure.—Never more  
 Shall thy harmonious voice, Alonzo, charm me;  
 Or thine, dear rigid friend, reproving, soothe.

VICTORIA—(*taking her hand.*)

Yet shall the vows that bound our youthful hearts  
Remain inviolate.

ALMEYDA.

And shall Alonzo's ?

Ah, no ! For nature here makes a distinction ;  
Forms man's large heart for many a various duty,  
And blends his passions into a republic—  
While woman, born for love and softness only,  
Delights to feel love's absolute dominion !  
—Then tell thy brother——

(*Confused shouts heard.*)

VICTORIA.

Look up, dear Almeyda !  
Revive, and speak thy purpose.

ALMEYDA—(*leaning on her and fluttered.*)

Tell thy brother,  
Almeyda will not bind him by one vow ;  
Nor claim one sacrifice.—Pleas'd to have lov'd,  
Pleas'd to have been belov'd—to that remembrance  
She consecrates each future throb of passion ;  
And if she dares imagine yet a joy,  
'Twould be to *know* him blest, she might have  
made so.

VICTORIA.

VICTORIA.

My father comes.—Oh! now, my best Almeyda!  
*Now* be yourself, and dignify the moment.

ALMEYDA—(*faintly*).

'Tis not in dying we most shew our courage;  
 Ah, no! 'tis in the fearful preparation——

*Enter RAMIREZ, attended.*

Health to my benefactor! glorious title,  
 More dear than that of father!—He but gives  
 A vulgar being, while the man who rears  
 Our virtues to existence, is next Heav'n,  
 The worshipp'd of our reason.

RAMIREZ.

Rise, Almeyda!  
 Queen of Granada, rise! we gladly hail thee.  
 Thy kinsman comes to invest thee with dominion,  
 And give thee to an eager nation's eyes.—  
 I glory, thus accomplish'd, to return thee.

ALMEYDA.

Ah! reconcile me to my fate by coldness.  
 —Know all the danger of this tender flatt'ry!

RAMIREZ.

RAMIREZ.

In the poor word adieu, I sum each with  
 Affection ever form'd, in blessing virtue.  
 Farewel, at once—I yield thee to thy duty!  
 —Call into action ev'ry latent pow'r,  
 Reign o'er *thyself*—so shalt thou bless thy people.

ALMEYDA—(*flying towards them*).

Tear out this heart! but do not, do not quit me!  
 Oh! do not snap at once each link in life,  
 And leave me *solitary* in creation!

RAMIREZ.

Afflict us not with such a vain request.  
 Ev'n now our troops evacuate the castle,  
 And thine assume each post.—Abdallah waits  
 To pass one gate until I quit the other.  
 —Farewel, Almeyda! grace thy glorious fortune.

[ALMEYDA *sinks under the regal Canopy, in tears.*—  
*The Moorish Music sounds, and a long train entering*  
*do her homage, and arrange on each side; last comes*  
 ABDALLAH, *with the Diadem borne before him.*

ABDALLAH—(*doing homage*).

Fair daughter of Almanzor! thus his brother  
 Hails thy return to freedom and dominion—  
 Thus tenders thee thy rich inheritance!  
 And thus, the formal task of duty ended,  
 Clasps thee with kindred, sympathising love:

Bids



Bids those bright eyes shake off the lucid drops,  
And beam with all their own unequal'd lustre.

ALMEYDA.

Alas ! already he begins to flatter. *(aside.*  
—I were not worthy of your tender'd love,  
My princely uncle, could I thus forget  
At once the friends who rear'd me.—

ABDALLAH—*(with a fierce irony).*

*Friends* do you call them ?

You are too young thus nicely to distinguish.  
Give not the crafty foe such undue honour.  
Call those, indeed, *your friends*, who now surround  
you ;  
Call the fierce soldiers too *your friends*, who spread  
In proud array o'er yonder pleasant plain ;—  
Nor think him *less* your *friend*, whose policy  
Fomented the rebellion, which oblig'd  
Ramirez to restore you.

ALMEYDA.

Oh ! my heart !

Alonzo's absence then I owe to you !— *(aside.*  
Noble Abdallah ! be but gentle with me,  
And I will meekly bear ev'n reprehension.  
—*All* are my *friends*, who only wish to serve me ;  
Yet, let me add, I hardly owe those more  
Who give my crown, than he who form'd me  
for it.

ABDALLAH.

ABDALLAH.

Curse on his polish'd arts ! they've made thee subtle ;  
 And I must deeply probe thy nature's weakness,  
 Ere yet thou charm'st each hearer.—(*aside.*) Fair  
 Almeyda !

Emancipate thy soul from this fond bondage ;  
 Live to Granada, and forget Castile !  
 —No more repeat, with cherish'd latent love,  
 Names we were born to hate ; but seek to win,  
 By partial kindness, those, who ever dread  
 The empire of a woman.

ALMEYDA.

Have *I* empire ?

Ah ! no ; for in the hour that ought to give it,  
 I first experience bondage. Stay, Ramirez,  
 King of Castile ! Oh ! hear me, and return !  
 Again receive—protect me ! Bind these *hands*,  
 But give my *heart* its freedom ! Dear Victoria !  
 Fix not thy tearful eyes upon these walls,  
 Lest I renounce all duties, and all ties,  
 To dwell with thee and friendship ! Noble lords,  
 Pardon, I pray, frank nature's ebullition,  
 And see ev'n virtue in the eager transport.  
 —The love, I thus avow, was fairly won,  
 By equal love, and ever-lib'ral treatment.  
 Be like Castile indulgent, and this heart  
 Alike will glow with gratitude to you ;  
 Will proudly cherish ev'ry regal virtue,

D

Shut

Shut out regret for all which it resigns,  
Nor own, ev'n to itself, it wants *a joy*,  
While yet *a duty* claims it.

ABDALLAH.

*This is reason——*

There spoke the royal heiress of Almanzor,  
And no Castilian *slave*.

ALMEYDA.

Still must I struggle—— (*aside*.)

ABDALLAH.

Why do those beauteous eyes still seek the ground?  
Oh! raise them, and survey the golden future.  
Thou know'st not yet the pleasures of dominion!  
—Be willing to be happy, and each means,  
Indulgent Heav'n, in plenitude of pow'r,  
E'er gave humanity, is thine—For thee,  
Rich nature crowns this land with varying beauty;  
And lab'ring art here fixes his perfection.  
The sea wafts hither every foreign treasure,  
And pale-eyed science waits to tell their value.  
—For thee, the poet's light hand sweeps the lyre,  
With melody unequal'd! Happy thousands  
But wait to view thee, and to want a wish;  
While those inur'd to mis'ry, in thy coming,  
Find an uncertain hope that soothes each pain.  
—Oh! new to life; accept, enjoy its blessings!  
Come forth, and be ador'd! My son awaits thee:  
Thy

Thy father's vet'rans, under his command,  
Impatiently require their blooming queen.

ALMEYDA.—(*giving him her hand*).

Conduct me wheresoe'er my duty calls.  
And, oh! may no unbidden pang intrude,  
To dim with tears these gildings of my fortune!  
[*Exeunt, the Music sounding.*]

END OF ACT I.

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## A C T II.

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### SCENE I.

A COURT IN THE CASTLE.

---

*Enter ABDALLAH and ORASMYN.*

ABDALLAH.

WHEN wilt thou learn, my son, to guard thy  
heart,  
Which speaks but too expressively by glances?  
—I would not wish the council to discern  
They but propose our pleasure.——

ORASMYN.

Pray you, pardon,  
If ardent nature stifles feebler reason.  
—Could I behold Almeyda, and restrain  
This glow of transport, ne'er could I deserve  
The bliss our prophet promises the faithful.  
—No, not himself, though Heav'n inspir'd, ere  
fancied  
So exquisite a beauty! Yet that charm,  
Nature's prime gift to woman, in Almeyda  
Is lost—absorpt in mind!——



ABDALLAH.

Check not thy transport ;  
 For tho' to others I would have thee silent,  
 To me be wholly frank ; and thus reward me  
 For all my anxious, fond solicitude,  
 Thro' many a long, long year. I own, I fear'd  
 That haughtiness, ill-suited to her years,  
 Would strike thee with displeasure.

ORASMYN.

Call not thus  
 The sacred consciousness that waits on beauty,  
 And awes the wishes it awakes ! I ever  
 Disdain'd our narrow laws, which make the sex  
 Domestic, artificial beings merely.——  
 —No ! 'tis a character refin'd, decided,  
 That greatly charms the soul, and charms for ever !  
 —Why knew I not *before* she was unequall'd ?

ABDALLAH—(*smiling sarcastically*).

Perchance ev'n now I know it not ; yet hear  
 These youthful flights well pleas'd : for thus each  
     lover  
 Adorns his fancy's choice.

ORASMYN.

But who can boast  
 A choice like mine ? Nor did ev'n I suspect,  
 Indulgent Heav'n in prodigality,

Had

Had center'd all perfection in one woman.—  
 I came prepar'd by rigid rules to judge her—  
*Her* before whom all rules, all modes, must vanish!  
 —For, oh! when first my eyes beheld the queen,  
 My heart avow'd her empire ere my tongue.  
 I wond'ring gaz'd! and, gazing more, more wonder'd!

Ethereal loveliness informs her frame,  
 And beams in living glory from her eyes!  
 Yet o'er these charms sublime, meek modesty  
 Draws a transparent veil of wand'ring graces,  
 As fleecy clouds flit o'er the noonday sun,  
 And leave us opportunity to gaze,  
 Upon an orb too bright else for beholding!

## ABDALAH.

I could grow once again a boy to hear thee—  
 Graces I could perceive—not perfect beauty—

## ORASMYN.

Beauty's an indeterminate idea  
 Till fix'd by love—whose ever-pow'rful magic  
 Awakens a new being—love, when heav'n  
 Leaves to the vulgar sense its work imperfect,  
 Illumes our sight to trace the angel there.  
 —Thro' love we share our Maker's great prerogative,  
*Creating* ev'ry charm, and then approving!  
 —Yet when she spoke, I half forgot her beauty—  
 Oh! with what melting harmony, she won

The very air to silence; no rude breath  
 Dar'd blend with her's, but nature's self stood  
     hush'd,  
 Awe-struck, ev'n as Orasmyn—

ABDALLAH.

Be warn'd in time  
 Against a rev'rence so profound; for women  
 (Capricious still and wayward) often scorn  
 Who grasps with *trembling* hand the fancied fetter;  
 While with distinguishing regard, they view  
 The bolder man, who wears it as an ornament.

ORASMYN (*disdainfully*)

How should this gen'ral censure touch Almeйда?

ABDALLAH.

Nay then thou lov'st indeed if thou hast found  
*Already* she is peerless—I have done—  
 E'en win her thy own way; but win her quickly.  
 To match thee with Almeйда, and exalt thee  
 To empire in her right, has been I own  
 The object of my life—nor should I think  
 That life itself too dear to crown my purpose.  
 —In the bold outline of my policy.  
 I heeded not, 'tis true, the glowing colours  
 Fond fancy gives her fav'rites—yet those tints  
 Complete life's picture well—to see thee great  
 Was all I ask'd but to behold thee happy  
 Leaves me without a wish!

ORASMYN.

ORASMYN.

Still in this,  
 As in each incident of various life,  
 I owe much to my father! yet for once  
 This heart asserts a right to guide itself—  
 Nor would obtrude too early on Almeyda,  
 A passion she might doubt.—

ABDALLAH.

*Again* thou err'st—  
 But could'st thou win my judgment to approve  
 This idle scruple, it were now too late.—  
 The Council know my thoughts, and have ere this  
 Propos'd thee to the Queen.

ORASMYN.

Presumptuous!—rash!—

ABDALLAH.

*Judicious* rather!—see'st thou not the prudence  
 To bind her to compliance, e'er she knows  
 The pow'r, the pride, the pleasure of dominion?

ORASMYN.

But what can bind *the heart*, save its own choice?  
 I would have woo'd her with watchful eyes,  
 Such unremitting tender, prompt, affection,  
 As might have won her of herself, and crown'd  
 The future days of both with happiness.

—Oh!

—Oh! never let ambition tie the knot,  
Pure love alone can hallow!

ABDALLAH.

Would 'twere tied,  
Tho' all this wooing follow'd—son, I tell thee,  
Essential is the diff'rence of her state,  
Immured within this castle, where I reign—  
While thou without maintain'st a like controul,  
And an obsequious council speak our will,  
To the elation of unbounded pow'r,  
The sweets of flatt'ry, and the charm of fondness,  
The glowing grace of popularity!—  
Almeyda wants not shrewdness soon to learn,  
If she would see Granada, she must wed thee.

ORASMYN (*turning sorrowfully from him.*)

More changeable than are the vernal clouds,  
Which borrow heav'n's own hues one hour to  
charm us,  
And e'er the next burst in a gloomy deluge,  
Is the fond happiness a lover fancies!  
—Oh, I do fear me, mine is gone already!  
Did she not bear an elevated mind,  
She might unconscious share a common fate  
And so perhaps might I—content to lose  
Our lives in apathy, and call it duty.  
—But well Almeyda knows the rights of sex,  
Of rank, and all the heart's refined distinctions  
Nor did she meet in mine one uncongenial.

E

—Pardon





## SCENE II.

THE APARTMENT OF THE QUEEN.

---

*Enter ALMEYDA, followed by ABRA.*

ALMEYDA.

" Are these the charms of empire? Have we pow'r  
 " To give that happiness, we ne'er must know?  
 " —The meanest slave attending on our person,  
 " Makes her *heart's* free election, and adorns  
 " With life's first charm a poor, and vulgar home!  
 " —While rank, that splendid misery to woman,  
 " Enchains us to the car of victor man;  
 " And barter'd now by policy, now honor,  
 " We *buy* an enemy, or we *fix* a friend!"  
 —*Marry Orasmyn*—no ambitious uncle;  
 Nor he, nor thou, shall thus controul my will,  
 Nor ev'n your instrument the servile council.  
 —I was devoted thus—allotted—wedded—  
 Giv'n, like the mere incumbrance of my crown,  
 E'er yet I wore it—tell me gentle maid,  
 (For all can tell me of my wayward fate  
 More than I know myself) was I not *giv'n*,  
 Long since to this young Prince?

ABRA.

Gracious lady,  
 So much your people tender Prince Orasmyn,  
 They much *desire* the union—

ALMEYDA.

ALMEYDA.

Then Orasmyrn,  
And his more crafty father, have seduced  
My people from their duty.—

ABRA.

Dare I add,  
Since youth's fair promise ripen'd into manhood,  
Orasmyrn still has ris'n in fame, in virtue !  
Your friends all love—your enemies all fear him.

ALMEYDA (*sighing.*)

And so e'er long may I—

ABRA.

Oh ! do not wrong him !—  
Ne'er has the Prince disgraced your own great  
lineage,  
By one invidious, sordid, selfish, action.  
He feels a brave contempt of mortal praise,  
Ev'n with a mighty av'rice of desert—  
To him the faulty fly, secure to find  
Th' indulgence he requires not—while the wretched  
Freely demand his pity, and protection—  
—His gifts forerun his promise.

ALMEYDA (*disdainfully.*)

Well thou speak'st it !

ABRA.

“ ABRA.

“ Believe me, madam, when you better know him,  
 “ I shall be but your echo. In my eyes,  
 “ (And can I give the prince a nobler praise ?)  
 “ In character, as features he is like you.

“ ALMEYDA.

“ Indeed, I own, I see not the resemblance,  
 “ And, but for vanity, should call thee *partial*.

ABRA.

Yet am I merely just—Though were I more,  
 In me it would be gratitude. My brother  
 Owes to Orasmya a distinguish'd fortune——

ALMEYDA.

He meanly, therefore, plac'd thee near our person,  
 A busy advocate.——Retire, and leave me.

[*Exit Abra.*

I am environ'd by such sycophants—  
 And unobserv'd can scarcely breathe a sigh !  
 Thinks he by little arts like these to win me ?  
 —No ! were my heart not wholly thine, Alonzo,  
 Th' aspiring, selfish lover, ne'er should gain it.  
 —Yet much I dread Abdallah. On his brow  
 Lives a black penetration, which deep-pierces  
 Thro' virtue's thin and variable complexion,  
 Extracting oft, in blushes, the soul's meaning.  
 ——Ah, wherefore breaks he on me ?

*Enter*

*Enter ABDALLAH.*

ABDALLAH.

Sweet Almeyda!

Swift are the feet of those who bear glad tidings.  
Already hath the council's wise proposal,  
—Already hath thy gracious silence reach'd me.—  
—Blest beyond fathers, in a son, 'tis thou,  
Thou only, who canst bless me with a daughter!

ALMEYDA.

Silence, my lord, implies not a decision.—  
Born in affliction, and in slav'ry nurtur'd—  
The world, and all its ways, to me unknown,  
I must have time to learn the needful science.

ABDALLAH.

Thou shalt escape the deep, laborious study;  
Enjoy the sweets of life, with care unmix'd;  
Become at once the idol of Orasmyn,  
And of a joyful people!

ALMEYDA.

I want fancy,  
To tinge the picture with so *rich* a colour.  
—Rais'd on a sudden to a fearful heighth,  
I view, uncertain which to chuse, the paths  
That wind around me in the world's vast maze.

ABDALLAH.



## ABDALLAH.

Orasmyn's hand will guide—his heart sustain thee.  
 “ —Would I were *not* his fire! for then, Almeyda,  
 “ I might unblushing dwell upon his merits;  
 “ Number the virtues, that from reason's dawn,  
 “ Found in his heart their home, while, true to  
     glory,  
 “ He, with unequall'd fame, hath fought—hath  
     conquer'd!

## ALMEYDA.

——Orasmyn's merits, *time*, my lord, will teach  
     me.—  
 Seek not at once to snatch me from myself.  
 —Were I to wed, while hardly yet enfranchis'd,  
 'Twould mark a latent weakness in my nature,  
 Or a determin'd selfishness in thine.

## ABDALLAH.

Ay; were thy spouse ignoble—unbelov'd.  
 But with *my son*, dishonour ne'er was nam'd!  
 He was thy father's choice—his eye's last object.  
 When life receded fast, he call'd Orasmyn;  
 Then, with parental fondness, wrung his hand,  
 And charg'd him to entender his Almeyda.—  
 —Me he conjured to see his will obey'd,  
 And guard you both.——

ALMEYDA.

Alas! so well to guard us!  
 As may complete thy will no less than his. (*aside*.  
*Kings can give crowns, my lord, and fires commands,*  
 Yet nature sometimes gives the heart a pow'r  
 To rest self-poiz'd, ev'n as the globe we tread on,  
 Dependent on no breath but our Creator's.

ABDALLAH—(*fiercely*).

" Yet *man incens'd*, on this wide globe can spread  
 " A ruin nature shrinks from; stain her blooms  
 " With human blood, and load the vernal gales  
 " With groans but mock'd by winter's rudest  
     howlings.  
 " Nay, start not, princess! 'tis thyself has taught  
     me  
 " To *threat* by implication.

" ALMEYDA.

" Savage tyrant!  
 " Victoria! oh, Victoria! well thou spok'st him.  
     (*aside*.)

ABDALLAH.

But see, thy lover! And at his approach  
 My swelling heart o'erflows with tenderness!  
 How could I cherish, worship, love Almeyda,  
 Would she but deign alike to bend her nature!

ORASMYN—(*entering, kneels*).

Say, will my sov'reign pardon, if I press  
Unlicens'd on her leisure; break thro' forms  
Cold hearts impos'd, to level with themselves  
More gen'rous natures, thus again to tender  
A homage circles never knew to pay—  
A vow imprinted here?

ALMEYDA.

Orasmyn, rise!  
The pageant's o'er; and this devotion, mock'ry.

ORASMYN.

If to behold Almeyda, and adore her;  
To see in fancy's eye the world created,  
And, in herself, the first, the only woman;  
In each new glance to find a nameless charm,  
And in each sigh to breathe a new infection:  
If this offend, ah, who shall gain her favour?

ALMEYDA.

A flame at once so prudent and so sudden  
Confided to the council, ere its object,  
May well surprize————

ORASMYN.

Forgive the interruption——  
And know, Almeyda! hardly wouldst thou scorn  
Such intervention, more than would Orasmyn.  
——Yet, by thy own pure nature, deign to judge

Of his before thee ! sanction but his service ;  
 Allow him time to win upon thy favour,  
 And, by the holy warmth that prompts the vow,  
 Thy will shall guide him !

ALMEYDA.

Wherefore trust to *time* ?  
 This *moment* stamps the passion and its motive.  
 —I would like you be guarded, prudent, selfish ;  
 Preserve a silence might ensure my safety,  
 And rest upon the future.—But *my* soul  
 Disdains the mean, the temporising wisdom,  
 Nor knows to tremble in the cause of truth.  
 —Vie with me, princes, in sincerity !  
 Hence with inflated phrase ! and plainly say,  
 It is my diadem, not me, you woo.

ABDALLAH.

Were that Orasmyn's object, he might wear it.  
 Who shall oppose his will ? A feeble woman !  
 Of little estimation in society,  
 And less in empire —————

ORASMYN.

Spare me, Sir ! oh ! spare me  
 The deep disgrace of this ungovern'd passion !

ALMEYDA.

Ev'n in his insolence, I praise his candour ;  
 And most despise who makes the most professions.  
(to Orasmyn.

ABDALLAH.

Yet, hear me, princess! nor incense a nature  
That deigns once more to struggle with its fierceness.

“ His only fault, Orasmyn owes to thee :

“ A fond, a foolish passion, chills his pow’rs,

“ And leaves him but the semblance of himself.

“ Had he thus trembled in the battle’s front,

“ Applauding nations ne’er had throng’d to see  
him,

“ Nor hadst thou worn the crown thou vaunt’st so  
bravely !

——Droop not, my son, beneath a woman’s frown.

Tomorrow, and perhaps the fair one sues !

Such is their weak, their fluctuating natures.

Ev’n now this proud one shrinks! Upon her cheek

The rose of youth is blanch’d. Princess! farewell ;

Remember, I or hate, or love, with ardour !

’Tis yet within thy pow’r to *fix* the feeling.

[*Exit.*

ALMEYDA.

Alas! what pow’r can change it? Lost Almeyda!

ORASMYN. (*irresolutely*).

How shall a heart ill-understood, abhorr’d,

Win on thy confidence, or guide thy councils ?

By heav’n! I melt in womanish lamentings,

Thus innocently to excite thy hatred!

Yet, hear me! be advis’d; disguise thy feelings.

F 2

Thy



Thy safety rests in quitting this lone fortress !  
And ev'ry hour thou stay'st in it, distracts me.

## ALMEYDA.

Who shall endue thee with the grace of truth,  
Or give me faith to trust thee ? Well I see,  
*One* is to terrify, and *one* to soothe me !  
“ —Tho' had indulgent nature crown'd thy youth  
“ With ev'ry charm and virtue giv'n to man,  
“ Yet left thee still the son of fierce Abdallah,  
“ Ev'n tho' the earth I stand on yawn'd a grave,  
“ That grave should be my choice, rather than  
thee !

——Have I for this renounc'd each tender tie,  
Of bleeding love, and ever faithful friendship ?  
—Not thus Alonzo woo'd—Victoria won me !  
No sighs, no tears, no honours, no despair !  
No threat of misery, no dread of bondage,  
No sound of death e'er mingled with *his* passion !  
—*His* polish'd heart felt, and inspired a love,  
Which, far outswelling this world's narrow bound,  
Both may delight to bear into a better !

## ORASMYN.

Th' unwary flight expounds a mystery  
My shallow sense o'erlook'd, Oh ! well I see  
Why thou wouldst not do justice to Orasmyn.  
—Yet, oh ! I pity, far more than I blame thee !  
Hide from all eyes, but chiefly from my father's,  
Th' unanction'd prepossession ! Ruin—murder,  
A thou-

A thousand ills, I will not shock thy sense with,  
Lurk in the thought of love, and of Alonzo!  
—Born to adore, to follow, to protect thee!  
Think not Orasmyn will desert himself,  
To *force* a heart upon thee!——Oh, farewell!  
I cannot coin in words my soul's soft meaning!

[*Exit.*

ALMEYDA.

There is a glowing grandeur in this prince,  
Worthy a better fire! But, oh, Alonzo!  
Ne'er shalt thou know the shadow of a rival,  
Ev'n tho' alone I breast the beating storm,  
And fall the single object of its rage!

END OF ACT II.

ACT

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## A C T    I I I.

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### SCENE I.

A COURT IN THE CASTLE.

---

*Enter ABDALLAH, followed by an Officer.*

ABDALLAH.

COMMAND a council? without my concurrence!

*Already* dares she queen it? Haste! and say  
You found me indispos'd; and wave the meeting.  
—While to the lords you urge—not *my* excuse,  
But frame one from Almeyda.——

Shouldst thou suggest an *intellectual* wand'ring,  
Which makes her *say* and *unsay*, it were apt.  
Thou art discerning, and do'st understand me——  
She is too young to follow her own guidance,  
While that of others wrings her!    [*Exit Officer.*]

Have I waded

Thro' many an artifice, and many an horror,  
Seen time and circumstance mature my views,  
To let a haughty, foolish woman, cross me?

I Hah

—Hah!—might I not improve my own suggestion,  
And work her high-wrought passions into frenzy?

*Enter* NOURASSIN.

“ NOURASSIN.

“ Heard you, my lord, the summons from the  
queen?

“ ABDALLAH.

“ Ay—and, a moment after, her excuse.——

“ Would I had heard of aught more rational!

“ Noble Nourassin! I have *here* sad struggles.

“ The ties of blood, my son’s fond passion for  
her,

“ Those graces that might touch the coldest heart,

“ All bid me hide the truth my duty claims.——

“ —Her sudden starts—Her wild apostrophes

“ To the Castilian traitors, as we hail’d her,

“ Struck all like me with wonder!

“ NOURASSIN.

“ In a woman,

“ Those flights of fancy, tinctur’d with romance,

“ Are but an added charm.

“ ABDALLAH.

“ Of *fancy*, saidst thou?

“ Alas, of erring reason!—Now, by starts,

“ With

“ With more than mortal eloquence, she speaks ;  
 “ Then sudden breaks forth into incoherence,  
 “ While we in vain would catch the fleeting sense.

“ NOURASSIN.

“ Conceive you it to be a sudden wand’ring;  
 “ Or grafted on her childhood ? Yet, if so,  
 “ How could Ramirez guard so well the secret ?

“ ABDALLAH.

“ ’Twas a *rich* secret to him ! For Almeyda,  
 “ What vast advantages have we not yielded ?  
 “ —Yet, since at intervals she is herself,  
 “ And bears the noblest stamp of gracious nature,  
 “ ’Twere dangerous to present her to the vulgar,  
 “ Whose eyes perform the office of more senses,  
 “ And seem to *bear*, as well as *see*. A day  
 “ Will make the truth apparent ; or destroy her !  
(*aside.*

“ Spare me the painful office of reporting  
 “ What I have thus disclos’d ! spare, too, her  
 lover !

“ NOURASSIN.

“ My presence shall not wound him.—I will hasten  
 “ To tell this mournful news. [*Exit Nourassin.*

“ ABDALLAH.

“ So ! Now I breathe,  
 “ And *well* must use the interval I’ve gain’d !

*Enter*

*Enter* ORASMYN.

“ What, still with folded arms, and downcast eyes !  
 “ Watching the hourly lengthening of thy shadow,  
 “ When thou shouldst win an empire ?

“ ORASMYN.

“ Win an angel !——

“ And could I win her, by a love as pure  
 “ As angels might inspire, I were most happy !

“ ABDALLAH.

“ Oh ! be less *heav'nly* in your adoration,  
 “ If you would ever gain an *earthly* mistress.

“ ORASMYN.

“ Harsh as she is, *I* cannot treat her lightly.  
 “ —Undone already by officious kindness,  
 “ I think no more of self—but of Almeyda !  
 “ —Oh, see you not the charm sublime of greatness,  
 “ Break thro' the weak constraints of sex and  
     bondage,  
 “ And, like the lights that shine against the Pole,  
 “ Illumine ev'n her coldness ? Wherefore make  
     me

“ A poor condition with a soul so noble,  
 “ Or fetter thus her choice ?

“ ABDALLAH.

“ Do I hear thee !

G

ORASMYN.



“ ORASMYN.

“ Believe me, Sir, I speak my warmest feeling!  
 “ —Endu’d with ev’ry pow’r to grace her rank,  
 “ Once place Almeyda on the throne she’s born to;  
 “ Give that superior nature all its scope;  
 “ Her duty to her people, and herself—  
 “ The pow’r, the privilege, the pride of blessing,  
 “ Will waken, fill, dilate, her gen’rous heart,  
 “ Chase thence the cherish’d idol of her childhood,  
 “ And leave her judgment free! Alonzo, then,  
 “ *Envi’d* Alonzo! will no more engross her.

ABDALLAH.

“ Ah! say’st thou? Is Alonzo then her idol?  
 “ *That* was a stretch of policy beyond me—

ORASMYN.

“—Pardon a jealousy self-love produced—  
 “ Alonzo bears a name, may well alarm  
 “ A slighted lover”—

ABDALLAH.

“ Would’st *thou* too deceive me?  
 “ *Alonzo*—Oh! that single word expounds,  
 “ Volumes of soft finesses, female wiles,  
 “ All her aversion to the match propos’d,  
 “ And all her foolish fondness for Castile!  
 “—Who with her heart her own would scorn  
 Orasmyn?”

ORASMIN.

ORASMYN.

“ Ev’n were it so, ’tis but her nature’s weakness.  
“ Her country, her religion, and her laws,  
“ All, have forever torn her from Alonzo!  
“—Nor do I think so meanly of *myself*,  
“ But that a latent hope still lingers here,  
“ One day to win her.”

ABDALLAH.

“ Were she aught but woman  
“ Thou might’st succeed; but that sex, fix’d as  
fate,  
“ In hatred, and in love, yields not to reason.  
“ A sigh, a tear, a folly, or a wish,  
“ Annihilates in them each sense of duty,  
“ Each feeling, but for self, and for their idol.  
“—’Tis true, their passions they can change like  
garments,  
“ And as fantastically; but ne’er yet  
“ Adopted either, save from some caprice.”

ORASMYN (*with disdain.*)

“ If the most charming half of the creation  
“ Is *born* thus faulty, man might surely rest  
“ Content with superiority, nor claim  
“ The meanness of a triumph!”

[*Exit.*

ABDALLAH.

ABDALLAH.

“ Most accurf’d,  
 “ Be ever this romantick, wayward, passion !  
 “ Giv’n to subdue the crested pride of manhood,  
 “ And lay us creeping at the feet of beauty—  
 “ —Already has it cost me all his duty,  
 “ All his esteem—yet still his heart demands her.  
 “ And spite of these *heroic, gen’rous*, struggles,  
 “ Self-love, co-operating with ambition,  
 “ Will make him glad one day, *my* way to win her.

*Enter* HAMET.

HAMET.

My Lord, ev’n now, a young Castilian presses  
 Importunately to address the Queen—  
 I heeded well your wish, and studious fought  
 To learn his embassy ; but, or prepared,  
 By those who sent him, or his own discretion,  
 He foil’d my skill.

ABDALLAH.

Thou win’st for life my favour—  
 Search, and some curious billet, *love-inscrib’d*  
 Will tell the mighty secret.—

HAMET.

Nought is found,  
 Above his own degree—nor arms, nor letters—  
 Save

Save but a ring; which he at first deliver'd;  
The guard incautious sent it to the Queen,  
Who wills to see him.

ABDALLAH.

Ah! there's *more* in this!—  
Careful conceal that I have been inform'd,  
And lead Almeyda to the hall of audience.  
There, thro' the secret lattice, I may hear,  
A tale of import—be thyself at hand—  
—Now, now, Orasmyn, comes thy fortune's crisis.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE II.

THE HALL OF AUDIENCE.

*Enter ALMEYDA, gazing on a ring.*

ALMEYDA.

Oh! fond memorial of delightful days,  
For ever vanish'd! in this little mirror  
A thousand fairy visions pass along,  
Of love, and bliss!—upon Alonzo's hand,  
Mine playful fix'd thee!—ah! why art thou here?  
—Com'st thou the pledge of *safety*, and of *triumph*,  
Or the cold legacy of parting nature?  
—Oh! still belov'd! tho' in the grave I seek thee,  
Thus I accept thy gift!—a bridal token!—  
Attends the messenger?

ALONZO.

ALONZO (*entering disguised.*)

He waits thy pleasure.—

ALMEYDA (*starting.*)

Support me heav'n! for ah! that voice should  
claim,

Long, long, acquaintance with this beating heart!

“—But the charm'd sense in many a various visage,

“ Traces a likeness to the one ador'd,

“ And hears, in ev'ry voice, the darling sound!”

ALONZO.

Almeyda!

ALMEYDA (*fainting.*)

Oh grief!—oh agony!—oh nameless horror!

ALONZO.

Lift up thine eyes, my soul! and, like Alonzo,  
From this embrace derive a new existence!

ALMEYDA (*springing from him in terror.*)

“ How com'st thou *here*? What evil genius led  
“ thee

“ To cross yon fatal river?”

ALONZO.

“ He who led

“ Leander, through the deep in midnight horror,

“ —But in his *welcome*, he forgot his danger”——

ALMEYDA.

## ALMEYDA.

“ Ah! thine is yet unknown”—fly, haste, oh  
 leave me!  
 Where waits thy train?

## ALONZO.

Amid the slaughter'd Murcians.  
 Pride, pomp, and glory, yield to my Almeyda!  
 In vain would time, or distance, wrest her from me,  
 She, she alone, can shield me in the war,  
 Or nerve my arm at the fierce battle's onset.  
 —I knew *untold* her danger—knew her fate  
 Required a desperate conquest! that atchiev'd,  
 I breath'd not till I should o'ertake my father!  
 —Judge of my feelings when I cross'd his train,  
 Retiring from this castle—duty—honour  
 Renown itself gave way to love, and thee—  
 —I left my officers the pleasing task  
 T'announce my triumph; and in mean disguise  
 Unaided, and alone, thus reach'd thy presence.  
 —Ah! wherefore reach'd it? Since thine eye re-  
 pels me?  
 No more the fond companion to my childhood,  
 No more the worship'd idol of my youth!  
 Queen of Granada, now thou stand'st before me!  
 “ —Perhaps—yet own it not—Orasmyn's love?—

## ALMEYDA.

“ Alonzo, I will not debase myself,  
 “ So far as to reproach thee; yet my heart  
 “ Feels



" Feels all the shock of being thus distrust'd !  
 " Alas ! these childish tears defeat my purpose !—  
 " Fain would I chide thee—fain would I correct  
 " A littleness I fear'd not in thy nature,  
 " Because it never mingled in my own—  
 " But love prevails, and in that leading passion,  
 " All others melt away !"

ALONZO.

" Thou soul of softness !  
 " Thus ever speak !—thus ever fill my heart,  
 " With love, with happy love, and I'll contract,  
 " Whole ages of existence to one moment !  
 " —Mem'ry shall treasure ev'ry hallow'd word,  
 " A charm, a precious charm, against ill-fortune.  
 " —Still in my ear will float that only sound,  
 " To drown ambition's trump, and death's deep  
 " summons."

ALMEYDA.

" Could I forget thy danger, my Alonzo,  
 " Soft as thy own would be my soul's delirium."

ALONZO.

" What joy have I in love, save love itself ?  
 " But ah ! has life beside so sweet a charm ?  
 " Where else can mem'ry pause without regret,  
 " Where else imagination turn unwearied !—  
 " —Is there one passion in the human heart,  
 " Absorbs the rest, save love—love, mighty love,  
 " Comprizing

" Comprizing in the golden *now*, at once  
 " The future, and the past, excludes satiety—  
 " 'Tis the rich essence of each gaudy flower,  
 " Scatter'd t'adorn the rugged paths of life,"

## ALMEYDA.

Oh, hours ! oh, days ! which never must return  
 When thus thy accents charm'd me !—my Alonzo,  
 Thou think'st thou see'st me on my father's throne,  
 Whole nations smiling when I deign to smile,  
 Or at my frown dismay'd—how would'st thou feel  
 If this bright vision vanish'd—if these halls,  
 O'er-arch'd with gilded roofs, and gaudy sculpture,  
 Presented only an imperial prison ?

" How, if the radiant ensigns of dominion,  
 " Shrunk into chains ?—Alas ! more truly such,  
 " Than e'er I wore when in thy father's palace !"  
 —Here in Granada—mid my royal kindred,  
 By councils flatter'd, and an army hail'd !  
 Almeyda, is a solitary wretch,  
 No being sympathizes with save you—  
*You, only you*, of all the vast creation !

## ALONZO.

Whom can'st thou fear, my love, when I am near  
 thee ?

## ALMEYDA.

Heav'ns think'st thou for myself, I feel this pang ?  
 For thee, for thee, alone, my nature shudders !

H

" Life

“ Life has no charm but what your presence  
 “ gives it,  
 “ Nor death a fear but that your danger causes !”  
 —And, ah ! that danger fearfully appals me !  
 Cold chills ev’n at this moment counteract,  
 The joy, the tender joy, I take to see thee !

ALONZO.

Art thou not sov’reign ? Who shall over-rule thee ?

ALMEYDA.

That tyrant who alone permitted thee,  
 To cross this fatal barrier ; which alive  
 Thou never shalt repass !—“ thou hast not known  
 “ him.  
 “ Bow’rs not the dove whene’er the vulture hovers,  
 “ And shrink not I before the fierce Abdallah ?  
 “ Ere yet he knew my souls most tender part  
 “ Ere thy name reach’d him how has he appall’d  
 “ me !  
 “ —I would have been thy fortune, my Alonzo,  
 “ But was ordain’d thy fate !”

ALONZO.

Were this fear just,  
 (Tho’ surely ’tis thy fancy’s wild creation)  
 Yet were I safe—alone, and unsuspected,  
 Have I approach’d thee ; and alike unknown  
 May I retreat—recall once more my father ;  
 Assert the pow’r our victory has given us,  
 And *dictate* to this insolent Abdallah !

ABDALLAH.

ABDALLAH (*rushing on with guards.*)

Arrest this slave ! we'll see who henceforth *dictates* !

ALMEYDA (*clasp ing his knees.*)

Ere yet you speak !—" Ere yet that dreadful  
" voice,

" Denounces all your aspect threatens, pause !

" Oh, pause ! and listen to the voice of nature !"

Thro'me Almanzor calls ; through me he bids,

Ev'n from the grave *commands* thee to be humane !

ABDALLAH.

Would'st thou arrest the sentence on these lips,

Avow at once compliance with my will——

—Wilt thou divide thy throne with my Orasmyn,

And shun to death this minion ?

ALMEYDA.

" Ah, too sure,

" Were these sad eyes to shut him out for ever,

" Yet would my heart retain to death his image,

" And my last sigh be, like my first, Alonzo's !

ALONZO (*raising Almeyda.*)

" My souls best treasure ! spare this waste of soft-

" nefs !"

ALMEYDA.

" Yet, yet, can I condemn thee to the grave ?

" Seal the black sentence of a ruthless tyrant,

" And blight thy youth just blossoming to glory ?  
 " —Hear me, Abdallah—leave me but myself ;  
 " And take, oh ! take, my rich inheritance !  
 " The dire inheritance that has undone me ?—  
 " I ask but to retain a vain remembrance  
 " Of him whose life I sue for"—

ABDALLAH.

" I have said—  
 " Nor can aught change my purpose."

ALONZO.

Sweet Almeyda,  
 Degrade not me by this humiliation !—  
 —I was not born to supplicate a tyrant ;  
 Who poorly plays upon thy sex's weakness.  
 —Abdallah knows too well the rights of nations,  
 A father's feelings and a King's resentment,  
 To dare assail my life.—

ABDALLAH.

Ah ! say'st thou, youth ?  
 Art thou so new to life, univers'd in policy,  
 To think the world need witness our decrees ?  
 Thou, thou thyself, hast shewn me all my pow'r,  
 Did I not learn from thy own lips, ev'n now,  
 Unknown, and unassisted, thou art here ?  
 Here, in Granada's confines—in a fortress,  
 Where tongueless ministers perform my will,  
 Amid the murky horrors of the night,

And

And hollow rocks inter the nameless victim!  
 —Ev'n now death yawns beneath thy feet, a *word*,  
 A *look*, of mine, consigns thee to oblivion!

ALMEYDA.

While I survive?—Ah! how dar'st thou pre-  
 sume it?  
 —His name—his fate, should echo thro' the  
 world—  
 To his dear mem'ry, I'd devote my days,  
 And live but to avenge him.——

ABDALLAH.

*Thou too brave me!*  
 Know thou shalt live in vain—thy feeble voice  
 Tho' truth-inspir'd, as was the Dardan maids,  
 Like her's shall cry unheeded; nor can aught,  
 Save him, or thee, but instant, prompt, obedi-  
 ence.

ALMEYDA.

Oh! my too timid heart!—speak, lov'd Alonzo—  
 There is a brutal fierceness in his nature,  
 Which mine was born to shrink from!—busy fancy,  
 Fills up the bloody outline he has drawn,  
 And sees thee breathless!—murder'd!—

ALONZO.



ALONZO.

Thus behold me—

Ere to prolong an ignominious being,  
 I urge thee to debase a noble nature,  
 Or break a vow to me indissoluble !

ABDALLAH *(to the guards.)*

Drag hence this slave—*untold* ye know the rest.

*[Alonzo is dragg'd off and Almeyda  
 falls at the feet of Abdalla.]*

ALMEYDA.

“ Oh ! yet have mercy !—hear in time my  
 cries ! ”—

*[She rises with majesty.]*

Insulting tyrant !—dread my desperation !  
 If thy malignity assail a life,  
 To which that wildly throbbing in this bosom,  
 Is valueless, nor fear, nor pride, shall bound me ;  
 I will not rest, till I have found a means  
 To make my vengeance like thine own—consum-  
 mate

ABDALLAH.

Thou art too kind to warn me of thy purpose—  
 “ Learn first by what enchantment thou shalt pass  
 “ The bounds my pow'r prescribes thee—in these  
 “ chambers

“ Unpitied

“ Unpitied—unassisted—shalt thou rage,  
 “ Till thou hast found some *surer way* to move me.  
 —The officer on guard?

*Enter HAMET, and afterwards ABRA.*

Hamet, approach——

Thou know’st my temper—if thy life be dear  
 Guard well the Queen’s apartment; nor allow  
 One being to pass out—not ev’n herself—  
 —Reasons too cogent for thy knowledge, urge,  
 This seemingly strict measure——

ALMEYDA.

“ *You* are human!

“ Oh, hear! yet hear one word.”—

ABDALLAH (*fiercely to Hamet.*)

“ Have I not spoke?”

[*Hamet retires.*

Thou see’st my pow’r——

ALMEYDA.

Burst, burst, at once my heart!

This conflict is too mighty!—do not leave me,

(*sees Abdallah returning.*)

For dreadful as the sight is, I can never,

Never, survive the moment of thy going—

“ —*As yet* he breathes—*as yet* my soul dares che-

“ rish

“ The feeble hope that binds her down to suffer?

“ —Harsh

“ —Harsh as thou look’st—yet nature must have  
 “ giv’n thee,

“ Affections, in their turn, as exquisite,

“ As those that rend these heartstrings”—can’st  
 thou then

Oh! can’st thou blight my youth with such a  
 sorrow?

—Precipitate me early to the grave,

And mark life’s little interval with frenzy?

—Speak, tell me, thou wilt save him?

ORASMYN (*speaks entering.*)

That sweet voice,

Strikes on the heart thy cruelty has chill’d,

And, like the lyre of Orpheus, charms the dead!

—In tears Almeyda?—Wherefore this prostration?

ALMEYDA (*with frenzy.*)

—He’s murder’d!—lost!—no earthly pow’r can  
 save him

The fiat is pronounc’d, and he must perish!—

—Ah! is it you Orasmyn?—give me language,

May touch this human rock into a heart!

ABDALLAH.

“ Leave us, my son”—

ORASMYN.

“ My Lord, I pray your pardon.

ABDALLAH.

ABDALLAH (*to her mysteriously.*)

“ I have not to apprise thee of the terms ;  
“ Wilt thou comply ? ”

ORASMYN.

“ Oh ! weep not thus, but speak ;  
“ Rack me no more with nameless apprehensions,  
“ Tell me Almeyda, all thy griefs, thy fears ? ”

ALMEYDA.

*Thou* art my grief,—my fear—’tis thou destroy’st  
me.

ABDALLAH.

“ Imperious woman ! in this hour of peril  
“ Still dar’st thou thwart me ; and of all the ways  
“ That might incense me to thy hope’s destruc-  
“ tion,  
“ Thou’st ta’en the surest.”—

ALMEYDA.

“ I am yet a novice,  
“ In suff’ring, and in sorrow—those sad lessons  
“ Mark’d not my bondage—I came *home* to learn  
“ them.  
“ Alas ! to what a home !—I pray you take,  
“ Since I, it seems, must *court* you to your pleasure,  
“ The crown I have been mock’d with !

ORASMYN.

“ Add not insult,  
 “ To that deep scorn I never knew to merit !”

ALMEYDA.

“ Then he indeed is lost, and hope is extinct—  
 “ —Ev’n like a falling star, athwart the night,  
 “ It drops thus to the earth—too much—too much  
 “ Life—reason—all are gone.”

*(Abra and Orasmyn support her.)*

ABDALLAH.

“ ’Twere well I seiz’d,  
 “ This moment to withdraw ; ere yet Alonzo  
 “ Can ascertain his rank, or further cross me !  
 “ —Nor dare I now trust *him*—this hateful pas-  
 “ sion

*(looking towards Orasmyn.)*

“ Fills up his ev’ry thought, and wins him from  
 “ me.”

*[Exit.*

ORASMYN *(to Abra.)*

“ Whence sprung this unintelligible transport ?”

ABRA.

“ Ev’n now, my Lord, I enter’d ; nor from aught  
 “ Can guess its cause—the Queen receiv’d a  
 “ stranger,  
 “ Who importun’d her for a private audience !”

ALMEYDA.

ALMEYDA (*starting wildly*).

“ Who, who would let him pass?—the deed is  
“ doing?

“ The fearful, bloody deed!—and tears avail not!

“ —Ev’n the green earth gives signs of deso-  
“ lation—

“ And the wild winds cry havock—oh! thou  
“ dear one!

“ Have I for this from infancy ador’d thee,

“ Have been by thee ador’d?—Yet never wedded,

“ Never affianc’d—*never*—one fond thought,

“ Perhaps took flight ere breath’d into a vow,

“ And lives emblazon’d in the eternal record!”

ORASMYN.

Allow me to *partake*, to *soothe*, this anguish—

Oh! give me but to know its secret cause!

ALMEYDA.

*Thou* soothe it?—*Thou* partake it?—Mighty Alla!

This is but a refinement on misfortune—

*Thou*, *thou thyself* art its *first* cause—thy love,

Thy selfish, thy ambitious love, undoes me!

“ Mine had been else a common misery—

“ —But I’ll have such revenge—I have not fa-  
“ shion’d

“ The mass of horrors floating in this brain,

“ Yet thou before shalt share them;”—hark! he  
groans



- “ And the dark deed’s accomplish’d !” pain, or  
grief,  
“ No more shall reach *him*—they are all my own  
“ And I am theirs !”——

ORASMYN.

- “ Oh ! this will end in madness,  
“ I burst with vague despair, and apprehension !  
“ *Who* was this stranger ?—Whence his embassy ?  
“ *Whom* mourn’st thou thus ?”

ALMEYDA.

- “ *Whom* ? Is there then *another*,  
“ Of soul so perfect, and of form so noble ?  
“ No, not in the vast circle of creation——  
“ —Ah !—are those tears ?—then thou perhaps  
“ art human !”  
Fly, save him, save him—bring him instant hither,  
E’re yet the life-blood blacken in his cheek,  
E’re yet those eyes are seal’d in utter darkness,  
And I’ll forget the past, will pardon all,  
Will worship his preserver !—vain—vain prayer  
Thou art *Abdallah’s son* !—the dire inheritor,  
Of his obdurate nature !—hence, abhor’d !  
Oh ! for some depth the sun may never pierce,  
Where I can waste my being in lamenting !

[Exit.

ORASMYN.

## ORASMYN.

Danger, and death, I've fac'd in many a form  
 I've leap'd into the deadly breach; and seen  
 An host of jav'lins quiv'ring at this bosom,  
 But never knew I fear, despair, till now!  
 —Follow thy hapless Queen, and in *thy* soothing  
 Have better fortune!—agoniz'd—bewilder'd—

[*Exit Abra.*

I dread I know not what—yet I observ'd  
 A strangeness in my father's quick departure!  
 —Too well I know t'atchieve a darling purpose,  
 He would o'erleap the bounds of truth, and justice.  
 —Perhaps this youth—yet that's impossible—  
 Oh! that Almeyda, would enough esteem me,  
 To trust me with her sorrows!

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter ALMEYDA, leaning on ABRA.*

## ALMEYDA.

He is gone!

Nor can I profit by returning reason,  
 To win his aid!—Ah! wherefore should I win it?  
 “Alonzo, now exists but in my memory;  
 “Yet *here* I seek him—here shall ever wander,  
 “Ev'n as the spirits of the dead revisit,  
 “The spot were they have buried all their trea-  
 “sure.

“*Here*

“ *Here* fancy pictures to the mental eye,  
 “ That graceful form, while yet it was corporeal!  
 “ Here last I heard that voice!—oh! might it  
     “ break,  
 “ The bound ’twixt immortality, and life,  
 “ To charm with heav’n’s own eloquence my  
     “ woes!”

ABRA.

Beseech you, Madam, moderate this grief,  
 The Prince’s life is safe!

ALMEYDA.

*Safe* with Abdallah?

ABRA.

His son, with gen’rous fervour shar’d your sorrow,  
 And *loves* you too well, to desert its object.

ALMEYDA.

“ Abra, Orasmyn yet has love to learn——  
 “ *Love* turns abhorrent from an act of violence,  
 “ Too deeply wounded with a sorrowing sigh—  
 “ —Love! ’tis our all-refining touch of heav’n;  
 “ Whose kindling emulation ever gives,  
 “ A self-exacted eminence of goodness,  
 “ To vulgar minds unknown!”

ABRA.

“ Yet is he safe”——

Ne’er will my brother sacrifice his honour,

Much

Much as he loves Orasmyn, fears Abdallah,  
Or stain his soul with murder——

ALMEYDA.

Ah! thy brother?

Is then the officer on guard thy brother?

ABRA.

Rais'd early to distinction by Abdallah,  
Under himself he governs in this castle,  
To him *you* are in charge——

ALMEYDA.

Oh! Abra, hear me!

“ If e'er your features blossom'd into beauty,  
“ Beneath the animating eye of love!  
“ If e'er the throbbing tenant of your bosom,  
“ Felt the soft impulse of a generous passion,”  
If you would not behold your heart's dear choice,  
Like mine, the victim of some horrid treason,  
And be yourself a miserable maniac,  
Oh win your brother, to release Alonzo!

ABRA.

Alas! too highly he regards his honor!  
Not dare I tempt it.——

ALMEYDA.

Call him instant hither!

ABRA.

ABRA.

He will not yield—sweet Princess, be intreated.

ALMEYDA.

Obey me—nor reply—a weak blind hope.

[*Exit Abra.*]

Still, like the busy mole, essays to work,  
Its slow way thro' the heavy weight fall'n *here*.

(*presses her hand on her forehead.*)

*Re-enter ABRA with HAMET.*

Thou guardian of my life in its best treasure!  
Tell me, Alonzo lives?

HAMET.

He lives—as yet—

ALMEYDA.

As yet—Oh heav'n!

HAMET.

Alas! it is too sure,  
He totters on eternity's dark verge,  
Unconscious of his danger—this steep rock  
Thro' many a winding path is scoop'd in dens,  
Unknown—impenetrable—one o'erhangs,  
An arm, which parting from the Guadalquiver,  
Deep-plunging seeks an undiscover'd course.—

There,

—There, thro' a fearful chasm wild nature wrought,  
Full many a victim to the fears of state,  
Has sunk into oblivion.—

ALMEYDA.

Mighty Alla!  
The savage utter'd then but the mere truth.  
—Thus will assuredly Alonzo perish,  
Unless thou save him!

HAMET.

Me!—impossible!  
Yet think not ought shall win me to destroy him.

ALMEYDA.

Oh! venture not to say thou want'st the pow'r  
Lest sudden frost should burst this swelling heart.

HAMET.

I cannot, *dare* not disobey Abdallah;  
Whose bounty first distinguish'd, still rewards me.

ALMEYDA.

And cannot *I* distinguish—I reward?  
Oh! let me know Alonzo safe, and free,  
And thou shalt find I dare assert my rights,  
Ev'n till I awe Abdallah!

HAMET.

Never—never—  
His nature's fierce—obdurate—uncontroulable—  
K —Death



—Death in its simplest form to man is dreadful,  
But when forerun by agony—by torture—  
And were I once to wrong his confidence—

ALMEYDA.

Do not I too, know well his barb'rous nature?  
—Hast thou a fear applies not to Alonzo?  
Thus must *be* suffer—thus must *be* expire,  
Unless thou 'rt won—Alas! that I could barter,  
This vain, vain pageantry of regal pow'r,  
To be but one hour Hamet.—

HAMET.

My touch'd heart,  
Ev'n bleeds with sympathy.—

ALMEYDA.

'Tis prophanation,  
To mingle in the anguish thou reliev'ft not—  
—Said I an hour? A few short moments,  
Would waft you o'er the river; and once landed  
Nor could Abdallah, nor his vengeance reach you!  
—Ramirez, gracious Monarch, would reward,  
Protect—adore his son's deliverer!  
A grateful nation eye thee with delight,  
While thy pure conscience would each plaudite  
    echo!  
Ev'n she who sues, one day with pride might call  
    thee,  
To fame, to wealth, to greatness!

HAMET.

HAMET.

Did not duty——

ALMEYDA.

Know'st thou one duty stronger than humanity?—  
That awful principle by heav'n implanted,  
To still the raging of th' impetuous passions,  
Or lead the swelling current up to virtue!  
—Oh! then be warn'd! and as thou dye in  
peace,  
Lift to the voice of heav'n that speaks thro'  
me!

HAMET (*kneeling.*)

Endu'd of heav'n! it does indeed inspire thee!  
And be my life, or long, or short, it waits  
Henceforward on thy will!

ALMEYDA (*leaning over him.*)

Oh! be it crown'd,  
With ev'ry grace, and glory,—may no pain,  
No sorrow touch the heart that melts with mercy,  
“ But such a blessedness possess it here,  
“ As makes this life the foretaste of a better!”  
—Oh! from what dire extremes this virtue saves  
me!

Did I not say, my Abra, I would win him?  
Now tell me, Hamet, how thou'lt save my love?

HAMET.

“ The *will* once fix’d, I do not want the pow’r ;”  
“ —To me each gate, each dungeon, freely opens ;  
I will prepare a boat, and when the night  
Spreads her dark mantle o’er a drowsy world,  
I’ll thither lead the Prince, and share his flight.

ALMEYDA.

My guardian angel ! who like him benign,  
Receiv’st thy sole reward in conscious goodness !  
( *pauses.*  
—If (and my heart forbodes some new affliction)  
He should deceive me —*that* would ascertain it—  
Hamet, I have consider’d—and must see him—

HAMET.

The pris’ner Madam ?

ALMEYDA.

Ay the Prince Alonzo ?

HAMET.

You cannot mean it ?

ALMEYDA.

Never more intently !  
If thou hast pow’r to *free* him ; thou hast pow’r  
To guide me to his dungeon !

HAMET.

HAMET.

Through his guards,  
And many a vaulted lab'rinth long, and lonely,  
How should our beauteous sov'reign pass securely?

ALMEYDA.

I'll *dare* the chance!—thy sister's veil shall hide  
The splendor of these vestments—now begone,  
With circumspection plan Alonzo's flight,  
Then haste, and lead me to him——

HAMET.

*You must rule——*  
Yet much I dread this needless enterprise!  
—Oh! sister, you've destroy'd me!

[Exit.

ALMEYDA.

Heed him not!  
Ne'er will thy Queen desert who truly serves her!  
—Oh! Abra, in the hour of mortal peril,  
Should'st thou be born to suffer like Almeyda,  
May one as gen'rous as thyself arise,  
To save thee from a pang more keen than dying!

END OF ACT III.

ACT

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## A C T IV.

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### SCENE I.

*A dark vault irregularly hewn in the rock, extending out of sight on one side, in a vista of rude imperfect pillars.—A small gate leads on the other side, through an enormous crag of the rock—ALONZO discover'd, chain'd to a pillar, against which he leans.*

---

ALONZO,

WHY lingers thus the tyrant exquisite  
In ill perhaps he thinks mere death indulgence;  
And therefore leaves me leisure for reflection—  
An awful pause, 'twixt life, and immortality!—  
—Is this the Murcian victor? This the heir  
Of great Ramirez? That Castilian sun,  
Which rose to light a nation on to virtue,  
Or early set amid a crimson glory?—  
Eclips'd at once; the victim of his passions  
He aids his murderers and but hopes oblivion.—  
—I long will my father wonder where I vanish'd!—  
Almeyda, poor Almeyda's not so happy!—

*[The guards unbar the gate, and light in Abdallah; then fixing their torches in clefts of the rock, they retire.]*

ABDALLAH.

ABDALLAH.

Ere I pronounce my last resolve, I ask,  
Has solitude restor'd thy better reason?

ALONZO.

Has recollection humaniz'd thy heart?  
Why should not virtue bear as fix'd a tenor,  
As vice can boast?

ABDALLAH.

Yet dar'st thou vaunt it thus?  
Rash youth, if thou would'st view the light of  
    heav'n,  
Or breath untainted air—

ALONZO.

Where are thy ruffians—  
Dost thou not see I less abhor to die,  
Than poorly to condition with Abdallah?  
Why urge this parley?

ABDALLAH.

Thou wert born, Alonzo,  
Thy enemies must own, to grace the name,  
Transmitted thee from a long line of heroes—  
Can'st thou then rashly fix thy fate, and perish  
In flow'r of youth—in ignominy—bondage?

ALONZO.



ALONZO.

Ay—with a firmness thou can'st never know,  
 Who liv'st in guilt; and therefore find'st in living,  
 Only a daily respite from damnation.

ABDALLAH.

What is the mighty sacrifice enjoin'd?  
 Why but to yield what thou can'st ne'er enjoy,  
 And bend Almeyda's will to meet her duty.  
 Then will these chains drop off; and our glad  
       arms  
 In friendship fold thee.

ALONZO.

By the light of heav'n!  
 Forever vanish'd from these eyes, I swear,  
 I would not yield one chaste sigh of Almeyda,  
 To be the worship'd of an host of traitors!

ABDALLAH.

'Thou hast not weigh'd the agonizing pangs  
 My pow'r can make thee suffer, ere I grant thee  
 The comfort of expiring?

ALONZO.

I have weigh'd  
 Thy *character*; and therefore am prepar'd  
 For all thy threats imply——

ABDALLAH.

ABDALLAH (*stamps, and guards enter with torches  
and leavers.*)

Employ your leavers——  
Raife yon enormous stone—beneath that chasm  
Thro' jagged rocks—imperious—horrible—  
A stream, oblivious as the fabled Lethe,  
Washes to many an undiscover'd hollow,  
The victims of my will—

ALONZO.

Thy mercy then  
Spares the soul-harrowing pomp of preparation,  
And all the pangs of nature, and of love?

ABDALLAH.

Hark! hear'st thou not in the deep fullen roar  
The knell of death?—Of those who've gone before  
thee,  
Methinks the shrieks resound!—a breath of mine,  
Will add Alonzo to the untold many!  
—Then vainly shall Almeyda weep thy loss;  
Ramirez shall in vain demand his son!  
For, tho' he shook this fortress to the centre,  
Razed its enormous towers, and solid bastions,  
Their ruins would but form the tomb he fought!

ALONZO.

I have not liv'd so ill, that I have now  
To learn to die,—and of *Abdallah* too!

L

No

No, white as angels if thou stood'st before me,  
Denouncing thus my doom I could not fear thee,  
How should I *now*?

ABDALLAH.

Because thou'rt in my pow'r,  
And I dare use it.—Yet again reflect,  
But know when next we meet my voice is mortal.

ALONZO.

Be it so *now*!—*ev'n now*!—why this display  
To the firm soul that never shrunk from danger?  
—By heav'n I feel an infant once again,  
When thus insulted with an infant's terrors!  
—Ye high-arch'd rocks! to groans alone resound-  
ing,  
Witness *one* wretch has never tried your echo—  
—And you, oh! most adored! who o'er these  
dens,  
Rend heav'n, and earth, with vain, and fond la-  
menting,  
For him thus strangely vanish'd—never know  
Your feet unconscious trod Alonzo's grave!

ORASMYN (*descends with a torch.*)

Dark labyrinth, for murder fitly wrought,  
At length I've reach'd your limit!—or I err,  
Or this dim light gleams on the hapless stranger!  
—His mien bespeaks a deep disdain of death,  
With princely graces blended—youth unknown!  
Dar'st thou reveal at once, thy rank and name,  
With the dark embassy that thus entombs thee?

ALONZO.

## ALONZO.

Orasmyn ! for I need not ask thy title,  
 So well thy port bespeaks the prince and lover ;  
 Why would'st thou know a name like thine re-  
     nown'd,  
 But, oh ! unlike thine, never stain'd with murder.

## ORASMYN.

Prince, thou art bound by chains, and I by feeling !  
 —The sun that ripens in a Moor's warm heart  
 Ev'n virtue into passion, ripens there  
 Those glowing frailties that o'errun the soil,  
 And poison its pure product—I'd forget  
 If possible the arts that charm'd Almeyda—

## ALONZO.

Can'st thou forbid the bud to blow ? The zephyr  
 To wake the bird of spring ?—As well do this,  
 As chill the soul's soft breathings ! disunite  
 Hearts, which but new to life, like infant plants  
 Entwin'd unconscious—lived but by each other !  
 Alonzo never knew a guilty thought,  
 Or plan'd a guilty union !—if Almeyda,  
 Gave him, oh gift beyond all price ! her heart,  
 Who would not think it cheaply bought with life ?

## ORASMYN.

Fain would I *hate* Alonzo ! like a rival  
 Fain would I hear thy words, survey thy actions !

But my pure nature does thee noble justice!  
 Why wilt thou not view *me* with equal candor?  
 Thou hast Almeyda's heart—oh' blest pre-emi-  
                   nence!  
 Outstrip me not too in the race of honor——  
 To her repose I sacrifice a passion  
 Strong as thine own—oh! join with me to save  
                   her!

## ALONZO.

Ah! can'st thou love with so sublime a virtue!  
 She lives but to thy senses—thou ne'er knew'st  
 The chaste perfection of that gen'rous nature!  
 Ne'er mingled souls with her, in love as pure  
 As the intelligence that angels hold!  
 —That blifs—that agony was mine—mine only!  
 To thee Almeyda seems impetuous, rash,  
 Touch but her heart and it o'erflows with soft-  
                   ness!  
 —Orasmyn, if thou lov'st, 'tis thine to prove it.  
 —A fearful crisis is at hand—when over  
 Oh! soothe, support, console, the sorrowing angel.  
 Protect her from thy fierce obdurate fire,  
 I dare implore thee, from thyself protect her!  
 —So shall that mortal hour no being yet  
 Encounter'd with indifference, be met  
 By me with fortitude! the long hereafter  
 So shalt thou less regret!—and ev'n Almeyda,  
 At length perhaps forget me——

ORASMYN.

Never—never

When the soft fibres of the heart expand,  
 And thus enclasp another, time, or space,  
 In vain would break the hold, or make us single!  
 —I see no more in thee a hated rival!  
 Virtue's own awful form appears before me—  
 Bids me behold a monarch's glorious heir!  
 The gallant leader of victorious armies!  
 The idol of whole nations!—more, oh! more,  
 Her own devoted pupil!—shall *I* then  
 Leave thee to dye, and sin against society?  
 —Oh my proud soul how it disdains the thought!  
 Yet for my father's sake, ere yet I free thee,  
 Assure me——

ALONZO.

Spare thy gen'rous cheek the blush  
 Of asking that unworthy thine own honor,  
 Nor less unworthy mine!

ORASMYN.

Away with bonds——

For, ev'n were *vows* unknown, a noble soul  
 Would feel untold a fellow-suff'rer's sorrows,  
 And blend self-love with social.—Why, oh! why  
 Were we born enemies?

ALONZO.



ALONZO—*snatching his hand.*

Ere yet we were,  
Our finer tones of mind some guardian spirit  
Touch'd into harmony ; and, when we met,  
Th' according strings struck forth a sound so sweet,  
That heav'n itself might listen ! love ! ev'n love,  
That brand of discord, burns within our bosoms,  
Pale—cold—before the steady flame of virtue !

ORASMYN.

The camp alone is mine. Once in its districts,  
No human pow'r can reach thee. It were wise  
To wait the hour that wafts thee o'er the river.

[ORASMYN *takes the Torch, and guides ALONZO out.*

HAMET, *after a proper interval, descends, as lighting onward* ALMEYDA.

HAMET.

We have been fortunate to 'scape those slaves.—  
—Tread careful, madam ; here the stones are loose.

ALMEYDA—(*descending.*)

Thus on the soul breaks love's celestial light,  
And cheers, with many a lengthening ray, mis-  
fortune !

HAMET—(*stopping, as shock'd.*)

—These chains—this silence—Oh, unhappy mo-  
ment !—

They

They were the assassins, then, who e'en now pass'd  
us?—

—For your soul's sake, and as you value reason,  
Return at once, sweet princess!

ALMEYDA—(*waving him away with scorn*).

Hence, rude man!

Wert thou Abdallah's self, thou should'st not stay  
me,

Thus near Alonzo—prithee love reprove him!

HAMET.

Alas!

ALMEYDA (*faintly and alarm'd.*)

Hast thou deceiv'd me—or within,  
Is there some yet more deep—more dreary den!

HAMET (*in a broken voice.*)

There is indeed a deeper—where Almeyda,  
Shall never hear her lover!—

ALMEYDA.

*Never, said'st thou?*

Recall that fearful word; nor at this crisis  
Pluck from my soul the last prop that sustains it!

HAMET (*in agony.*)

—Oh! that I could beguile myself, or thee!—

These

—These are the very chains with which I bound  
 him,  
 And this the chasm (from whence the mass of stone  
 By leavers has been rais'd) where through the  
 rocks,  
 Full many a victim to the fears of state,  
 Precipitated in the rushing torrent,  
 Has sought an unknown grave—

ALMEYDA (*pressing the chains to her bosom.*)

Murder'd—lost—  
 Wisdom—nor strength—nor valour then avail'd  
 thee!

HAMET.

Oh prophet! should she dye! infernal tyrant,  
 —To chuse my only absence for the murder—  
 —How is it, Madam!

ALMEYDA (*in a deep tone of despair.*)

Ev'n as I would have it—  
 For that thy kindness meant to aid thy Queen  
 Take this—she has no recompence to give,  
     (*Loosens the jewel RAMIREZ gave her from  
       her bosom, kisses it—wipes her eyes—  
       surveys and gives it HAMET.*)  
 —Nor ever now will have—begone, and leave me—  
 Nor let one human eye pervade a sorrow,  
 Too mighty for complaint!

HAMET.

HAMET (*soothing her.*)

You will return?

ALMEYDA.

Return? You mean me well, nor will I chide—  
But hence at once, and leave me to an anguish,  
Which would not waste itself in words, or tears,  
But swell within and wash away remembrance!

HAMET.

Oh! Madam, pardon him who dares not leave you.  
Imagine the conjectures of the world,  
If here you should be found—

ALMEYDA.

*My world is vanish'd!—*

It was concentr'd in the spot he liv'd on,  
And if it yet exists—'tis in his grave!

HAMET.

Think of Abdallah!—Can you fail to dread him?

ALMEYDA.

Who has nought to hope, has little sure to fear—  
—Add not a feather to the weight that presses  
Upon this brain, and turns it into chaos!  
—Go—shield *thyself*—and leave *me* to my fortune!  
—Why wilt thou urge the parley?—and awake  
The pride, the passion—lost—extinct—in horror?

HAMET.

—Yet be advised—sweet Princess quit this place!

ALMEYDA (*pressing her forehead vaguely.*)

Wilt thou then kill me?

HAMET.

Rather would I save——

—Time will dry up these tears—restore your peace  
And make you joy in safety——

ALMEYDA (*turning with horror to the chasm.*)

Look there—look there!

Then talk to me of peace, of joy, of safety.—

HAMET.

The savage who dares wound his sov'reign's heart,  
Would lacerate each vein of wretched Hamet's—  
For my sake then, if not thine own, sweet Queen,  
Fly hence!—

ALMEYDA (*with increasing delirium.*)

Say'st thou to heav'n?

HAMET.

Alas! alas!

Her reason surely wanders! hark, I hear him.  
—By all the nameless agonies you feel;  
Oh! pity him, destroy'd by pitying you!

## ALMEYDA.

Hence—hence—whoe'er you are—I will not go!  
 But reign forever here!—supreme in sorrow!  
 —The sun no more shall visit these sad eyes,  
 Nor the wan moon present one soft reflection—  
 Winter no more shall chill—or summer warm me;  
 Nor innocence, nor heav'n itself supply,  
 One moment of delight!—but damp, cold, drops,  
 Thus petrify my heart! and night eternal,

*(shivering and looking up.)*

Make vain the sense of sight!—now come, Abdallah,  
 Behold in me Alonzo's monument!

## HAMET.

Abdallah comes indeed!—his voice resounds—  
 It grows upon my ear—one chance is mine—  
 —Could I regain the cleft that lately hid us,  
 He might pass on—and I, in flight, find safety!

*(He treads on the torch and flies hastily.)*

ALMEYDA *(in frenzy.)*

How suddenly the night falls!—Oh, my heart!  
 Will no one knit thy loosen'd strings, and staunch  
 The vital blood yet flowing?—yes one hand—  
 —Ah! no—Ramirez, will to death abhor  
 Almeyda's fatal name!—

*[Guards light in, and follow Abdallah.]*



ABDALLAH.

Are ye all in?—

Now close the gate; that no obtrusive eye,  
No foot unbidden press upon my secret.

—So in the gulph with him, at once shall sink  
All knowledge of his fate!

ALMEYDA (*majestically.*)

Who pierces thro'

The grave's deep silence, with a voice so loud,  
Disturbing my repose?

ABDALLAH.

Can it be her!

Amazement! and Alonzo gone!—Ah! vain,  
Is ev'ry guard against that subtle sex!

—She has found some ready villain to assist her,  
And giv'n the Prince his freedom.—

ALMEYDA (*in a low anxious voice.*)

Comes Ramirez?—

He comes to seek his son?—Ah! hapless monarch,  
That name to him is nothing?—yet I'll hide  
These traces from his sight—

[*She advances wildly, and fearfully looking back.*]

ABDALLAH.

How now, Almeyda?

This can be only frenzy—where's thy lover?

ALMEYDA.

ALMEYDA (*laying her hand on his arm.*)

Why dost thou ask Ramirez?—he's in Murcia—  
Did not thy policy dispose him there,  
When fix'd upon my ruin?—Wretched Sire!

[*draws him aside.*]

Fly from this den of death!—here broods a serpent,  
Fatal to thee, and to thy race!—ev'n now,  
Dozing upon this flinty floor, I dreamt—  
—Oh! such a dream I shudder but to name it!

ABDALLAH.

What dream Almeyda? I must soothe this transport,  
If I would learn the truth—

ALMEYDA.

Nay never frown,  
I spoke it unawares—but strange, strange, visions,  
Still swim before these eyes!—yet not Alonzo—  
—Tho' him alone I fought. I came to save,  
—Too late, alas! I came. Now thou wilt weep!  
Or is thy brain, like mine, fear'd up in lead?

(*She leans on the shoulder of a guard.*)

ABDALLAH.

This is an incident so singular,  
As out-runs fancy, and perplexes reason!  
—Nature's exhausted in her! Some dire truth  
Lurks under all this mystery and frenzy.

GUARD.



ABDALLAH—(*exultingly*).

Ev'n so!————

Thus have I the advantage, and not guilt.

ALMEYDA.

Soft! or Abdallah comes. Not even you,  
Warn'd as you were of all his selfish views,  
Can guess at his barbarity! An uncle?——  
Yet these dim eyes take pleasure to behold thee!  
The rav'nous vulture—blood-incited wolf,  
Prey not, when disappointed, on their species!  
That pitch of cruelty was left for man.  
—Nature convulses at the bare idea,  
Nor dares to snap the tie herself has form'd!  
—He thinks I'll take this tamely! No, Abdallah,  
I will have such revenge!—From thy black heart,  
At once I'll pluck away its worldly veil,  
And punish thee in mere sincerity.

ABDALLAH—(*fiercely*.)

Thou shalt not live to do it, subtle traitress!  
“ I will be warn'd in time—For in these flights  
“ The soul's deep sense full oft may be discover'd!  
    (*He surveys wistfully Almeyda, the Guards,  
        and the Chasm.*)  
“ —One moment might effect it! and that mo-  
    ment  
“ Inter with her all traces of the deed!  
    “ —Further

“ —Further I’ll try her.——Wilt thou not forgive  
“ Th’ involuntary wrong?

ALMEYDA.

“ Whene’er I do,  
“ May Heav’n forget the wretch it now chastises!

ABDALLAH.

“ Nay, then thou diest! nor pray’rs, nor tears,  
“ shall save thee.  
“ That word decides thy doom! Seize on her,  
“ strait!  
“ Precipitate her instant down the gulph,  
“ And live the favor’d objects of my bounty!

“ ALMEYDA.

“ Oh, that tremendous voice!—Where fled my  
“ senses,  
“ That they acknowledg’d not yon ruthless savage?  
“ —Him before whom I was born but to tremble!  
“ Slaves, drag me not! Ye will not murder me?  
“ —Am I not rest of every good but being—  
“ A cheerless being? Spare thy own remorse,  
“ Nor crown the pile of thy enormous sins  
“ With such a helpless victim!

“ ABDALLAH.

“ Vain are pray’rs,  
“ I have not ventur’d thus far, to recede!  
“ Nought

"Nought but thy death can now assure my safety—  
—Who's at the gate? Unbar it not, I charge  
you.

GUARD, *opening the Gate.*

The Prince Orasmyn only.

*Enter ORASMYN. (Almeyda flies to him.)*

Oh, protect me!

Guard—save me—hide me in thy very heart!

ORASMYN.

Ay, while it beats, sweet flutt'rer! Good my lord,  
What mean these haggard slaves, and this confusion?

—How comes Almeyda here! Why thus afflicted?

ABDALLAH.

Born to make vain my cares, and cross thy fortune,  
Why art *thou* here? She, as thou seest, is frantic.

ORASMYN.

Alla forbid! Speak, dear one!—Calm my fears.  
Ah! tremble not—but speak—

ALMEYDA.

Alonzo, surely!

I hear thee, love; but dare not, dare not look.—

N

ORASMYN.



ORASMYN.

Of the vast host of mental ills, ordain'd  
 To punish hapless man, the worst has seiz'd her!  
 Alas! by my omission! Dear Almeyda,  
 Calm thy perturbed soul, and look around!  
 Thy friends alone are near thee.

ALMEYDA,      (*Glancing around, she buries  
                          her face in Orasmyn's robe.*)

Oh, no!—no!  
 I see a fiend, who turns me into marble!  
 —But I am safe with thee! Thou ne'er wilt leave  
                          me,  
 My own Alonzo!

ABDALLAH.

Thus she still has rav'd.—  
 “ Ev'n now, she took me for Ramirez! Yet  
 “ Thou mightst improve this blindness—if thou'rt  
                          wife,  
 “ Avail thyself of her fond fancy's error,  
 “ And *wed* her strait!

ORASMYN.

“ Wed her! Forbid it Alla!  
 “ —Were reason perfect in her, this fond clasp  
 “ I should pronounce a bliss more exquisite,  
 “ Than all in cold futurity!—But now,  
 “ My heart recoils from her soft touch.

—Sweet

—Sweet suff'rer, raise thine eyes ! within this circle  
 Give thy woes respite : For, from this sad hour,  
 Ne'er shalt thou know another—if this heart,  
 This arm, hath pow'r to save thee !

ABDALLAH.

As thou wilt——

Thou know'st my mind !—Now be the choice  
 thine own. *[Exit ; Guards follow.*

ORASMYN.

Oh, most unguarded !—Ere I fav'd Alonzo,  
 I should have warn'd this dear one of my purpose.  
 —How shall I now convince her ? Oh ! those eyes,  
 More beauteous for their wildness, how they  
 wander !

—Hear me, Almeyda ! By the unfullied soul  
 Within this bleeding breast, thy lover lives —  
 —Alonzo lives !

ALMEYDA.

Ay ; so I knew you'd tell me :  
 But spare the specious tale. I know already—  
 I heard it from himself ! Nay, nay, no more.

ORASMYN.

Oh, agony ! for human sense too touching !  
 Yet how to wake again her recollection ?  
 Almeyda ! do'st thou know me ?

ALMEYDA.

ALMEYDA. (*gazing vaguely on him.*

I know *one*,

*One only*, in the circle of creation,

And he is strangely vanish'd!

ORASMYN.

Yet he lives!

In safety lives.

ALMEYDA.

Within this heart, d'ye say?

Ay, *there* he lives, indeed, and shall for ever!

ORASMYN.

Never can I forgive my own neglect!

For, oh, this sight is dreadful! Yet, Almeyda,  
Thy own Alonzo lives,—like me, to weep.

ALMEYDA.

Yes; I have heard strange tales—ye all have told  
me,

And seen such dismal fights! I dare not speak them!  
—No matter—Time will clear all up.—I'm weary.

ORASMYN.

Oh! let me lead you hence——

ALMEYDA.

Ev'n where you will.

And

And by that voice of comfort, you should guide me  
To my Alonzo's heaven.

“ ORASMYN.

“ Touching charmer !

“ I dare not listen more ; lest I, like thee,

“ Grow out of love with reason, and delight

“ Only to hear thy rhapsodies !

*(starting, and looking through the pillars.*

“ ALMEYDA.

“ More dungeons !

“ Perhaps more murd'ers, too. Now should they  
come,

“ Exhausted as I am, no pow'r could save me !

“ Oh ! they have strength to wrest one's very  
being !

“ Look at this arm.— *(baring her's.*

ORASMYN.

“ The savage gripe has purpled

“ The purest white pulsation ever throb'd in !

*[He starts, and wistfully surveys Almeyda  
and the chasm.*

“ It cannot be ! The fear is too tremendous !

“ Abhorrent Nature, from a deed so black,

“ Would shrink, 'till these high rocks, o'erarch'd  
by art,

“ Sink to the centre !—Oh ! forgive the thought

“ Thy own ambitious nature prompts, my father !

Rest

—Rest on me, dear Almeyda! Near your chamber,  
Faithful I'll watch the live-long night, and pray  
It may breathe peace upon you. Pr'ythee lean!

ALMEYDA.

Soft! have a care, we tread not on his grave!  
Somebody shew'd it me.—We're very near it.

ORASMYN.

Oh! that superior mind is gone for ever!  
—Yet still, thus ruin'd, like a broken mirror,  
It gives a perfect image in each fragment!

[*Exeunt.*]

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## A C T V.

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### SCENE I.

*The magnificent Hall with which the Play opens; and similar Clouds, shewing again the Dawn of Morning.*

---

ABDALLAH enters, finding ORASMYN musing.

ABDALLAH.

HAST thou thus watch'd the night away, my son,

Regardless of the common dues of nature?

—The day will come, when thou'lt regret, in vain,

This lavish waste alike of health and feeling!

And why thus strictly guard a maniac?

—Who will assail Almeyda?

ORASMYN.

Who will soothe her?

—It is among the fatal rights of rank

To want all common blessings! Never more,

Alas! shall this sweet visionary find them.

ABDALLAH.



ABDALLAH.

Has, then, her frenzy known no interval,  
And the long night elaps'd in restless ravings?

ORASMYN.

Th' inventive evil took such various forms  
As fancy scarce could follow—pausing often  
In vacant silence, or in speechless anguish!  
—Anon, more musical than the lone bird,  
Who pours her sorrows to the midnight moon,  
She waked the drowsy night! Oft the wild strain  
Soar'd ev'n to Heav'n—As oft it died away,—  
Like the uncertain sweetness of that harp,  
The light breeze softly touches!

ABDALLAH.

Thoughts like these,  
Will undermine the firmness of thy nature.—  
Orasmyn! as thou lov'st me, shake them off!  
Thou art the better part of my existence;  
And when thou droop'st I sink.

ORASMYN.

At once to see,  
The flow'r of nature in the morning wither!  
Ev'n while my senses ached at its perfection!—

ABDALLAH.

How wise—how gen'rous were those lavish tears,  
Could

Could sympathy restore the hapless suff'rer!  
 But other duties call thee into action.—  
 Time will not with thee watch Almeyda's frenzy,  
 Nor the great wheel of empire cease its motion—  
 Thy hand must guide it.

ORASMYN:

Empire! said my father?  
 —Shall I usurp Almeyda's royal seat?  
 Grow great by her misfortune! Rather bid me  
 Dig at her feet the grave she wildly calls for,  
 And fill it undishonor'd! Oh! no more.  
 I would not understand you!

ABDALLAH.

Say thou *wilt* not,  
 And I am answer'd.—Weak, romantick boy!  
 Loiter thy life away upon her threshold!  
 Renounce thy fire, thy rank, thy name in arms,  
 The golden wreath already hov'ring o'er thee,  
 And live a lover only!

ORASMYN.

Live to honour!  
 To that quick sense, which, striking at the heart,  
 Damns, ev'n on earth, the guilty! Oh, beware!  
 And dread, in time, to know the dire pulsation!

ABDALLAH.

Dar'st thou suppose it?

O

ORASMYN.

ORASMYN.

The mere thought was treason!  
 —Yet, a calamity so sudden, speaks  
 Some known, yet latent cause.——

ABDALLAH.

I heed thee well——  
 And feel, ungrateful son! through ev'ry fibre,  
 The yet unspoken censure! But yet, remember,  
 Had I more *crimes* than *thoughts*, 'tis thou *hast*  
*caus'd* them!  
 —Judge, then, what passes *here*, when thus I learn  
 Thou dar'st despise my views, my pow'r—my  
 person!

[*Exit, into the Queen's apartment.*]

ORASMYN.

Stay, leave me not in wrath!—forgive, my father,  
 A heart ev'n bursting with conflicting passions!  
 —If I have injur'd!——'Tis, alas, too much,  
 To shock his nature with the black suspicion!

*Enter ABDALLAH again.*

—My father, I have err'd!—Oh! deign to pity  
 Him, who, thus agoniz'd with doubt and fear,  
 Finds no pow'r perfect but unshaken honour!  
 And that pure pride he'll cherish, unto death.  
 —No vain—no selfish—no ambitious thought,

Shall

Shall ever tempt me, ev'n in thought, to wrong  
 That hapless sov'reign I have sworn to guard!  
 The vow yet lives, unchill'd, upon *your* lips!  
 And, oh, her mis'ry doubly should enforce it!—  
 Recal your honour!—Love *me* in Almeyda!

[*Exit.*

ABDALLAH.

'Tis well. This black ingratitude has steel'd me!  
 —Cherish thy insolence of pride—Thou'lt need it.  
 Have I, then, liv'd for thee in vain, Orasmyr?  
 —A *girl*, by one soft glance, annihilates  
 Those rights a life of fondness should have gain'd  
 me!

—Hast thou forgot thy father heir's Granada,  
 Regardless of thy scruples, or thy choice?  
 —Ev'n now the golden circlet binds my brow,  
 And in Abdallah henceforth know thy king!  
 —I have dispos'd the Council to believe,  
 Her frenzy constitutional. This hour,  
 Her hand unconscious might resign her crown,  
 Then never, never, need she see Granada.

*Enter* NOURASSIN.

NOURASSIN.

The Council waits, my lord, your wish'd-for pre-  
 sence.

—How fares our hapless sov'reign?

ABDALLAH.

Loft in frenzy——  
 With vacant eye, ev'n now, she gaz'd upon me,  
 But knew nor voice, nor feature!——

NOURASSIN.

'Tis too plain——  
 The malady's habitual! Those starts  
 Ev'n as we hail'd her glad return, bespoke  
 A strange distraction, or some buried passion.  
 —Castile, with matchless policy, has kept  
 The mournful secret, 'till, the advantage gain'd,  
 With pomp he gave us back the gorgeous casket,  
 Nor own'd the gem was vanish'd.——

ABDALLAH.

Are the Council  
 So satisfied?

NOURASSIN.

Not one dissents, my lord.

ABDALLAH.

Why then should we delay the abdication?  
 A *form* alone is wanting; and her hand,  
 Unfit to govern, may with ease be led,  
 To delegate that pow'r our laws deny her.  
 —Perchance, in the next transport of her frenzy,  
 No human pow'r may move her.——

NOURASSIN.

NOURASSIN.

It were wise,  
 Since to the nation we must vouch this truth,  
 To lead her forth, and summon in the Council.

ABDALLAH.

Haste, then, my friend! Conduct Almeyda hither.  
 [Exit Nourassin.]

## SCENE II.

*The Council assemble round the Canopy of State. ALMEYDA is led on, veiled; she draws the veil at length aside, and, looking majestically around, speaks.*

ALMEYDA.

When late I closed these lips, I fully purposed,  
 Never again to break the awful silence,  
 Or view the light of Heav'n, or face of man.—  
 Why then am I dragg'd forth, a spectacle?  
 What cruel eye would dive into this heart—  
 This broken heart, to mark the early ravage?  
 —I wither in the sun—chill in the breeze;  
 Yet the sun runs his wonted course in glory!  
 The vernal breeze invigorates the world!  
 And all the change is *here!* (pressing her heart.

“ ABDALLAH.



“ ABDALLAH. (*foothingly*).

“ Lamenting still?

“ Alas! that such a beauteous form should prove

“ Only the soul's sad sepulchre! Yet oft,

“ In woman, (mutable in all beside)

“ Love fixes ev'n to frenzy!

“ ALMEYDA (*replying to an imaginary question.*

“ Idle question!

“ Why did I love? As well might you demand,

“ Why I saw light!—why waked my soul to knowledge?

“ *Like* light—like knowledge, in my infant sense,

“ Sunk imperceptible the tender impulse!

“ —Alonzo first partook each little care,

“ And doubled ev'ry joy! Ah, dear were both,

“ While crowns and sceptres yet were idle playthings!

“ ABDALLAH.

“ Inventive malady, which wounds yet charms us!

“ (*aside*) There is too much of *method* in this frenzy.

“ Would I had never trusted the event!

“ ALMEYDA (*appearing to listen, and trembling.*

“ Hold—hide me! Save me from this inward horror!

“ —Hark! hear ye not the murd'ers feet approaching?

“ —That

“ —That death-devoting voice ! Ev’n now they  
come—

“ They rush upon my love !—Oh ! spare him,  
spare him !

“ —Dar’st thou, inhuman ?—He’s a monarch’s  
heir !

“ Off, ruffians ! nor profane that gallant form—

“ Oh ! for a giant’s arm, to wrest him from you !

“ —*Now, now*, the steep rocks echo with his fall,

“ And the rude surge entombs him !—Oh, Alonzo !

“ ABDALLAH.

“ *Ever* Alonzo ! He is all her cry.—

“ NOURASSIN.

“ Recal your erring sense, unhappy princess !

“ Nor dwell for ever on these gloomy fictions.—

“ ALMEYDA.

“ Away, away !—nor venture to console me—

“ —*Thou* hast not known to blend thy heart with  
his,

“ In faith indissoluble, and true passion—

“ *I* was that wretch—the visited of Heav’n !—

“ But, oh ! the dire proportion of my mis’ry !—

“ —Still must I seek him on the river’s brink :

“ Of seasons—time—of heat—of cold, regardless !

“ —Or do I err ; or does the surge return him ?

“ Swoln—maim’d, defac’d ! no charm—no grace  
is left,

“ Of

" Of all fond fancy worshipp'd.—Scarce my heart,  
 " In this disfigured corse, can know Alonzo !  
 " —Turn, hapless father ! turn thine eyes away,  
 " Nor trace the dreadful secret ! Oh, that I,  
 " Like you, could *hope* a little while his coming,  
 " —Start at his fancied footstep—hear his voice,  
 " And die, at last, in blessed, blessed ignorance !

" ABDALLAH.

" Mark, how this wildness shakes her!—In such  
     transport  
 " She cannot yield the crown.

NOURASSIN.

" Yet will we try her.  
 —Those faithful subjects, who but pray'd to pass,  
 Beneath Almeyda's sway, their years in peace,  
 Behold, with grief, the malady that shakes  
 Her nobler faculties ; they supplicate  
 That she to abler hands resign her pow'r,  
 And in retirement soothe her soul's soft sorrows.

ALMEYDA.

—Soft ! give me time to breathe.—A moment's  
     thought.————

*(They tender her the Regnlin.*  
 Th' imperial wreath, with which, in one short day,  
 These throbbing temples have been overweigh'd,  
 I unregretting yield.————Thou gaudy emblem

*(Laying her hand on the Crown.*

Of

Of nature's ample round ! In thy small circle  
 Lies all that man desires, and, oh ! much more  
 Than man can e'er enjoy, unless he finds  
 Heav'ns own supreme delight the bliss of blessing !  
 How hast thou mark'd my fate with endless horror !  
 —Hence, from my dim eyes, take the brilliant  
     evil,  
 And give the promis'd solitude !

NOURASSIN.

Our laws,  
 With your own hand, require you to resign it,  
 To this your heir.——

ALMEYDA.

To him ! Oh, horrible !  
 —Kill me, but shew not to my eyes that monster !  
 —Shakes not the earth beneath his bloody feet ?  
 And sleeps in peace the thunder ?

ABDALLAH.

Alas ! alas !  
 You see she knows me not !

ALMEYDA.

Oh ! would I did not !  
 Is there no help ? Alas, I'm at his mercy !  
 His *mercy*, said I ? 'Tis a word he knows not.

P

But

—But, pray you, call no murd'ers—I will die,  
 Without one struggle—only have a grave  
 May decently receive me, when my heart  
 Completes his crimes, and bursts with this con-  
 vulsion !

ABDALLAH.

The strong necessity o'er-rules all form !  
 —I must assume that crown she neither knows,  
 Duly, to wear or yield !——

NOURASSIN.

Yet stay, my lord,  
 This is mere malady—She may be won.

ALMEYDA.

Oh, mem'ry ! thou return'st in all thy horrors !—  
 —Alas I am not mad, but miserable !  
 —Pity this anguish—pause, oh pause, one mo-  
 ment ?  
 And from the fearful heighth where reason totters,  
 Ready to plunge into the bright obscure,  
 Yet give me leisure slowly to recall her !  
 —Awful supreme, support me ! thou who know'st,  
 All I *have* suffer'd ! all I yet *must* suffer !  
 Suspend this cruel sense of my misfortunes !  
 —Expunge the woman from this bleeding bosom ;  
 Oh fill it wholly with those nobler duties,  
 Which supercede ev'n self, and awe at once  
 Each human grief to silence !

ABDALLAH.

ABDALLAH.

Wherefore gaze ye?

—This is a frenzy equals ev'n her own!

“ —Like the wild fires of the conflicting elements,

“ These *flashes of the soul*, oft break the night,

“ The long, *long*, night, which falls thus on a

“ maniac.”

NOURASSIN.

Yet hear the Queen, Abdallah—her discourse,

Sounds not like frenzy!

ALMEYDA.

Rather *truth*, and *reason*—

—My dismal fate's accomplish'd!—Man nor  
Heav'n,

Can mitigate its horrors!—yet for you,

For you, unvers'd in suff'ring, still I feel—

Nor dare I delegate the pow'r I hold,

To him I *know* incapable of pity—

—To him, who would perpetuate, and extend,

The miseries I ever must groan under!

ABDALLAH (*in a transport of rage.*)

Fool'd—fool'd at last! 'tis well—I have deserv'd it,

In trusting to a woman—



## ALMEYDA.

Ye, who hear me,  
 Know all the merit of this painful effort !  
 —For *you* I yet will live—for *you* will reign,  
 And tho' my secret soul shall seek the grave,  
 Ev'n to the hour that gives me to Alonzo,  
 Yet shall the ling'ring interval be mark'd,  
 By many an act of equity, and honor—  
 —I here deliberately impeach Abdallah,  
 Of blackest treason to his lawful sov'reign !  
 —To crown his sins a nobler victim fell !—  
 Oh ! deed too horrible for thought !—Oh deed !  
 Which ear hath never heard, nor voice yet utter'd !

## ABDALLAH.

Spare all thy eloquence ! and this recital !  
 —The evil thou'lt escap'd, now seizes me,  
 And makes my brain, like my wild soul, one  
     chaos !  
 —I do avow the intent, ev'n of that deed,  
 Tho' of the fact I'm guiltless—yet I'll try,  
 Thus to deserve thy charge !—

## NOURASSIN.

Seize on his sword !  
     (*he is disarm'd.*)

ORASMYN *enters and*

*(draws to guard his father.*

How now? Presumptuous man!

ALMEYDA.

Ah! *be* too here!

For me there is nor justice then, nor hope!

ABDALLAH *(gasping on the shoulder of his son.*

Orasmyn! thou hadst nearly lost a father!

—No proud Almeyda!

For thee alone I liv'd not! hadst thou seen

No more than I intended for thy knowledge,

Thou hadst been happy!—happy with Orasmyn!

I would have giv'n thee him—my life's best hope,

In whom I centre all my pride—my glory!

—Yet at this awful crisis of existence,

No more will I dissemble my true motive!

—To crown his youthful brow with that bright  
wreath

Injurious fortune bade him only look on,

Has been the single object of my life!

ORASMYN.

He scorns the gift—nor thinks he hears a father.

—Recall your better self, and calm this transport!

ALMEYDA.

ALMEYDA.

This artifice, Orasmyn, is too late—  
 —Rather act like him—own the glorious sin,  
 And still preserve *one* merit in thy candour!

ORASMYN.

How? how have I deserved the bitter taunt?  
 How wrong'd my sov'reign ev'n in secret thought?  
 “ Or dared obtrude one selfish view before her?  
 “ —If in this hour of wildness, and confusion,  
 “ I joy to see her renovated reason,  
 “ Proud to confirm her pow'r, to guard her  
     “ person,  
 “ —If this be treason, purify my heart—  
 “ —To thee I render gladly up the sword,  
 “ Upon whose point no blood ere yet congeal'd,  
 “ Save of thy foes!”

ALMEYDA.

“ Long, long, with glory wear it—  
 “ —I blush to have aspers'd a soul so noble.”

ABDALLAH (*scornfully surveying him.*)

Thou traitor to *thyself*!—my soul disclaims thee!  
 Thou hast foredoom'd thy fire, by basely bowing  
 Thus to thy heart's fond minion!—hence, and  
     leave me.

ORASMYN.

ORASMYN.

Ne'er can he err, whose monitor is virtue !  
 Revere her awful pow'r, which saves at once,  
 Thy life my father—sweet Almeyda's reason,  
 And ev'n Orasmyn's honour—fly to the gate,  
 And guide Alonzo hither—oh recall  
 'The *last fond hope* that beat within thy heart,  
 Ere yet its darling object vanish'd from thee !  
*(Gives a ring to an attendant who departs.)*

ALMEYDA *(faint and trembling.)*

Dread to awake the thought—lost ! lost ! and murder'd !

ORASMYN.

The grave itself, has render'd up, ere now  
 A guiltless inmate !—

ALMEYDA.

Does my sense deceive me ?

—Is he not dead—repeat that little sentence—  
 Let my soul live one moment on the hope,  
 And take, each envied ensign of dominion—  
 —For could I crown thee with the radiant gems,  
 That sprinkle o'er the blue expanse above,  
 'Twere recompence too poor !—but, oh ! I fear,  
 I fear, thou trifled with my heart's fond anguish !

—Drawn

—Drawn a gay meteor o'er my gloomy fate,  
Which only shews its blackness!

ORASMYN.

“ —To appearance—

ALMEYDA.

“ Appearance, said'st thou?—Think, ere yet again  
“ One breath escape thee, on the verge of being  
“ My soul now hovers, and a single word  
“ May make her quite immortal!

ORASMYN.

If to know

Alonzo lives, can crown thy days with pleasure,  
Be happy, ever happy!—for I saved  
The only lover I was born to envy!

*(She looks doubtfully, then sinks fainting in  
his arms.)*

ABDALLAH.

This is a folly that transcends example!  
—Oh! for a pang at once to pierce them both!

ORASMYN.

Her life seems gone—soft—bend her gently forward.

ABDALLAH.

And hop'st thou then, ungrateful boy, to save her?

ORASMYN.

ORASMYN.

Wake not within my soul a thought so killing?  
—Call ev'ry aid—

ABDALLAH.

Forbear the uselefs trouble—  
'Tis not in medicine to prolong her being—  
A subtle poison sleeps in ev'ry pore,  
And steals her from herself—no human art,  
Can bid her breathe one hour!

ORASMYN (*throwing himself in an agony at her feet.*)

Thou injur'd angel!  
Could the life-blood congealing in these veins,  
Extend thy years, and give thee all thy wishes;  
Ev'n with the fierceness of that fatal savage,  
I dare not call my father, would I gash  
Each purple artery, and urge the current!——  
—Thou gav'st me being!—tho' my soul abhors,  
The tainted blessing! yet to thee I turn,  
In this tremendous moment!—hear, and pity!  
Blot not at once thy honour, nor defame,  
E're yet he soar to glory, that loved son,  
Who ne'er till now offended.—

ABDALLAH.

“Need'st thou learn,  
“I do not easily fix my decrees,  
“But never know to change them.—



ALMEYDA.

“ Why, Orasmyn,  
 “ Wilt thou thus plead for the poor life I heed  
 “ not?  
 “ —Life, the frail blossom of eternity!  
 “ Which shrinks and shivers, in the vernal breeze,  
 “ And sheds its purple bloom with ev’ry show’r—  
 “ Until the embryo fruit, arrived at fullness,  
 “ Shakes its soft shelter to the dust?—Most happy,  
 “ Who ripen first! and quit this mortal coil,  
 “ Unblighted, and unbroken!”—

ORASMYN.

“ Is is thus,  
 “ Celestial spirit! thus, thou’dst give me comfort?  
 “ Oh! more we need thy example, than thy pre-  
 “ cepts!  
 “ My father! have I then no influence with thee?  
 Long hast thou studied nature’s baleful secrets,  
 And well thou know’st their antidotes—

ABDALLAH (*with bitterness.*)

But thou,  
 Again perhaps would’st scorn the tainted gift,  
 Again despise the giver!

ORASMYN.

Oh! my father!  
 To this, how little were the life I owe you!

ABDALLAH.

ABDALLAH.

I have not been accustomed to deny thee—

*(Gives a ring to an attendant, who goes out.)*

ORASMYN *(turning with softness to Almeyda.)*

“ How often did I tell thee I had saved him !

“ —Ev’n when thy reason, like a frightened bird,

“ Forsook the home round which it fondly flut-  
“ ter’d !

“ —Yet, oh Almeyda ! not in vain thou’st  
“ suffer’d !

“ That fatal passion which thy beauty caused,

“ By all these miseries chastized to friendship,

“ Retains its essence only, and appears,

“ Like the cold lustre of a winter sun,

“ When all its glow, and purple vapors faded !

ABDALLAH.

To her devoted, he nor hears, nor sees me—

—Ah ! should he dare despise—Oh Mahomet !

To be the scorn of those for whom we sin—

—This, this, is disappointment’s consummation.

*(Attendant brings him a goblet)*

Orasmyn, from the memorable hour,

Thy voice first hail’d me sire, ev’n unto this

I’ve granted all thy pray’rs !

The good I wish myself, be thine Almeyda !

I taste the draught, that thou may’st fearless  
share it !

ORASMYN.

ORASMYN (*presenting the bowl.*)

Oh! do not hesitate a single moment.

“ Hardly can I respire with apprehension—

ALMEYDA (*fainting.*)

“ If this be death, how falsely do we fear it!

“ Care, pain, and sorrow, fade before the calm,

“ The holy calm o’er-shadowing ev’ry sense!—

—Methinks, without a crime, at once to ’scape,

The dreadful past, and all the doubtful future,

Were to accomplish early life’s great purpose!

ORASMYN.

Oh! spare me all the guilt, the grief,—the horror,  
Live, sweet Almeyda, live, tho’ for another!

ALMEYDA.

Oh! that this potent essence were compounded,

Of herbs might purify alike the soul,

And lull it to a deep, a long repose.—

(*Drinks the antidote.*)

ABDALLAH.

Oh, transport! glory! Oh! tremendous triumph!

Sons may forget, but Mahomet remembers!

He has not scorn’d my pray’r, nor quite renounc’d  
me

—Prophetic was thy voice; for *thou* shalt find

A long repose indeed! *This* was the poison

Which

Which I with an indignant pleasure shared —  
 —I had, alas! no other means to die:  
 Nor would I fall inglorious—unlamented.—  
 —Almeyda, proud Almeyda! ev'n *thy love*,  
 In all the plenitude of rank and beauty,  
 Shall grace my obsequies! and thou, ungrateful!  
 Attend us, a *true* mourner.

ORASMYN.

Speech is lost! —————  
 —A deed like this bursts the great chord of nature,  
 And makes this gorgeous world but one vast ruin!

ABDALLAH.

Already do I feel the subtle essence——  
 It rages onward, like the fires of Etna,  
 And nature withers ere it yet approaches.——  
 ——Ah! she too sinks. Upon the lip of beauty!  
 Mortality now lays his livid finger!  
 —This—This is glorious mischief! and I joy  
 To die, the moment life has lost its value.

ORASMYN.

But thus to blend me in so black a deed—  
 —Make *me* the minister of my own destruction!  
 Oh! I have, guiltless, cropt creation's rose,  
 And shook its crimson glories to the dust!  
 —Lift not those gracious eyes again to me,  
 Thou soft perfection! I no more dare meet them.  
 —No, never dare I hope thou shouldst forgive

Tho'

Th' unparallell'd credulity!——and *he*——  
 Yet, nature, yet thou wring'st me!

ABDALLAH (*fiercely shaking him off.*)

Hence! begone——

Fawn on thy minion! but no more approach  
 The fire thou hast disgrac'd—betray'd—abandon'd!  
 —Ev'n as I lov'd thee once, so now I loathe thee!  
 Oh! how I long to shut out life itself,  
 Since I with life can shut out thy rememb'rance!  
 —Bear me, I pray you, to the Guadalquiver—

(*turns to the attendants.*)

Plunge, plunge me in at once! My liver's calcined!

—Oh, find some sudden means to quench this fire,  
 Ere yet my eye-strings crack!——Away, away!

(*Abdallah is borne off.*)

ALMEYDA.

Yet, yet, *he* comes not!——Oh! no more these  
 eyes

Shall dwell delighted on their only object;  
 Nor this fond heart pronounce its last adieu!

(*turns and sees Orasmyn's bitter grief.*)

“Take comfort, prince!—Tho' small is my own  
 portion,

“Yet will I share it with thee! For thy fire,

“May Heav'n, like me, forgive him!

ORASMYN.

“ Spotless victim!  
 “ His vices have cut short his being here——  
 “ But, oh! thy virtues speak his future fate.

ALMEYDA (*growing more weak.*

“ Among the many wand’ers on this earth,  
 “ Few are allow’d to reach the mortal term:  
 “ And of those few, scarce one expires content.  
 “ —The mind’s deep agonies exhaust each pow’r,  
 “ And early fit the frame for dissolution——  
 “ I only feel a numbness.” Hark! I hear him.

ORASMYN.

It is thy love! Ah, happy he! to know  
 The pangs of sorrow only.

ALONZO (*entering.*)

Blest be Heav’n!  
 Which gives me once again to see Almeyda!  
 —And blest be, too, Orasmyn!

ALMEYDA (*leaning fondly over him.*)

’Tis thyself!—  
 My own Alonzo!—all my soul’s fond treasure!  
 “ Thus on the dying eyes of some lone hermit,  
 “ O’erhanging angels pour a flood of glory,  
 “ Ev’n till his soul exhales in extasy!

ALONZO.



ALONZO.

Ah! why this mournful sweetness? In thine eye  
The living lustre fades; and on thy cheek  
Each charm grows wan and hollow!

ORASMYN (*wringing his hand.*)

Oh, Alonzo!

No more must we contend for this rich prize!  
Heav'n claims its own—and we alike must mourn.

ALONZO (*shaking him off.*)

Prince! if *thou'st* done this deed——

ALMEYDA.

Oh! never think it.—

Orasmyn's gen'rous heart is virtue's temple!  
Alonzo, dear Alonzo! honour—love him.  
Much wilt thou *owe* him for my mean injustice.  
—I only strove for life till thou wert near.—  
It now evaporates: Hardly speech is left me.  
“—I charge ye, ne'er with blood defile the tomb,  
“ Which the true tears of both may nobly hallow.  
—And now, indeed, farewell!——A hand for each.  
This gives away my crown; and this, oh! this,  
The faithful heart that's in it!——I am cold;  
And these dim eyes seek vainly for Alonzo!  
——Speak to me, love!—Oh! speak to me, once  
more,  
While yet I know that voice!——

ALONZO.

ALONZO.

Loft in a chaos  
 Of killing anguish, without one expreffion  
 May ease this lab'ring heart, how fhall I foorthe  
 thee?  
 How mitigate thy pain?

ALMEYDA.

Tell me you love me——  
*(Lays her head on his hand, and dies.*

ALONZO.

Love you!——Oh, God!——

ORASMYN.

*(Kiffing and refigning her hand.*

Words—vows—weak, vain indulgence!  
 Never—oh! never fhall my foul forget you!  
*(Both lovers remain mourning near her.*

HAMET *(advancing)*.

Tremendous moment! awful pause of being!  
 —When viewing thus the abdicated frame,  
 Where the fond foul had treafur'd all her wifhes,  
 How does recoiling Nature feel at once  
 Her imperfection. Yet fuch fcenes alone  
 Can fhew the danger of thofe cherifh'd paffions,  
 Which thus can antedate the hour of death,  
 Or make exiftence agony!

R

EPILOGUE.

## EPILOGUE.

To be spoken in a Crier's Gown, and with a Bell.

---

**OYEZ ! Oyez ! Oyez !**

*Whereas on demand it doth plainly appear,  
That some wicked wag.—Odso ! how came I here ?  
What a blund'ring is this ! One would think I were blind.  
Here I'm got on before, when I should be behind.  
—Rare work, there, my friends ! rare storming and fury.  
No Epilogue's coming to-night, I assure you !—  
Sure never poor author like ours has been crost :  
When meant to be spoken, she found it was lost.  
Lost, Ma'am, says the Prompter, all pale at the sound !  
Lost, Ma'am, do you say ? was re-echoed around.—  
Lost—stol'n, she replied ; 'tis in vain to deny it ;  
So, dear Mr. KING, be so good as to cry it.  
The thought was an odd one, you'll say—so did I :  
But when ladies intreat, we are bound to comply.  
Oyez ! Oyez ! Oyez !*

[Rings the Bell again.]

*Be it known,  
To all it concerns, Wit, Critick, or Town,  
That whoe'er brings it back shall receive, besides praise,  
A handsome reward of a crown, too—of bays ;  
Whereas, if detain'd, heavy law-suits will follow,  
And damage be sued for, in court of Apollo.  
Rare menaces these ! you see how it stands—  
She'll indite you all round ; so up with your hands.  
I'll examine each face, too—In truth, a fine show.—  
Whom first shall I try ? Oh ! my friends here below.  
The Box claim precedence : but there I've my fears ;  
Perhaps they'll demand to be tried by their peers.  
Yet methinks, when I view the fair circle around,  
I'm in hopes they'll not ask for what cannot be found.*

## EPILOGUE.

*An Epilogue stol'n, cries Old Crusty, out yonder !*

[Pointing to the Pit.

*A fine prize, indeed ! who should steal it, I wonder ?*

*He, surely, must be a strange dolt, who contested*

*A bill on Parnassus, so often protested.—*

*Nay, Sirs, 'tis a loss ; so, pray ye, don't flout it.—*

*Good or bad, custom's all, and we can't do without it.*

*Yet, in search of our stray, I'll e'en now look elsewhere.*

*There's no wit in't, I'm sure, so it cannot be there.*

*—Higher up, then—Hey—what—Nay, come, I'll not*

*wrong ye.*

[To the Galleries.

*Not one roguish face can I spy out among ye ;*

*But sound hearts and sound heads, with too great a store*

*Of mirth in yourselves, to steal from the poor.*

*All good men and true. So I give up the cause.*

*And since, then, our Bard can't bring you to the laws,*

*Ev'n let her be the Culprit, and steal—your applause.*

*God save the King !*

[Rings the Bell, and exit.



---

# BLUE-BEARD;

OR,

## FEMALE CURIOSITY!

---

### ACT I.

---

#### SCENE I.

*A Turkish Village—A Romantick, Mountainous Country beyond it.*

SELIM is discovered under FATIMA'S Window, to which a Ladder of Silken Ropes is fastened.

DAWN.

DUET—SELIM AND FATIMA.

SELIM.

TWILIGHT glimmers o'er the Steep:

Fatima! Fatima! wakest thou, dear?

Grey-eyed Morn begins to peep:

Fatima! Fatima! Selim's here!

Here are true-love's cords attaching

To your window.—Lift! Lift!

*(Fatima opens the Window.)*

Fati. Dearest Selim! I've been watching;

B

*(Fatima*



Yes, I see the filken twist.

*Sel.* Down, Down, Down, Down, Down!

Down the Ladder gently trip;

Pit a pat, pit a pat,—haste thee, dear!

*Fati.* O! I'm sure my foot will slip!

*(With one foot out of the Window.)*

*Sel.* Fatima!---

*Fati.* Well Selim?---

*Sel.* Do not fear!

*(She gets upon the Ladder---they keep time in singing to her steps as she descends, towards the end of the last line she reaches the ground and they embrace.)*

*Both.* Pit a pat, pit a pat, Pit a pat,

Pit a pat, pit a pat---Pat, Pat, Pat.

*(As they embrace, Ibrahim puts his head out, from the door of the House.)*

*Ibra.* Ah, *râitreis!*—Have I caught you! *(comes forward)* Attempt to run away with a Man?—and, not only with a man, but a Trooper!—One of the Spahis. —Wicked Fatima!—Much as Mahomet's brood must have increased, there isn't one turtle in all our Prophet's pigeon-house, that wouldn't be ready to pick at you. In,—in, and repent! *(pushes her into the house.)*

*Sel.* Hear me Ibrahim!

*Ibra.* I won't hear you, as I'm a Mussulman!

*Sel.* Credit me to suppose that——

*Ibra.* I won't credit any thing, as I'm a True Believer!

*Sel.* Did not you promise her to me in marriage?

*Ibra.* Um?—Why, I did say something like getting a Licence from the Cadi.

*Sel.* And, what has made you break your word?

*I-ra.* A better Bridegroom for my daughter.

*Sel.* Why better than I?

*Ibra.*

*Ibra.* He's richer.—You have your merits—but he's a Bashaw, with Three Tails.

*Sel.* Does that make him more deserving?

*Ibra.* To be sure it does, all the world over. Throw Riches and Power into the scale, and simple Merit soon kicks the beam.—Now to cut the matter short. You're a very pretty Trooper; so troop off:—for Abomelique—the great Abomelique, comes, this day, to carry my daughter to his magnificent Castle, and espouse her.

*Sel.* Abomelique!—The pest of all the neighbouring country.

*Ibra.* Yes—he's by far the best of all the neighbouring country.

*Sel.* Who deals, as all around declare, in spells and magick.

*Ibra.* Aye—You can't say of him, as they do of many great folks, that he's no Conjuror.

*Sel.* And you think this man calculated to make a good husband to Fatima?

*Ibra.* Positively.

*Sel.* Better than I?

*Ibra.* Um—Comparatively.

*Sel.* And you now look upon me with contempt?

*Ibra.* Superlatively—I do, by the Temple of Mecca!

*Sel.* Now, by my injuries old man!—but I curb my just resentment:—You are the Father of my Fatima;—but for my Rival——

*Ibra.* He is able enough to maintain his own cause.

*Sel.*



*Ire.* Dear ! how can you think of marrying my Sister to this Bashaw ?

*Ibra.* And pray, good mistress Irene, with all the submission of a dutiful Father, may I crave to know your objections ?

*Ire.* Why in the first place, then, Father, he has a Blue Beard.

*Ibra.* And who, in the name of all the Devils, made you a judge of Beards ?

*Ire.* Well, I do think it was sent as a punishment to him, on account of all his unfortunate wives.

*Ibra.* Ha ! now, under favour, I do think that a man's wives are punishment enough, in themselves. Praised be the wholesome Law of Mahomet that stinted a Turk to only four at a time !

*Ire.* The Bashaw had never more than one at a time ;—and 'tis whispered that he beheaded the poor souls one after another :—for in spite of his power there's no preventing talking.

*Ibra.* That's true, indeed ;—and, if cutting off women's heads won't prevent talking, I know of no method likely to prosper !—But, I'll make You silent, Mistress, depend on't.—No more of this prate !

*Ire.* I have done, Father !

*Ibra.* Prepare to take up your abode with your Sister, at the Castle.

*Ire.* O, I am very, very glad I am to be with her ! Are not you, Fatima ?

*Fati.* I am indeed, Irene. A loved Sister's presence will be a consolation to me, in my miseries.

*Ibra.*

*Ibra.* Perhaps I may contrive to go with you, too.—If I could bring it about, I should dwell there in all the respect due to a relation of the mighty Abomelique. Let me once get footing in Old Three-Tails Castle, and I'll tickle up the Slaves for a great man's Father-in-Law, I'll warrant me!—Hark!—I hear him on the march over the mountain:—and here are all our neighbours, pouring out of their houses, to see the procession.

*The Sun rises gradually.—A March is heard at a great distance.—ABOMELIQUE, and a magnificent train, appear, at the top of the Mountain.—They descend through a winding path:—Sometimes they are lost to the sight, to mark the irregularities of the road. The Musick grows stronger as they approach.—At length, ABO-MELIQUE'S train range themselves on each side of the Stage, and sing the Chorus, as he marches down through their ranks.—The Villagers come from their Houses.*

## GRAND CHORUS.

Mark his approach with Thunder! Strike on the trembling  
Spheres!

With martial crash,

The Cymbals' clash;

'Tis the Bashaw appears.

War in his eye-ball glistens! Slave of his lip is Law;

Our Life, and Death

Hang on his breath:---

Hail to the great Bashaw!

*Abom.*



*Abom.* Now, Ibrahim;—I come to claim my Bride,—the lovely Fatima. To take this village rose from the obscure and lowly shade, and place her in a warmer soil; where the full Sun of Wealth shall shine upon her, and add a richer glow to the sweet blush of beauty.

*Ibra.* Most puissant Bashaw!—I am proud that any twig of mine is thought worthy of a place in your Shrubbery.—Irene, as you desired, shall go with Fatima, as companion. For myself, mighty Sir, I am a tough Stick, somewhat dry, and a little too old, perhaps, to be moved:—but, to say the truth, since you are going to take off my suckers, if I were to be transplanted along with them, I think I should thrive.

*Abom.* It shall be order'd so.

*Ibra.* Shall it!—Then, if I don't make shift to flourish, cut me down, and make fire-wood of me.

*Abom.* Be satisfied—you shall along with us There shall not be one countenance on which my power, and this day's festival, does not impress a smile.

*Sel.* That's false, by Mahomet!

*Abom.* How now!—Who dares utter that?

*Ibra.* Hush!—(*Stopping Selims mouth*). He's nobody—Only a poor mad Trooper.—You may know he's a Trooper by his swearing.—Beneath your mighty notice.

*Abom.* What prompts him to this boldness?

*Sel.* Injury—You have basely wronged me.

*Abom.*



*Abom.* Rash fool!—know my power and respect it.

*Sel.* When Power is respected, it's basis must be Justice. 'Tis then an edifice that gives the humble shelter and they reverence it:—But, 'tis a hated shallow fabrick, that rears itself upon oppression:—the breath of the discontented swells into a gale around it, 'till it totters.

*Abom.* Speak—how are you aggrieved?

*Fati.* Let me inform him.

*Ibra.* O, plague!—Hold your tongue!—A woman always makes bad worse.

*Abom.* Proceed, sweet Fatima!

*Fati.* I was poor, and happy;—for my wishes were lowly as my state.—Content and Peace dwelt in our Cottage;—nor were these smiling inmates ruffled, when Love stole in, and found a shelter in my bosom. My Father placed my hand in this young Soldier's, and taught me that our fortunes soon should be united.—Poor Selim's soul spoke in his eyes, and mine replied, (for true love's eyes are eloquent) that, through my life, I wished no other protector than a brave youth, whose lot, being humble like my own, the more endeared him to me. Our hopes and joys were ripening daily: You came, and all are blighted! (*falls in Selim's arms.*)

*Abom.* Tear them asunder.—Intulted! and by a Slave that——

(*SELIM offers to draw, and is restrained by ABOMELIQUE'S Attendants.*)

Thou

Thou art beneath my notice.—You, Fatima, must to the Castle.—Prepare the Palanquin! (*to the Attendants*) We are advanced too far, Lady—we cannot now recede.

(*A Magnificent Palanquin is brought in, drawn by Black Slaves.*)

## GRAND CHORUS.

Advance!

See us the Bride attending!

Echo shall now the chaunt prolong,

Torn with a lusty Turkish Song,

While the Star of the World is ascending.

(*ABOMELIQUE leads FATIMA towards the Palanquin.*)

Hark to the Drum!

Come, Comrades, Come!

Time will not brook delaying.---

(*ABOMELIQUE forces FATIMA into the Palanquin, who struggles.*)

See she resists---her Struggles note!

Sel. & Fat. O give me  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{her} \\ \text{him} \end{array} \right\}$  on whom I dote!

ABOMELIQUE draws his sabre---all the SLAVES draw.

Sabres are gleaming round the throat

Of Beauty disobeying.

[*Exeunt, hurrying off FATIMA. IRENE is seated with her in the Palanquin.*]

---

## SCENE II.

*A Hall in Abomelique's Castle.*

*Enter BEDA, (with a Guittar.)*

*Beda.* Where can he be loitering so long!—Why, Shacabac!—Poor melancholy fool! he's in some dark corner of the Castle, now,—moping, and sighing as

C

usual

usual—This is the hour he should come to take his daily lesson with me on the Guittar. Musick is the only thing that makes him merry.—Why, Shacabac !

*Enter SHACABAC, (with a Guittar.)*

*Shac.* Here I am, Beda !

*Beda.* Why, where have you been, all this time, Shacabac ?

*Shac.* Getting all in readiness for the Bashaw's return, with his intended Bride.—They say she's very handsome.—Poor soul !—I pity her. (*half aside*)

*Beda.* Pity a woman because she is handsome !—Pray, then, keep out of my way, for I don't like to be pitied.

*Shac.* Did I say, Pity ?—Oh no—I didn't intend that—Heigho !—

*Beda.* Now what can you be sighing for ?—

*Shac.* That wasn't sighing.—I'm like our old blind camel,—a little short winded, that's all.

*Beda.* I'm sure, Shacabac, you ought to be the happiest creature in the Castle.—The Bashaw loads you with his favours.

*Shac.* O, very heavily, indeed !—I don't dispute that.

*Beda.* You are his chief attendant ; and he honours you with more employment than all the other slaves put together.

*Shac.*

*Shac.* Works me like a mule;—it would be ungrateful to deny it.

*Beda.* And every body thinks that he trusts you with all his secrets.

*Shac.* (*Alarmed*) No!—Do they think that?

*Beda.* Yes; and, to say truth, you keep them lock'd up as close——

*Shac.* (*starting*) Lock'd up!—how!—why, you—where should I keep them lock'd up?

*Beda.* In your breast, to be sure.

*Shac.* Oh!—Yes—yes:—That is if he trusts me with any:—but to think that a Bashaw would tell his secrets to a slave!—nonsense!

*Beda.* Nay, it isn't for nothing he takes you to talk with him, in private, in the Blue Chamber.

*Shac.* (*very earnestly*) Don't mention that, Beda!—Never mention the Blue Chamber again!

*Beda.* Why, what harm is there in the Blue Chamber?

*Shac.* None in the world:—but you know I'm full of melancholy fancies:—and I never go into that Blue Chamber that I don't feel as if I were tormented with Devils.

*Beda.* Mercy!—What Devils, Shacabac?

*Shac.* (*recovering himself, & smiling*) Only Blue Devils, Beda!—Nothing more. Come—Hang Sorrow!—Let's strike up a tune, on the Guittar.

*Beda.* Aye, that makes you merry, at the worst of times,

*Shac.* That it does, Beda.

# D U E T.

*Shacabac and Beda.*

BEDA.

Yes, Beda,---This, Beda, when I melancholy grow,  
This tinkling heart-sinking soon can drive away.

BEDA.

When hearing sounds cheering, then we blythe and jolly  
grow ;

How do you, while to you, Shacabac, I play?

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink---the sweet Guittar shall cheer  
you.

Clink, clinka, clinka, clink---So gaily let us sing !

SHAC.

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink---A pleasure 'tis to hear you,

While, neatly, you sweetly, sweetly touch the string !

BOTH.

Tink, tinka, &c.

SHAC.

Once fighting, sick, dying, Sorrow hanging over me,

Faint, weary, sad, dreary, on the ground I lay ;

There moaning, deep groaning, Beda did discover me---

BEDA.

Strains soothing, Care smoothing, I began to play.

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink,---the sweet Guittar could cheer  
you :

Clink, clinka, clinka, clink, so gaily did I sing !

SHAC.

Tink, tinka, tinka, tink,---A pleasure 'twas to hear you,

While, neatly. You sweetly, sweetly touch'd the string !

BOTH.

Tink, tinka, &c.

( *A Horn*

*(A Horn is sounded without.)*

*Shac.* Hark!—the Horn sounds at the Castle Gate.—The Bashaw is return'd.

*Beda.* And brings his Bride with him. I long to see her! I must join the rest of the slaves presently. You know, Shacabac, we are all to kneel, and cry “May she live long and happy!”

*Shac.* Heaven send she may!—Hush! The Bashaw!

*Enter ABOMELIQUE.*

*Abom.* Oh, you are here.

*Shac.* To obey your pleasure. Your Slave humbly trusts that, in preparing for our new Mistress, nothing has been neglected.

*Abom.* I commend your care;—and, while the lovely Fatima is inspecting her apartments, I have employment for you. You must attend me.

*Shac.* Whither, mighty Sir?

*Abom.* To the Blue Chamber.

*Shac.* The Blue Cha———(*drops the Guittar*)

*Abom.* What ails the driveller?—

*Shac.* No——Nothing——nothing.—That terrible sound sets me a shivering! (*half aside.*)

*Abom.* What say you?

*Shac.* I say the Guittar fell to the ground, and I was afraid of it's shivering.

*Abom.* Attend me.

*Shac.*



*Shac.* I follow.

*(Exit Abomelique, followed by Shacabac.)*

*Beda.* Poor Shacabac! what can be the matter with him!—Perhaps he has been crossed in Love—and, now I think of it, he must have a mistress some where—or he never would be so often alone with me without saying one tender thing to me—Ah, Love, Love!—I never shall forget my poor, dear, lost Cassib.

### S O N G.

His sparkling eyes were dark as jet;

Chica, Chica, Chica, Cho.

Can I my comely Turk forget?---

Oh! never, never, never, no!

Did he not watch 'till Night did fall,

And sail in silence on the Sea;

Did he not climb our sea-girt wall,

To talk so lovingly to me?---

O! his sparkling eyes, &c.

His Lips were of the coral hue,

His Teeth of ivory so white;

But he was hurried from my view,

Who gave to me so much delight!

And, why should tender Lovers part!

And why should Fathers cruel be!

Why bid me banish from my heart

A heart so full of Love for me!

O! his sparkling eyes, &c

*(Exit.)*

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*A Blue Apartment\**

*A winding Stair-case on one side.—A Large door in the middle of the Flat.—Over the door, a Picture of Abomelique, kneeling in amorous supplication to a beautiful woman.—Other Pictures, and Devices, on Subjects of Love, decorate the Apartment.*

ABOMELIQUE and SHACABAC descend the Stair.

(SHACABAC in apparent terror.)

*Abom.* You know my purpose.

*Shac.* I guess it.

*Abom.* Why do you tremble?

*Shac.* The air of this Apartment chills me:—and the business we are going upon isn't the best to inspire courage.

*Abom.* Fool!—When this mysterious Portal shall be open'd, what hast thou to dread?

*Shac.* Oh, nothing at all. The inhabitants of the inner apartment might terrify a man of tender nerves;—but what are they to me?—Only a few flying Phantoms, sheeted Spectres, skipping Skeletons, and grinning Ghosts at their gambols:—and as to those who had once the honour to be your wives,—poor souls!—they are harmless enough, now, whatever they might have been formerly.

*Abom.* 'Twas to prevent the harm with which  
their

\* The Dialogue of this Scene has undergone some alteration, since it was first represented: by which means the Blue Apartment is not shewn 'till the Second Act. The Author, however, prefers printing it as it was originally written.

their conduct threaten'd me, that they have suffer'd. Their crimes were on their heads.

*Shac.* Then their Crimes were as cleanly taken off their shoulders as Scymetar could carry them.—That Curiosity should cost so much!—If all women were to forfeit their heads for being inquisitive, what a number of sweet, pretty, female faces we should lose in the world!

*Abom.* Such punishment might outrun even Turkish Justice—but in me, 'tis prudence; Self preservation.—You are not ignorant of the prediction.

*Shac.* That it is your fate to marry, and your Life will be endangered by the Curiosity of the woman whom you espouse.

*Abom.* Thou hast the secret. Dare not to breathe it, or——

*Shac.* Don't look so terrible then,—for, if you scare away my senses, who knows but the secret may pop out along with them.

*Abom.* Well, I know thou darest not utter it. The mystick ceremonies, in which, from mere necessity, I have employ'd thee—thou weak and unapt agent—bear in them a supernatural force, fettering thy tongue in silence. (*gives him a Key decorated with Jewels*) Take the Key: apply it to the door.

*Shac.* Yes, I—but I was always from a boy, the merest bungler at a Lock that——

*Abom.* Dastard!—Thou know'it how readily 'twill open.

*Shac.* But must I once more open it to——

*Abom.*

*Abom.* Be speedy! This Talisman must, ere my marriage rites are solemnized, be placed within the Tomb of those whose rashness has laid them cold beneath the icy hand of Death.

*Shac.* Mercy on us!—I know not for the icy hand of Death:—But if Fear would do me the favour to keep his chilly paws off me, I should be much warmer than I am at present.

*Abom.* No dallying.

*Shac.* I obey.—

*SHACABAC puts the Key into the Lock; the Door instantly sinks, with a tremendous crash: and the Blue Chamber appears streaked with vivid streams of Blood. The figures in the Picture, over the door, change their position, and ABOMELIQUE is represented in the action of beheading the Beauty he was, before, supplicating.—The Pictures, and Devices, of Love, change to subjects of Horror and Death. The interior apartment (which the sinking of the door discovers,) exhibits various Tombs, in a sepulchral building;—in the midst of which ghastly and supernatural forms are seen;—some in motion, some fix'd—In the centre, is a large Skeleton seated on a tomb, (with a Dart in his hand) and, over his head, in characters of Blood, is written*

“THE PUNISHMENT OF CURIOSITY.”

*Abom.* Thou seest yon fleshless form.

(*pointing to the Skeleton.*)

*Shac.* O, yes!—and my own flesh crawls whenever I look upon him. (*giving Abomelique the Key.*)

D

*Abom.*

*Abom.* Henceforward he must be my destiny. Dæmon of Blood!—(*addressing the Skeleton*) Death's Courier!—whose sport it is to sound War's Clarion;—to whet the knife of Suicide!—to lead the hired Murderer to the Sleeping Babe; and, with a ghastly smile of triumph, to register the Slaughter'd, who prematurely drop in Nature's Charnel-house;—here, here have I pent thee!—A prisoner to my Art,—here—to circumscribe thy general purposes, for my particular good—twelve winters have I kept thee!

*Shac.* Have you!—Allah preserve us!—but I must say that, considering the time, he looks so lean that he does his keeper no credit.

*Abom.* Approach him with respect.

*Shac.* Who, I?—I'd rather keep at a respectful distance.

*Abom.* Take this Talisman.

*Shac.* 'Tis a Dagger.

*Abom.* 'Tis a charmed one. While it remains beneath the foot of that same ghastly form, I am free from mortal power. Another hand than mine must place it there. Thou must perform the office.

(*Gives him the Talisman.*)

*Shac.* Must I!—well—I—(*approaching the figure*) O, Mahome!—If ever I get away safe from this gentleman who has jumped out of his Skin, I shall jump out of my own, for joy!—

SHACABAC



*SHACABAC* lays the Dagger at the foot of the Skeleton.—It Thunders and Lightens violently. The inscription, over the Skeleton's head, changes to the following—

“THIS SEPULCHRE SHALL INCLOSE HER WHO  
MAY ENDANGER THE LIFE OF ABOMELI-  
QUE”——

The Skeleton raises his arm which holds the Dart; then lets his arm fall again. *SHACABAC* jagggers from the Sepulchre, into the Blue Chamber, and falls on his face; when the Door, instantly rising, closes the interior building.—The streaks of blood vanish from the walls of the Blue Chamber, and *ABOMELIQUE*'s Picture, with the other Pictures, and Devices, resume their original appearance.

*Abom.* It omens prosperously! This Sepulchre shall inclose Her who may endanger the Life of Abomelique.—Her death then is the penalty of her rashness. May Fatima be prudent, and avoid it.—Rouse thee, dull fool!—Thy Task is ended: arise, and follow me hence:

*Shac.* That I will, if my Legs have power to carry me. (*getting up*)

*Abom.* Hark!—I hear a foot in yonder gallery:—Ascend the Stairs with me, in silence. Chattering will cost thy Life.

*Shac.* Then I am sure you must pull out my teeth,



for they chatter in spite of me. (*Abomelique makes a sign to him to follow*) I attend!—

(*They ascend the Stair-case, and the Scene closes.*)

## S C E N E, IV.

*An Apartment in the Castle.—Enter FATIMA and IRENE.*

*Ire.* Prythee, dearest sister, take comfort.

*Fati.* Where shall I find it? Torn from the man I love, and forced into the arms of one whom I, and all around, detest, where should I look for comfort! My waking thoughts are torments; and, since this marriage was proposed, my very dreams have foreboded misery.

## S O N G.

*Fatima.*

While, pensive, I thought on my Love,  
The Moon, on the Mountain, was bright;  
And Philomel, down in the grove,  
Broke, sweetly, the silence of Night.

O, I wish'd that the tear-drop would flow!  
But I felt too much anguish to weep;  
'Till, worn with the weight of my woe,  
I sunk on my pillow, to sleep.

Methought that my Love, as I lay,  
His ringlets all clotted with gore,  
In the paleness of Death, seem'd to say,  
"Alas! we must never meet more!"

"Yes, yes, my beloved! we must part;"  
"The Steel of my Rival was true;—  
"The Assassin has struck on that heart,"  
"Which beat with such fervour for you."

*Ire.*

*Ire.* Why, to be sure, 'tis a sad thing to lose Selim.—He is a good youth.—And we women have, somehow, such a pleasure in looking at a good young man, when he happens to be very handsome! Yet the Bashaw, bating his Beard, isn't so very ugly neither. Then, you know, he rolls in riches.

*Fati.* He abuses them, Irene. Wealth, when it's purpose is perverted, makes the possessor odious. When virtuous men have gold they purchase their own happiness, by making others happy:—Heap treasure on the vicious, they strengthen their injustice with the sweet means of Charity, and turn the poor man's blessing to a curse.

*Ire.* Well now it's a great pity you happen'd to love Selim first. Who knows but the Bashaw may turn out good to us, after all. See what fine cloaths he has given us already.

*Fati.* Alas, my sister! these gay trappings communicate no pleasure to an aching heart.

*Ire.* I wish they could see us in them, in our village, for all that. Then we are to have a fine feast, to-night, in honour of your nuptials, which are to take place to-morrow.

*Enter SHACABAC.*

*Shac.* Madam, the Bashaw waits, to attend you, to the illuminated Garden.

*Ire.* There—the illuminated Garden! I told you so.

*Ire.*

*Fati.* I attend him. Come, Sister.

(*Exeunt Fatima and Irene.*)

*Shac.* Poor soul ! must she be sacrificed, too, to the Bashaw's cruelty ! His savage spirit settles all family disputes with the edge of the Scymetar.

## S O N G.

A Fond Husband, will, after a conjugal Strife,  
Kiss, forgive, weep, and fall on the neck of his Wife.  
But Abomelique's wife other conduct may dread---  
When he falls on her Neck, 'tis to cut off her head.

How many there are, when a Wife plays the fool,  
Will argue the point with her, calmly, and cool ;  
The Bashaw, who don't relish debates of this sort,  
Cuts the Woman, as well as the Argument, short.

But, whatever her errors, 'tis mighty unfair  
To cut off her Head, just as if 'twere all Hair ;---  
For, this truth is maintain'd by Philosophers still,---  
That the Hair grows again, but the Head never will.

And, among all the basest, sure he is most base,  
Who can view, then demolish, a Woman's sweet face !  
Her smiles might the malice of Devils disarm ;  
And the Devil take Him who would offer her harm !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

## SCENE V.

*A Garden—brilliantly and fancifully illuminated—A Fountain playing in the middle of it—An elevated Sofa on one side, under a rich Canopy.*

*A LARGE COMPANY OF SLAVES discovered—some DANCERS—others with Musical instruments—They all appear as preparing for an entertainment.*

*BEDA is foremost among them.*

*Enter IBRAHIM.*

*Ibra.* That's right! You poor abominable Devils, who have the happiness to be Slaves to my Son-in-law, that's right! Thrum you guittars, puff your trumpets, and blow your flutes, in honour of your new Mistress, my daughter. Come here you long winded dog!—*(to a slave with a trumpet)* Tell me who I am.

*Slave.* You are old Ibrahim.

*Ibra.* Old Ibrahim!—These Slaves are remarkably free!—I am the Father of the Lady who is to be Wife of the Man, who is the Master of you.—What a fine thing it is to be Father-in-law to Three Tails!—*(Sees Beda)* O, dear! there's a pretty black-eyed girl!—Come here, and tell me your name.

*Beda.* My name is Beda, so please you!

*Ibra.* Beda, is it?—Why you little Devil, you're an Angel.

*Beda.* Oh no, Sir,—I'm only one of the family.

*Ibra.* Then give me a family kiss.—

*Beda*

*Beda.* Dear ! if the Bashaw should see you !

*Ibra.* Then he'd say you have a good taste.—  
Cheer up, little one !—I rule the roast here.—It  
shan't go worse with you than I have power, and you  
have charms. It's amazing, when Beauty pleads  
with a Great Man, how much quicker it rises to  
promotion than ugly-faced merit.—(*A Flourish of  
Musick without*) Silence ! Here comes the great  
Abomelique !—Son-in-Law to me, who am the  
Father to the Lady, who is to marry the man, that  
is master to you.—Stand aside !—be ready—Strain  
your throats, kick your heels, and shew obedience.

ABOMELIQUE enters with FATIMA, IRENE accompa-  
nying them. ABOMELIQUE and FATIMA seat them-  
selves under the Canopy.

#### A GRAND DANCE.

#### CHORUS.

Lowly we bend in Duty.

Queen of the peaceful Bowers !

We bow to the foot-steps of beauty :

And strew her path with flowers.

The mellow flute is blowing,

Bounce goes the Tambourin ;

Sweet harmony is flowing,

To welcome Beauty's Queen.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

---

A C T II.

---

S C E N E I.

## A W O O D.

A COMPANY OF SPAHIS (*or Turkish Soldiers*) *dis-*  
*coverd in ambush.*

## G L E E.

STAND close !---Our Comrade is not come :

Ere this, he must be hovering near ;---

Give him a Signal we are here,

By gently tapping on the Drum.

Rub, Dub, Dub.

A Comrade's wrong'd : Revenge shall work :

Thus, till our project's ripe, we lurk ;---

And still, to mark that we are here,

Yet not alarm the distant ear,

With caution, ever and anon,

The Drum we gently tap upon.

Rub, Dub, Dub.

E

1st



1st. *Spa.* Selim tarries long.

2d *Spa.* Disappointed Love is a heavy luggage ;  
—and he who travels with it generally proceeds  
slowly.

3d *Spa.* Not when the hope of redress is pack'd  
up with his disappointments : and Revenge has  
long spurs to quicken a dull motion.—Were  
you ever in love, Comrade ? (*to a sullen rough look-  
ing companion.*)

4th *Spa.* (*very gruffly*) I once knew the tender  
passion.

3d *Spa.* Were you successful when you adored ?

4th *Spa.* Um !—Why the chances were against  
me.

3d *Spa.* How so ?

4th *Spa.* I adored eleven, and obtained but five,  
—'Twas hard, for a man who was so constant  
to'em.

1st *Spa.* Well, we are all Soldiers. War is the  
mistress I pursue.

2d *Spa.* You must take pains to keep sight of  
her, for you have lost one eye in her service al-  
ready..

1th *Spa.* Wounds of honour, brother, form the  
Warrior's proudest Epitaph. My loss perhaps may  
live in story.

4th *Spa.* It must live in a blind story, then, if it  
live at all, brother.

3d *Spa.* Come, no more of this.

1st

1st *Spa.* Nay, let them proceed. They are only in sport. My Comrades know that the breath of a few ribald jelllers can never wither the laurels a Soldier gains in protecting his Country.—Look out!—Here comes Selim!—

*Enter SELIM.*

2d *Spa.* Well met.—We have been a full hour at our post, here.

*Sel.* Your pardon. The entanglements of the Wood retarded my progress.

3d *Spa.* Now, Comrade:—The time's at hand when we will redress you.

*Sel.* I know your zeal. A Spahi never permits a brother's injuries to remain unrevenged.

4th *Spa.* We'll seize upon Blue-Beard, and dry-shave him with a two-edged Scymetar.

*Sel.* If it be expedient to attack the Castle, be cautious, friends, in the procedure. My Fatima, else, may fall in the confusion.

2d *Spa.* Fear not that.—We'll crack the walls like a nut-shell, and extract your mistress, safe and sound, like the kernel.

4th *Spa.* Our Horses stand a few paces hence. Let us mount, and away!

*Sel.* We will, my Comrades!—We have some distance yet to ride, ere we reach the domain of Abomeliqûé. Prepare,—I'll follow, instantly.—Thanks for your aid.

1st *Spa.* Nay, we want no thanks. Men are unworthy of succour in their own time of need,

who will not be active to relieve the sufferings of their fellows.—March, Comrades!

*(Exeunt Spahis.)*

*Sel.* Now, Fortune! Smile upon a Soldier's honest love, struggling to rescue injured virtue from oppression.

## S O N G.

*Selim.*

Hear me, O Fortune, hear me!  
Thy aid, O let me prove!  
Now in this struggle cheer me,  
And crown the hopes of Love!

Then Vice no more shall revel;—  
Yes, Tyrant, we shall meet;

A Soldier's Sword shall level  
Oppression at my feet,

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.

*An Apartment in Abomelique's Castle.*

*Enter ABOMELIQUE, FATIMA, and SHACABAC.*

*Abom.* Yes, Fatima; business of import calls me.—for a few hours I leave you. Soon as the Sun slopes through the azure vault of Heaven, to kiss the mountain's top, and Evening's lengthen'd shadows forerun the dew-drops of the night, then look for my return. Then shall our marriage be accomplished.

*Fat.* Alas!—if ever pity——

*Abom.*

*Abom.* No more of this—Off with this maiden coynefs:—And, in my abſence, be gay and jo-  
cund. This Caſtle can afford diverſion, Lady. Rove  
freely through it.—Here are the keys——

*Shac.* (*involuntarily interrupting*) What *all* the keys?

*Abom.* Peace, Slave! Inſpect the rich Apar'-  
ments. Theſe open every door:—This Slave, here,  
ſhall conduct you—But, with them, take this cau-  
tion.

*Fati.* A Caution!

*Abom.* Yes: this Key, ſparkling with diamonds,  
opens a door within the blue apartment.

*Shac.* (*ſighing*) Oh!

*Abom.* That Door, and that alone—is ſacred.  
Dare to open it, and the moſt dreadful puniſhment  
that tongue can utter will await you.

(*Here SHACABAC gives ABOMELIQUE a look of ſuppli-  
cation for FATIMA, and is repelled by a ferocious  
frown from his MASTER.*)

It is the ſole reſtraint I ever ſhall impoſe. In all  
eſſe you have ample ſcope.—Merit my indulgence,  
and tremble to abuſe it. (*gives the Keys*)

*Fati.* I tremble now, to hear your words, and  
mark your manner.

*Shac.* (*aſide*) So do I, I'm ſure!

*Fati.* If this Key be of ſuch import, 'twere beſt  
not truſt it to my keeping.

*Shac.* Oh, much the beſt.—Pray take it again!  
—Pray do! (*anxiously*)

*Abom.*

*Abom.* Be dumb!—No, Fatima.—A Wife were unworthy of my love, could I not confide in her discretion.—Prove I may trust in your's implicitly.—Follow me, Slave, to the Castle gate;—then hasten back to attend your mistress.

*Shac.* Yes, I——Pray then don't stir from here till I come, Lady!—If the poor soul should get to the Blue Chamber before I return, and——(*aside*)

*Abom.* Farewell, Fatima!—Come on. [*Exit.*

*Shac.* I come——Oh!—(*first looks at FATIMA, then at his Master, between anxiety for the one and terror of the other:—Then Exit, after AROMELIQUE.*)

*Fati.* What can this mean?—His ferocious look, as he pronounced the solemn charge, struck horror through me!—The countenance, too, of the trembling Slave was mark'd with mystery'

*Enter IRENE.*

*Ire.* So, Sister!—The Bashaw is going, I hear, 'till the evening.—What are those keys in your hand?

*Fati.* They open every door within the walls.—Abomelique has left them with me, that we may wander through the Castle.

*Ire.* Well, now, that is very kind of him.

*Fati.* I have no joy, now, Irene, in observing the idle glitter, and luxury of wealth.

*Ire.* Haven't you?—but I have. We'll have a rare rummage!—I won't leave a single nook, nor corner, unexamined.

*Fati.*

*Fati.* That must not be. There is one room we are forbidden to enter.

*Ire.* A forbidden Room!—Dear, now, I had rather see that room than any other in the Castle! Did the Bashaw forbid us?

*Fati.* He did;—and with an emphasis so earnest, a manner so impressive, that he has taught me a fatal consequence would wait on disobedience.

*Ire.* Mercy!—How I do long to see that room!—Do let me just look at the key.

*Fati.* Beware, Irene! (*shewing her the key.*)

*Ire.* Dear, there can be no harm in looking at a key.—What, is this it?—Well, it is a monstrous fine one, I declare! Dear Fatima! how pretty it would be just to take one peep!

*Fati.* Tempt me not to a breach of faith, Irene. When we betray the confidence reposed in us, to gratify our curiosity, a crime is coupled to a failing, and we employ a vice to feed a weakness.—The door within the blue apartment must remain untouch'd.

*Ire.* Well, I have done:—but we may see the rest of the rooms, I suppose?

*Fati.* If that can please you, Sister, I will accompany you.

*Ire.* That's my good, kind Fatima!—If I could but get her by degrees to this Blue Apartment! (*Aside.*) Come;—we'll go, and look over the Castle.—I saw some rich dresses, in a wardrobe, at  
the



the end of the gallery, that would have suited me, nicely, in the dance last night.

## S O N G.

*Irene.*

Moving to the melody of musick's note,  
 Observe the Turkish fair advance,  
 Lightly as the Gossamer she seems to float,  
     Thro' mazes of the Dance.  
     Sportive is the measure,  
     Thrilling is the pleasure,  
 While in merry glee, the Sexes join;  
     Deeper-blushing roses,  
     Ev'ry cheek discloses,  
 Eyes with Lustre shine.  
     Moving to the melody, &c.

When the lover takes her glowing hand,  
     With manly grace and ease,  
 Can the dancing female, then, withstand  
     His gentle squeeze?  
 No---She gives him then so languishing a glance,  
 Grown tender, soft, and melting with the dance.  
     Cupid, Cupid---God of hearts,  
     Dancing sharpens all your darts!  
     Moving to the melody, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Another Apartment in ABOMELIQUE'S Castle.*

*Enter IBRAHIM, running after BEDA.*

*Ibra.* Come here you little skipping jade, and let  
 me

me look at you!—(*takes hold of her.*) Tell me now, Don't you think you are very pretty?

*Beda.* I am such as Nature made me, Sir.

*Ibra.* Nature has been very kind to you, huffey! She has given you two black eyes.

*Beda.* That wasn't so very kind of her, Sir.

*Ibra.* Don't you know I am made *Major Domo*?

*Beda.* Yes.—The Bashaw has given you the command, it seems, over the slaves.

*Ibra.* Then obey me.

*Beda.* How, Sir?

*Ibra.* How?—Why—Shew me your teeth.

*Beda.* My teeth?

*Ibra.* Yes.—Giggle.—(*BEDA laughs.*) O, Mahomet!—There's ivory!—She has a handsomer mouth than an elephant!—Where were you born, child?

*Beda.* In Constantinople, Sir. My poor mother was carried off with a plague, there. My father had it at the same time.

*Ibra.* Did it kill him, then?

*Beda.* No, Sir:—he was very bad with it:—but when my mother died——

*Ibra.* Then your Father got rid of his Plague.

*Beda.* Yes, Sir.

*Ibra.* I don't doubt it. And, how came you a slave?

*Beda.* O, that's a very long story.

*Ibra.* Don't tell it, then. We've no need of long  
F stories,

stories, while there's opium in Turkey:—But I'll lighten the load of your bondage.

*Beda.* Will you, indeed, Sir?

*Ibra.* Yes.—I am a true Turkish lover.—And know all the amorous phraseology of our Country.—You shall be the Nutmeg of my affections, my All-spice of delight. When I meet you in the grove of Nightingales, let not your eyes be disdainful as the Stag's.—There!—Now, go and tell Mustapha to mend the hole the rat gnaw'd in my slipper last night!—in that damn'd cock-loft my son-in-law crams me into, by way of a bed-chamber.

*Beda.* Am I to go now, Sir?

*Ibra.* Aye.—Stay!—Give me a kiss first.—What you are loth to take it?

*Beda.* O, Sir, we slaves must take any thing.  
(*He kisses her.*)

*Ibra.* Adieu!—Crown of my head!

*Beda.* Good bye, Sir!—An old dotard!

[*Exit* BEDA.]

*Ibra.* My fortune's made! Abomelique marries my daughter to-night, and puts me into power, because he can't help it.

SONG.

## S O N G.

*Ibrahim.*

*Major Domo* am I  
 Of this grand Family ;  
 My word through the Castle prevails :  
 I'm appointed the Head  
 That must keep up the dread,  
 And the pomp, of my Son-in-Laws Tails.  
 I strut as fine as any Macaw,  
 I'll change for down my bed of straw,  
 On perquisites I lay my paw,  
 I pour wine, sily, down my maw,  
 I stuff good victuals in my craw,  
 'Tis a very fine thing to be Father-in-Law  
 To a very magnificent three tail'd Bashaw !

## II.

The Slaves, black and white,  
 Of each Sex own my might ;  
 I command full three hundred and ten.  
 The Females I'll kiss,  
 But it won't be amiss  
 To fright them, with thumping the Men.  
 I strut as fine &c.

## III.

At the Head of Affairs,  
 Turn me out, then who dares.---  
 Let them prove the Head pilfers and steals :  
 No three tail'd Bashaw  
 Kicks his Father-in-Law,  
 And makes his Head take to his Heels.  
 I strut as fine &c,

[Exit IBRAHIM.]

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

*The Blue Apartment.*

FATIMA and IRENE are discovered on the Top of the Stair-case.

*Fati.* I am tired, already, with the search we have made, Irene.

*Ire.* O, I could never be tired with such fine things as we have seen!—Do, now, just come down the stair, and walk through this wing of the building.

*Fati.* Well, I——

*Ire.* Aye, now, that's a sweet, good-natured sister!—*(they descend the stair.)*—Now here's a pretty room!—All furnish'd with Blue, I see.

*Fati.* With Blue!—'tis the very chamber we were caution'd to avoid. Imprudent girl!—Whither have you led me? Haste, haste, Irene, and let us leave it instantly.

*Ire.* Dear! where's the hurry?—I'm sure 'tis a very pretty room:—Besides, 'tis only the door in this room, which leads to another, you know, that you were bid not to touch.

*Fati.* No matter: 'Tis rash to tarry. Our being here may excite suspicion.

*Ire.* Suspicion!—Why, we have no bad purpose:—And, even, if we were to open the door—and there it stands, as if it seemed to invite the very  
key

key in your hand to come and unlock it—Why I see no such great crime in the action.

*Fati.* The Bashaw's charge, Irene——

*Ire.* Is a very ill-natured one. And should you disobey him, we could keep our own counsel.—Then if nobody knows we have found out his secret, what have we to fear, while we continue mute as death?

*A Voice within.* Death!—(*the women look at each other, and tremble.*)

*Fati.* Did you hear nothing, Irene?

*Ire.* Yes.—I—I—I—I thought I heard something that—Stay——O, it must be an echo.—These large old buildings are full of them.

*Fati.* It had an awful sound!—A tone like that, they say, will fall upon the flagged wing of midnight, crossing the fear struck traveller upon the desert, to give him token of a foul murder.

(*A deep groan is heard from the interior apartment.*)

*Fati.* O, Heaven have mercy!—What can this mean?

*Ire.* I know not!—It seems the accent of distress.—If so, it were humanity to succour the wretched soul who breathes it.

*Fati.* Humanity alone, my sister, could induce me to penetrate the mystery this Portal, here, incloses.

*Ire.* No eye can see us!

DUET.



## D U E T.

*Fatima and Irene.*

All is hush'd! No footstep falls!  
 And Silence reigns within the Walls!  
 The Place invites; the Door is near;  
 The Time is apt---The Key is here.  
 Say shall we? Yes. Say shall we? No!  
 What is it makes us tremble so!

Mischief is not our intent;  
 'Then wherefore fear we should repent?  
 Say shall we? Yes. The Door is near.  
 Say shall we? Yes. The Key is here.

*At the end of the Duet, FATIMA puts the Key in the Door, which sinks, and discovers the interior Apartment, as at first represented—The inscription over the Skeleton's head, is, now,*

**“THE PUNISHMENT OF CURIOSITY.”**

*The Blue Chamber undergoes the same change, as in the first instance. The WOMEN shriek, and run to each other, and hide their heads in each others bosoms.—At this moment SHACABAC appears at the top of the Stair-case:—then runs down hastily. As he descends, the Door rises, and the Chamber resumes it's original appearance.*

*Shac. (Speaking as descending)* O, 'tis as I fear'd!  
 This comes of her not waiting for me.—She knows the secret, and she dies!—O, Lady! what have you done?—

*Fati.* Begone!—You knew of this. Your look,  
 when

when late Abomelique left me, now is explained.—  
You are an accomplice in this bloody business.

*Shac.* I!

*Fati.* My Death, no doubt, is certain;—and, in you, perhaps, I see my executioner.

*Shac.* How a man's looks may belye him! This comes now, of my being such an ugly dog!—I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head to be made a Sultan.

*Fati.* Prove it, then, by saving us.

*Shac.* How?

*Ire.* Conduct us from the Castle.

*Shac.* Impossible. The outward Gates are closely guarded.

*Fati.* Nay, nay, you do not pity us.

*Shac.* Not pity you!—Oh! he must have a hard heart to see a lovely woman in extremity and not try to soften her distress.—Stay!—Perhaps we may conceal the—Where's the Key?—

*Ire.* It fell upon the ground and—

*Shac.* The ground!—Aye—Here—Perhaps we may be able to—*(taking it up)* Nay, then, every hope is lost!—The Key is broke!

*Fati.* All is discover'd then!

*Ire.* Certain. O, Fatima! would the Bashaw had any humanity within his breast, and that fatal Key could unlock it!—

*Shac.* O, would he had! I'd stuff the Key down his throat, as soon as he came home, to get at it—

*(The*

*(The Horn of the Castle Gate is sounded.)*

There!—The Bashaw return'd!—full six hours before his time!

*Ire.* O Heaven! what are we to do?

*Fati.* I am wreckless of the future. Perhaps 'twere better I should die!—'Twill end a Life, which promised nought but misery.

*Ire.* Die!—Oh, Sister! [*embracing her.*]

*Shac.* Do not weep! do not weep!—I'm almost distracted—Hurry hence—come, Lady!—meet him as if nothing had happen'd—Collect your spirits,—Smooth your looks.—This way, now!—O! if choaking can save your Life, my sorrow for you bids fair to preserve it. Come, Lady, come!

*(Exeunt, up Stair case.)*

## SCENE V.

*Another Apartment in the Castle.*

*Enter SHACABAC.---looking behind him as he enters.*

*Shac.* I have left them on the top of the Stair, that I may avoid observation.—If they get far enough from the Blue Chamber before inquiry is made for them, they may conceal the——

*Enter HASSAN. (Shacabac runs against him.)*

*Shac.* Umph!—Who's that?

*Haf.* Hassan—The black Eunuch.

*Shac.* Whither are you going?

*Haf.*

*Haf.* To seek the Lady Fatima by the Bashaw's order.

*Shac.* Are you?—If he meets them so near the fatal Chamber, and mentions it to the Bashaw, they are lost.—I must detain him.—I——Haffan!——I say, Haffan—How d'ye do, Haffan?—

*Haf.* I'm well, I thank you, Shacabac.

*Shac.* Well, are you?—Are you sure you are well?

*Haf.* Very well.

*Shac.* Very well?—Very well, I'm glad of it.—So am I, thank you, Haffan. That is I'm tolerable as the time goes.—But you had never the kindness to ask *me*;—Me, you fellow Slave!—Pray, now, do ask *me*:—Do,—for that will take up a little time.

[*Aside.*]

*Haf.* Why then, how dy'e do Shacabac?

*Shac.* Very ill indeed, Haffan!—Only feel my pulse.—Count it 'till it beats just one hundred and twenty.—Twice sixty seconds will delay him about two minutes. (*aside.*)

*Haf.* I don't know how to count Shacabac.

*Shac.* Don't you?—Why not?

*Haf.* I can't read.

*Shac.* That's a good reason.—I should think, ere this, they are far enough from the Blue Chamber to——A little longer to make all sure. (*aside*) I have been thinking Haffan, why you and I should be of different colours.

*Haf.* Fortune has disposed it so—She has made me black, and you white;—but don't let that motify you.

*Shac.* It shan't. But as you say, Hassan, Fortune will make men of different shades.—Fortune's chequer'd:—and she chequers men alternately—black and white—like the Squares in the Bashaw's Chess-Board.—When I think how much Fortune is chequer'd, I think—I think that—I think I have almost kept you long enough for my purpose (*aside*) What are the Bashaw's orders to the Lady Fatima?

*Haf.* That he must attend her, instantly, in the Garden.

*Shac.* In the Garden?—Was that the command, Hassan?

*Haf.* It was, Shacabac.

*Shac.* Then I'll tell you what, Hassan—if ever the Master of the Slaves gave you a sound drubbing, for staying so long on a message, you'll get one now.

*Haf.* Why have you delay'd me, then?

*Shac.* I!—You have delay'd me. You have a brain for business, Hassan;—but, whenever you meet any one in your way, you will stop, and gabble.—That's your fault—Away!

*Haf.* I'll go find her.

(*Exit Hassan*)

*Shac.* And I'll to the Garden, to watch her interview with the Bashaw: And weak as my means are, I'll catch at every straw to preserve her!

(*Exit Shacabac.*)

SCENE.



## S C E N E VI.

*A Garden.—In the back of which is a part of Abomelique's Castle—and a Draw-bridge leading to the Castle Gate.  
—A Corridor before the Apartments on the first story.  
—A Door beneath it.—A Turret on the top of the Building overlooking the Country.*

*Enter ABOMELIQUE, and a SLAVE.*

*Abom.* Is Fatima inform'd I wait her presence here?

*Slave.* Hassan by your command——She comes.

*Enter FATIMA.*

*Abom.* Leave us.

*(Exit Slave)*

*Fati. (in apparent confusion)* This speedy return I—I look'd not for.

*Abom.* I had accounts to settle,—with Traders,—Merchants from Gallipoli: But when worldly business draws men abroad who leave their hearts at home, then, Fatima, Love's wings give swiftness to the leaden hours of dull negotiation; and the mercurial spirit of an enamour'd mind consolidates a volume, ere Commerce, dozing o'er his Day-book, can plod a page. How have your hours pass'd in my absence? Have you view'd the Castle?

*Fati.* I have, sir.



*Abom.* Well, saw you aught worthy your inspection ?

*Fati.* Worthy, sir ?

*Abom.* Aye worthy—There are fights here, perhaps, that common eyes ne'er look'd upon.

*Fati.* There are indeed !

*Abom.* Now, please you, give me back the Keys.

*Fati.* They are here, (*delivers them in great agitation*).

*Abom.* How now ?—You tremble !

*Fati.* Tremble, Sir !—Why should I ?

*Abom.* You best can answer that.—Sometimes, Lady, 'twill betray Guilt.

*Fati.* And know You, then, no instance where the Guilty do *not* betray themselves by trembling ?

*Abom.* Umph !—I comprehend not that. One Key is wanting ! where is it ? (*sternly*).

*Fati.* I have it.

*Abom.* Give it me.

*Fati.* Be not impatient.—'Tis in my pocket.

*Abom.* Produce it.

*Fati.* I shall—but, by mere accident, you see 'tis broken. (*gives it*).

*Abom.* Damnation !—Lady, this Key is Charm-fraught ; forged in a sulphurous Cave, within whose blood-besprinkled mouth nothing but Witchcraft enters, to celebrate her frantick revels. This speaks a damning proof against you, and you die ! (*draws his*

*his Scymetar and holds it over her head.—She falls on her Knees.)*

*Fati.* Oh, Spare me! Spare me!—If ever I approach'd the door but to——

*Abom.* No protestations! (*going to strike*).

*Fati.* Beseech you, hold!—Alas! if I must die, grant me some little time, for preparation.

*Abom.* (*After a short pause*)—Well,—be it so. Yonder's your chamber. (*pointing to an Apartment within the Corridor.*) Thither instantly: soon expect me there—then to expiate your crime by Death.—Before me to the Castle!

(*Exit FATIMA through the Door under the Corridor, ABOMELIQUE following her with his drawn scymetar.*)

(*Enter SHACABAC, on the opposite side.*)

*Shac.* Allah, preserve her poor soul! But I fear she goes to certain Death! O that I were able to save her! Are there no means to——This hellish Abomelique whips off women's heads as if they were a parcel of buttons.—Let me listen.

(*FATIMA comes from her Apartment, upon the Corridor.*)

Hist! Lady! Lady Fatima!

*Fati.* O get you hence, good fellow! Your anxiety may make you a sharer with me, in the Bashaw's resentment.

*Shac.* Where is he?

*Fati.*

*Fati.* I expect him instantly to ascend the Stair, and execute his dreadful purpose.

*Shac.* O, Mahomet, holy Prophet! if ever you break a Bashaw's neck over a Stair-case, now's your time!

*Fati.* Hark!—I hear him!—No.

*IRENE appears on the Top of the Turret:*

*Ire.* Sister! Sister Fatima!

*Fati.* Irene! Is it you?—O, Sister, fare you well! I die a cruel death!—

*Ire.* My heart bleeds for you!

*Shac.* So does mine, I'm sure!

*Ire.* Should Travellers appear, I'll call to them to succour us.

*Abom.* (*Calling from FATIMA's Apartment,*) Fatima!

*Fati.* O, Heaven! he has enter'd the Apartment!

*Abom.* (*Without*) Why Fatima!

*Shac.* 'Tis he! (*retires under the Corridor*).

*Fati.* One moment, I beseech you! I have but one poor prayer to offer up to Heaven, and then I come.—Is there no help!

## QUARTETTO.

*Abomelique, Fatima, Irene, Shacabac.*

*Fati.* Look from the Turret, sister dear!

And see if succour be not near.---

O tell me what do you descry?

*Ire.* Nothing but dreary Land and Sky.

*Fati :* }  
*Ire :* } Alas! Alas! then { *I,* } must die!  
*Shac :* } { *You,* }  
                   { *She,* }

*Abom.* Prepare.---*Fati.*---He calls! Look out, again!

Look out, look out across the plain!

Ah me! does nothing meet your eyes?

*Ire.* I see a Cloud of Dust arise.

*Fati.* }  
*Ire.* } That Cloud of Dust a hope supplies!  
*Shac.* }

*Abom.* No more delay.

*Fati.* A moment stay!

*Fati.* O, watch the Travellers, my Sister dear!

*Ire.* I'll wave my handkerchief, 'twill draw them near.

*Shac.* They'll see it speedily, and hurry here,

*Abom.* Prepare!

*Ire.* } I see them galloping, they're spurring on a main!

*Shac.* } Now, faster galloping, they skim along the plain!

*Abom.* No more delay.

*Fati.* A moment stay!

*Fati.* }  
*Ire.* } They come.  
*Shac.* }

*Abom.* Prepare!

*Fati.* }  
*Ire.* } They'll be too late!  
*Shac.* }

Now they dismount!--They're at the Gate!--

*Abom.* Prepare!

ABOMELIQUE

ABOMELIQUE, *as they finish the Quartetto, rushes from the Apartment upon the Corridor, seizes FATIMA, and is upon the point of beheading her, when SELIM and his Companions having cross'd the Drawbridge, sound the Horn loudly at the Gate.*—ABOMELIQUE, *alarm'd at the Noise, retires hastily, dragging FATIMA into the Apartment.*

(SHACABAC comes from under the Corridor.)

Shac. (*to Selim, who is on the Drawbridge,*) You'll get no entrance there.

Sel. Say, where is Fatima!

Shac. Trembling under the Bashaw's clutches.

Sel. We force the Gate, then.

Shac. 'Tis impossible. Get round to the Eastern Battlement; we are weakest there.—Away! and success attend you!

Sel. To judge you from your conduct, you should be a friend. What are you?

Shac. What every man should be—a Friend to Virtue in distress wherever I meet it. Away, or you will be too late.

Sel. Come, Comrades!—be firm! fight lustily. Quick March!—

(*They hurry from the Bridge, to quick Martial Musick.*)

[Exit Shacabac.]

SCENE

## S C E N E VII.

*An Apartment in the Castle.*

ALARUMS, SHOUTS, &amp;c:

*Enter A BODY OF SLAVES.*

1st *Slave*. We are attack'd.—Up to the Ramparts.—Where is Ibrahim, our Leader?

2d *Slave*. He's no where to be found.

1st *Slave*. We must begin without him, then. It is the Bashaw's order.—Follow!—

[*Exeunt Slaves.*

(*Shouts without.*

*Enter IBRAHIM.*

*Ibra*. Mercy on me!—I quake in my cloaths like a cold jelly in a bag! They are battering the Castle to pieces. I am the unluckiest Mussulman in all Turkey! Here's a Building that has stood wind and weather this age, and, the moment I pop my nose into it, it begins tumbling about my ears.—

[*Shouts.*

*A cry of TO ARMS! TO ARMS!*

To Arms! O, dear!—I had much rather to Legs, if I knew which way to escape. Now shall I be expected to put myself in the front of the ranks, because I am *Major-Domo*;—but, if I do, I'll give them leave to mince the *Major-Domo* for his Son-in-Law's supper. (ALARUM).

H

*Enter*



*Enter 1st. SLAVE.*

O Mahomet! what's that?

*1st. Slave.* An Enemy is on the Walls.

*Ibra.* Then, you cowardly rascal, do you go and knock him into the ditch.

*1st. Slave.* We wait for you. You are appointed our Leader—There is no discipline without you.—We want a Head.

*Ibra.* Do you?—So shall I, if I go with you.—Get on before—Tell 'em to fight like fury;—and I'll be with them, to reward their valour, when it's all over.—Run that way, that leads into the action.

*1st. Slave.* I will.

[*Exit Slave.*]

*Ibra.* And I'll run this way, that leads out of it.

[*Exit.*]

(*Shouts Alarum, &c.*)

## SCENE LAST.

*The inside of the Sepulchre.*

*The Inscription, over the Skeleton's head, is now,—*

“THIS SEPULCHRE SHALL INCLOSE HER WHO  
MAY ENDANGER THE LIFE OF ABOMELI-  
QUE”——

(*The Shouts and Alarums continue.*)

*Enter ABOMELIQUE with his Scymetar drawn—drag-  
ging in FATIMA.*

*Abom.* On every side it rages: The Slaves give way. You still are in my power. You Sorceress,  
have

nave led me to the toil! Your Death will extricate me—Meet it then here:—Here, in the Sepulchr, which you have violated.

*Fati.* Nay take me hence.—Let me not perish in this abode of horror!

*Abom.* Thy prayers are vain.—

*As he raises his Scymetar to strike, a near Attack is heard, and a violent crash in the Building:—Part of the wall, in the back of the Sepulchre, towards the roof, is beat down, and SELIM appears in the Aperture.*

*Sel.* Hold, Russian! hold thy arm!

*Fati.* Oh Selim!

*Abom.* Rash fool! I know thee, and thy purpose. Thy presence, now, swells the full tide of my resentment, and gives a higher zest to vengeance. Know the decrees of Destiny, and curse thy weakness which would counteract it.—“This Sepulchre shall inclose Her who shall endanger the Life of Abomeli-que.” This wretch, here, has endanger’d it—This Sepulchre incloses her, and——

*Sel.* But not in Death: Tyrant, thy hell-born Spells promise not that.

*Abom.* Does my Fate juggle with me, then!—Hold—No yon dagger is my safe-guard (*pointing to the Talisman*) ’till mortal hands can reach it. Weak boy! Despair, and see her die.

*Fati.* While Selim lives—So near me too,—my life is precious, and I struggle to preserve it.

*She struggles with ABOMELIQUE, who attempts to kill her;—and, in the struggle, snatches the Dagger from the pedestal of the Skeleton.—The Skeleton rises on his feet—lifts his arm which holds the Dart, and keeps it suspended. At that instant the entire wall of the Sepulchre falls to pieces, and admits SELIM to the ground.—Behind—among fragments of the building, a body of SPAHIS is discovered, on foot, with ABOMELIQUE'S SLAVES under their Sabres, in postures of submission, and farther back is seen a large Troop of Horse—The neighbouring Country terminates the view.*

*SELIM advances towards ABOMELIQUE.*

*Sel. Now, turn thee hither !*

*Abom. Baffled!—I still have mortal means, and thus I use them.*

*SELIM and ABOMELIQUE fight with Scymetars—During the Combat, Enter IRENE and SHACABAC.—After a hard contest, SELIM overthrozes ABOMELIQUE at the foot of the Skeleton.—The Skeleton instantly plunges the Dart, which he has held suspended, into the breast of ABOMELIQUE, and sinks with him beneath the earth. (A volume of Flame arises, and the earth closes.)*

*SELIM and FATIMA embrace.*

*Shac. Huzza!—If ever the Bashaw was in fit company, he has got into it now.*

*Fati. Oh Selim !*

*Sel.*

*Sel.* Thus safe, at last, I clasp thee!

*Ire.* Joy, joy,<sup>2</sup> my Sister! we have conquer'd.

*Fati.* Where is my Father?—

*Shac.* Hid in the dust-hole.—when the noise is over, we may chance to get sight of him.

*Sel.* All shall be explain'd: Our Marriage now, my Fatima, may meet his sanction—And you my honest fellow must not go unrewarded (*to Shacabac*).—Thanks my brave Comrades!—

*SPAHIS and SLAVES come forward.*

We are victors—and in the countenance, here, of every Slave I see a smile impress, which betokens joy, in having lost a Tyrant.

*Slaves.* Thanks to our Deliverer!

*Sel.* Come, Fatima.—Let us away from this rude Scene of horror:—and bless the Providence which nerves the arm of Virtue to humble Vice, and Oppression.

## C H O R U S.

Monsters of Hell, and Noxious Night,  
Howl your Songs of wild delight!  
To your gloomy Caves descending,  
His career of Murder ending,  
Now the Tyrant's Spirit flies:

Bathed in a flood  
Of guilty Blood,  
He dies! He dies!

*How*

How great is the transport, the joy how complete,  
When, raised from Despair, thus Love's votaries meet!  
Sweet the Delight that Lovers prove!  
Sweet, when Fortune, tired of frowning,  
Hymen comes, with pleasure crowning  
Happy Love!

THE END.

---

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# ARTAXERXES.

AN  
ENGLISH OPERA.

As it is Performed at the  
THEATRES ROYAL  
IN

*DRURY-LANE,*

AND

*COVENT-GARDEN.*

The Musick Composed by  
THO. AUG. ARNE, Mus. Doc.

---

A NEW EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for W. LOWNDES, N<sup>o</sup>. 77 Fleet Street.

1787  
*Price one Shilling*

☞ The Reader is requested to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres, are here preserved and distinguished by inverted Commas, as from line 8 to line 12 in page 9.

## P R E F A C E.

THE Reputation of METASTASIO, is too well established in the World, to need any Apology for giving this Public a Translation of *Artaxerxes*, an Opera performed and admired all over *Europe*. But as the narrative Part of the Drama may seem too barren of forcible Epithets, which, in reading or speaking, dignify the Stile, it may be necessary to give Mr. *Dryden's* and Lord *Lansdown's* Sentiments on the Occasion, which exactly correspond with those of our Author. Mr. *Dryden* says, — “ that no Critic can justly determine the Merit or Difficulty of writing a Poem for Music, till he has been frequently conversant with some skilful Musician, and acquired, by Experience, a Knowledge of what is most proper for Musical Expression :” And Lord *Lansdown*, in his Preface to the *British Enchanters*, exclaims against that Species of Dramatic Dialogue, which, instead of being free, natural, and easy, as Conversation should be, is precise or formal, argumenting *pro and con*, like Disputants in a School. He further asks the Question, “ Whether in Writing as in Dress, it is not possible to be too exact, too starcht, and too formal ?” And concludes thus — “ Pleasing Negligence many have seen ; who ever saw pleasing Formality ?”

*Metastasio*, in his Dialect, seems to affect Simplicity, and from his great Experience in writing for Music, has given the following Plan for the Poetry of an Opera, *viz.*

That the Fable, or Recitative, to which fixed Musical Sounds are adapted, should be simple Dialect; hard and dissonant Epithets (though ever so forcible in other respects) being destructive to Music, and when sung, for the chief Part, unintelligible.--- That the Similies be confined to the Songs; and that the Words, which are to express them, be as smooth and sonorous as possible, lest the Composer be cramped in his Fancy, and the Singers rendered incapable of shewing their Skill, which chiefly consists in openly displaying the Tones of their Voices, or running executive Passages.

The Translator of this Opera has no Merit, but from his Endeavour to follow the Author in all these Particulars. He, therefore, submits this first Attempt of the Kind to the Favour and Indulgence of the Public, not doubting that (if they consider the Difficulty of writing under such Restrictions; the Necessity of sometimes departing from the Author, on account of the different Idioms of our Language; and of leaving out many Beauties in the Narrative Part of the Drama, for the Sake of Brevity) they will rather peruse it with an Eye of Favour than Severity.

## The A R G U M E N T.

**XERXES**, King of *Persia*, having been often discomfited by the *Greeks*, his Power began greatly to decline ; which *Artabanes*, Commander of the Royal Guards perceiving, entertained Hopes of sacrificing all the Royal Family to his Ambition, and by that Method to ascend the Throne of *Persia* ; for which Purpose, availing himself of the Advantage which Familiarity and Friendship with the King gave him, he entered, at the dead of Night, the Apartment of *Xerxes*, and slew him.

He afterwards so irritated the young Princes against one another, that *Artaxerxes*, one of them, caused his Brother *Darius* to be slain, believing him the Parricide, owing to the artful Insinuation of *Artabanes*.

Nothing was then wanting to complete his Designs, but the Death of *Artaxerxes* ; which *Artabanes* having prepared, though by various Accidents delayed, (which furnish the episodical Ornaments of this Drama, could not accomplish, the Treason being discovered, and *Artaxerxes* preserved ; which Discovery and Preservation form the principal Action of the ensuing Drama.

*Justin, lib. 3, cap. 1.*

The Action is represented in or near the Palace of the Kings of *Persia*, in the City of *Susa*.

Dramatis



# Dramatis Personæ.

	Drury-Lane.	Covent-Garden.	Hay-Market.
Artaxerxes, Prince and afterwards King of Persia, Friend to Arbaces, and in love with Semira	Mrs. BADDELEY.	Mrs. KENNEDY.	Mr. BRETT.
Artabanus, Generalissimo, and Favourite of the Royal Family; Father to Arbaces and Semira	Mr. VERNON.	Mr. DARLEY.	Mr. BANNISTER.
Arbaces, Friend of Artaxerxes, in love with Mandane	Mrs. FORBES.	Mr. LEONI.	Signora SLETTINI.
Rimenes, a General of the Army, and Confident of Artabanus	Mr. FAWCETT.	Mr. KING.	Mr. WOOD.
Mandane, Sister to Artaxerxes, in love with Arbaces	Mrs. ARNE.	Mrs. BILLINGTON.	Miss GEORGE.
Semira, Sister to Arbaces, in love with Artaxerxes.	Mrs. SCOTT.	Mrs. MORTON.	Miss MORRIS.

Nobles, Guards, and Attendants.



*J. Goussier del. et sculp.*

ACT I. SCENE. *An Inner Garden belonging to the Palace of the King of PERSIA. Moon-light.*

MANDANE and ARBACES.

*Man.* **S**TILL silence reigns around, suspicion sleeps,  
And unperceived you may escape these walls.

*Arab.* Adieu, my love; O think on thy *Arbaces*.

*Man.* Yet stay, sweet youth; a few short minutes stay.

*Arab.* Adored *Mandane*! see the dawn appears.

DUETTINI. *Fair Aurora, pry'thee stay ;  
O retard unwelcome day ;  
Think what anguish rends my breast ;  
Thus caressing, thus carest ;  
From the idol of my heart,  
Forced at thy approach to part.*

*Arab.* Alas, thou know'st that, for my love to thee,  
The king, great *Xerxes*, thy too rigid father,  
Has banisht me the palace, should he know,  
That, in defiance of his stern command,  
I have presumed to scale this garden-wall ;  
How little would a lover's plea avail,  
When thou, his daughter, couldst not move his pity.

*Man.*

*Man.* Thy noble father, mighty *Artabanes*,  
 Disposes at his will the heart of *Xerxes* ;  
 And the young prince my brother, *Artaxerxes*,  
 Brought up with thee in virtuous emulation,  
 Honours thy worth and boasts thy valued friendship ;  
 Their interest may soften his resentment.

*Arb.* Weak are their efforts, while his kingly pride  
 Disdains to rank a princess with a subject.

*Man.* My spirits sink, my heart forgets to beat,  
 I have not fortitude to bear thy loss—  
 And must we part?---Then all good angels guard thee !

*Adieu, thou lovely youth ;  
 Let hope thy fears remove ;  
 Preserve thy faith and truth,  
 But never doubt my love.* [Exit.

*Arb.* O cruel parting ! How can I survive ?  
 Divided thus from all that's sweet and fair,  
 From her, for whom alone I live !

*Enter ARTABARNES.*

*Art.* Son, *Arbaces*.

*Arb.* My father !

*Art.* Give me thy sword.

*Arb.* Sir, I obey.

*Art.* Here, take thou mine.

*Arb.* 'Tis drencht in blood !

*Art.* Fly, hide it from all eyes ;  
*Xerxes*, the king, this daring arm hath slain.

*Arb.* Forbid it heaven !

*Art.* O much-loved son !  
 Thy treatment was the spur to my revenge—  
 For thee I'm guilty.

*Arb.* Would I had ne'er been born.

*Art.* Let not weak scruples thwart my great design ;  
 Perhaps *Arbaces* shall be king of *Persia*.

*Arb.*

*Arb.* I'm all confusion—

*Art.* No more—begone.

*Arb.* O fatal day!—Unhappy, lost *Arbaces*.

*Amid a thousand racking woes,  
I pant, I tremble, and I feel  
Cold blood from every vein distil,  
And clog my lab'ring heart.*

*" I see my fair one's lost repose,*

*" And, O! lament the fatal curse*

*" That he who gave me life could thus*

*" From virtue's laws depart."*

[Exit.

*Art.* Be firm my heart.—In the pursuit of guilt,  
The first advance admits not a retreat :  
The royal blood, to the last hateful drop,  
Must then be shed. Conscience, thy checks are vain—  
The prince appears,—now art's my only refuge.

*Enter ARTAXERXES, RIMENES, and Guards.*

*Artax.* Dear *Artabanes*, glad I meet thee here ;  
Thy prince demands thy counsel,  
Thy royalty—Revenge—

*Art.* I tremble, fir—  
This dire injunction wants an explanation.

*Artax.* Disastrous fate—Yonder my father lies  
Savagely murder'd !

*Art.* Ah ! my ill-boding fears !  
Unfated thirst of empire !

Alas!—Will nothing but a father's blood  
Allay thy heat, and quench thy raging fever ?

*Artax.* Well I conceive—my faithless cruel brother  
*Darius*—

*Artab.* Who but he at dead of night could penetrate  
The palace ? Who approach the royal bed ?  
Nay more, his known ambition—

*Artax.* O, if here lives a heart that calls me friend,  
Or feels compassion for his slaughter'd king,  
Quick let him bring the traitor to our presence.

B

*Art.*

*Art.* That welcome task be mine—  
Guards follow me.

[*Going.*

*Artax.* Yet stay---

*Darius* is the son of *Xerxes*.

*Art.* Who kills the father, is no more a son.

*Behold ! on Lethe's dismal strand*

*Thy father's troubled spirit stand !*

*In his face what grief profound !*

*See he rolls his haggard eyes ;*

*Hark ! Revenge ! Revenge ! he cries ;*

*And points to his still bleeding wound :*

*Obey the call, revenge his death,*

*And calm his soul that gave thee breath.* [Exit.

ARTAXERXES going. Enter *Semira*.

*Sem.* Stay, *Artaxerxes*, stay.

*Artax.* Adieu, *Semira*.

*Sem.* And dost thou fly me ? Go then, cruel prince,  
No more shall ill-timed fondness importune thee.

*Artax.* Beauteous *Semira*, should I longer stay,  
There's such a fyren sweetness in thy voice,  
'Twould lull me to forget my filial duty.

*Sem.* Away, ungrateful.

*Artax.* Fair *Semira*, lovely maid,

*Cease in pity to upbraid*

*My oppress'd but constant heart :*

*Full sufficient are the woes,*

*Which my cruel stars impose ;*

*Heaven, alas ! has done its part.*

[Exit.

*Sem.* I fear some dread disaster---Say, *Rimenes*,  
What means this strange confusion in the prince ?

*Rim.* *Xerxes* is slain---

Suspicion points the finger at *Darius* :

And *Artaxerxes* bears a dreadful conflict,

'Twixt filial duty to revenge his father,

And brotherly compassion for *Darius*.

*Sem.* O fatal deed ! th' effect of wild ambition ;  
Heaven knows if *Artaxerxes*' life be safe.

*Rim.*



*Rim.* Let fate be busy in destructive slaughter;  
We, blest with love, and seated on the shore,  
Will view the destin'd shipwreck.

*Sem.* Think not that love can find a place to enter,  
When the sad heart's surrounded with misfortunes;  
Leave me, *Rimenes*, to my troubled thoughts.

*Rim.* Your web of scorn is not so closely woven,  
But I can see between each subtle thread;  
Yet, born to love, undaunted I'll pursue thee;  
Since hope inspires my breast, what you deny,  
Ungrateful maid! kind fancy shall supply.

*When real joy we miss,  
'Tis some degree of bliss,  
T' enjoy ideal pleasure,  
And dream of hidden treasure.  
The soldier dreams of wars,  
And conquers without scars;  
The sailor in his sleep,  
With safety ploughs the deep:  
So I, thro' fancy's aid,  
Enjoy my heavenly maid,  
And blest with thee and love,  
Am greater far than Jove.*

[Exit.

*Sem.* Ye Gods, protectors of the *Persian* empire,  
Preserve my *Artaxerxes*---Yet if he be blest---  
*Semira's* state is wretched: *Xerxes* dead,  
This prince will mount the throne:  
Beloved by me, and raised above my hopes,  
The hand which he intreated when a subject,  
When sovereign of *Persia* he'll disdain.

*How hard is my fate,  
How desperate my state,  
When virtue and honour excite,  
To suffer distress,  
Contented to bless,  
The object in whom I delight.*



*Yet, midst all the woes  
My soul undergoes,  
Thro' Virtue's too rigid decree ;  
I'll scorn to complain,  
If the force of my pain  
Awaken his pity for me.*

[Exit.]

S C E N E, *The Palace.**Enter MANDANE.*

Where do I fly?—Ah, hapless maid!  
Thus, in one fatal instant,  
To lose a brother, father, and a lover!

*Enter ARTAXERXES.**Artax.* Alas, *Mandane*!

*Man.* Does *Darius* live?  
Or are thy guilty hands  
Imbrued in thy brother's blood?

*Artax.* Fain would I shun that deed,  
Which to prevent, I've searcht throughout the palace  
For *Artabanes* and *Darius*——  
But all in vain——

*Man.* See, *Artabanes* comes.*Enter ARTABANES.**Artax.* My friend!*Art.* I sought you, sir—All is accomplisht.*Artax.* Ha! speak, explain.

*Art.* Your father's death's revenged,  
*Darius* slain, and *Artaxerxes* now  
Is *Persia's* king.

*Artax.* Oh, Gods!*Man.* Oh, dire misfortune!*Art.* Why that deep sigh, my liege? 'Twas your command.*Artax.* Alas! 'tis true, the guilt is only mine.*Art.* What guilt, my sovereign?

'Twas merely justice to your murther'd father.  
Take comfort, sir;

And

And think, that in *Darius'* death,  
A wicked, bloody parricide is punisht.

*Enter SEMIRA.*

*Sem.* Oh, *Artaxerxes!*

*Artax.* Say, fair *Semira*, why this seeming joy?

*Sem.* *Darius* is not guilty of the murder.

*Man.* What do I hear?

*Artax.* I'm struck with double horror.

*Sem.* Th' affassin is secured.

*Artax.* O quick, proceed.

*Sem.* Your watchful centinels, when he had leapt  
The garden-wall, o'ertook him as he fled,  
His deep confusion, palid countenance,  
And sword yet reeking with the crimson blood,  
Strongly proclaim him guilty.

*Artax.* But the name.

*Sem.* At my request to know it  
All hung their heads in silence.

*Art.* Alas, it is my son!

[*Aside.*

*Artax.* Must *Artaxerxes* then ascend the throne,  
Distain'd with brother's blood?

Oh, I shall never taste of peace again.——

Quick, bring this traitor; that unbounded rage  
May execute the vengeance he deserves.——

Hold, *Artabenes*, dear *Mandane*, stay.

*Semira*, leave me not in this distress.——

Where is my friend, *Arbaces*?

*Artab.* He was forbid the court by royal *Xerxes*  
For his presumptuous love to fair *Mandane*.

*Artax.* Fly, bring him to my arms —— I here ab-  
solve him.

*Enter RIMENES with ARBACES Prisoner.*

*Rim.* Who in this royal presence would believe  
*Arbaces* to be guilty?

*Artab.* How!

*Artax.* My friend!

*Artab.* My son!

*Sem.* My brother!

*Man.*

*Man.* Oh, ye Gods! my lover!

*Artax.* Would in the pangs of death I'd met my friend,

Rather than thus in fetters like a traitor.

*Arb.* I'm innocent.

*Artax.* O make but that appear,

And doubly 'twill endear thee to my love.

*Arb.* I am not guilty, that's my only plea.

*Artab.* This prudent caution answers to my wish.  
[*Aside.*

*Man.* But your resentment 'gainst the king—

*Arb.* Was just.

*Artax.* Didst thou not fly?

*Arb.* I did.

*Man.* This thy reserve—

*Arb.* Is requisite.

*Artax.* And thy down-cast confusion—

*Arb.* Is suited to th' occasion.

*Rim.* This bloody sword— [Shewing it.

*Arb.* Was in the scabbard, when you took me prisoner.

*Art.* And canst thou yet deny the cruel deed?

*Arb.* Great sir, I still assert my innocence.

*Artab.* Audacious boy! thus obstinate in ill,  
Thy sight's my torment, and this deed my shame.

*Arb.* And does my father join in my destruction!

*Artab.* Thy father! away, I renounce the soft claim!

Thou spot on my honour, thou blast to my fame.

Let justice the traitor to punishment bring;

His father he lost, when he murder'd his king. [Ex.

*Arb.* Ye cruel Gods, what crime have I committed  
To draw relentless vengeance on my head?

*Semira!* sister! hear me with compassion. [Exit Sem.

“ Sem. Acquit thee of this foul offence,

“ Return with spotless innocence;

“ Then shall my hapless brother see,

“ That never sister lov'd like me.”

*Arb.*

*Arb.* Appearance, I must own, is strong against me,  
But truth is on my side—I'm innocent.

*Artax.* Pray heaven thou may'st; but till the law  
decide

You must remain a prisoner. [Exit.

*Arab.* Ah, dear *Rimenes*, pity my hard fate—  
My friend!

*Rim.* I am no traitor's friend—Adieu. [Exit.

*Arb.* Beauteous *Mandane*, turn at least and hear me.

*Man.* Away! you sue in vain. [Going.

*Arb.* O stay, I charge thee—  
Think on thy former love.

*Man.* 'Tis turn'd to hate.

*Arb.* And you believe me guilty?

*Man.* I am convinced.

*Arb.* O too lovely, too unkind,  
If my lips no credit find,  
Pierce my breast; my heart shall prove  
Strong in virtue, firm in love.  
Guileless, wretched, left forlorn,  
And worse than murder'd by thy scorn.  
[Exit guarded.

*Recitative accompanied.*

*Man.* Dear and beloved shade of my dead father,  
Thee I invoke to spirit up my rage,  
Lest fond credulity too strongly plead,  
And turn my purpose from a just revenge;  
For, Oh! I feel the tyrant love within,  
He rends my breast, he struggles for *Arbaces*;  
Help me, kind Gods, to tear away his image.

*Fly, soft ideas, fly;  
That neither tear nor sigh  
My virtue may betray.  
Nature's great call,  
That governs all.  
A daughter must obey.*

*Alas,*

*Alas, my soul denies  
To hear revenge's cries!  
Dare not, fond heart,  
To take his part,  
But drive his form away.*

[Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE, *The Royal Apartments.*

*Artax.* GUARDS, speed ye to the tower,  
And instantly conduct *Arbaces* to me.

*Artab.* Good my lord,  
Think not the partial fondness of a father  
Has urged this counsel.

*Artax.* No; 'tis justice dictates;  
He still persists that he is innocent,  
And his fair truth was ne'er till now suspected;  
I will withdraw— [Going.  
O, reconcile the safety of your son  
With your king's peace, and the honour of his throne.

*In infancy, our hopes and fears  
Were to each other known;  
And friendship, in our riper years,  
Has twined our hearts in one.  
O clear him then from this offence;  
Thy love, thy duty prove;  
Restore him with that innocence,  
Which first inspired my love.*

*Artab.* So far my great resolve succeeds. [Aside.  
Approach, *Arbaces*.

*Enter ARBACES and Guards.*

And you, his guards, in the next chamber wait.

[Exeunt Guards.]

*Arb.* My father!

*Artab.* Ever watchful to preserve thee,  
I artfully have gain'd from *Artaxerxes*

The



The liberty to question thee:  
 Take thee this fortunate occasion,  
 And, by a secret way, which I will shew thee,  
 Delude the guards, and fly.

*Arb.* Sir, my escape  
 Would rise in evidence to prove me guilty.

*Artab.* 'Tis folly all: I give thee liberty;  
 From the king's wrath I snatch thee; and, perhaps,  
 The public voice shall call thee to the throne.

*Arb.* What said you, sir.

*Artab.* Long have you known  
 The people's hatred to the royal blood:  
 Away.

The sight of you will fire the mutinous troops,  
 Whose leaders to your interest are sworn.

*Arb.* I turn a rebel! Horror's in the thought—  
 Your pardon, sir;—Is this a father's counsel?  
 Guards, enter quick, bring me again my chains—  
 Conduct me to my prison. [Enter Guards.]

*Artab.* I burn with rage.

*Arb.* Yet calm this transport—think on my affliction.  
 Sir—father—turn—O grant one kind adieu.

*Artab.* Unworthy boy! I'm deaf to thy request.

*Arb.*     *Disdainful you fly me,*  
           *In anger exclaim;*  
       *All comfort deny me,*  
           *And murder my fame.*

*No grief can the heart*  
       *To pity incline,*  
*That bears not a part*  
       *In sorrow like mine.*

*Nature's tender plea is vain;*  
*Welcome then my chains again.*

*O rigour unjust!*  
*O counsel accurst!*



*Ambition ill-placed,  
My virtue disgraced;  
The pains I endure,  
Death only can cure.*

*Disdainful you fly me, &c.*

[Exit, with the guards]

*Enter RIMENES.*

*Rim.* Why, my dear friend, so pensive, so inactive?

*Artab.* My wayward son, that bar to my ambition,  
At once rejects both liberty and crowns.

*Rim.* Let us away, and force him from the tower.

*Artab.* The present time may better be employ'd,  
If *Artaxerxes* perish by our hands.---  
Let not my friend betray me.

*Rim.* I, my lord!  
Forbid it gratitude! My abject state  
Cast me below the notice of mankind,  
Till your great power exalted me to honour.

*Artab.* Small recompence for thy good services:  
But should kind fortune smile on this attempt,  
Then judge if *Artabates* loves his friend.

*Rim.* My hand, my heart, are guided by your will.

*Artab.* I have observed thy passion for *Semira*—  
Spare thy confusion; and let this convince  
Thee of my love—*Semira* shall be thine.

*Rim.* Thanks, gracious sir; my joy is past expres-  
sion.

*Artab.* Come hither, daughter. [Seeing *Semira*.

*Enter SEMIRA.*

In this valiant chief  
Behold thy lord' and husband.

*Sem.* Cruel sound!  
O sir, reflect---Is this a time for nuptials,  
When my unhappy brother---

*Artab.*

*Artab.* Peace, no more.

'Tis my command---reply not, but obey. [Exit.

*Sem.* I tremble---hear me, fir,---O, if you love me,  
Prevent this marriage.

*Rim.* Sure *Semira* mocks me.

*Sem.* Though, by constraint, you seize my helpless  
hand,

My heart disdains the brutal violence.

*Rim.* Give me thy beauty, and reserve thy heart;  
Thou keep'st the worst, I gain the better part.

*To sigh and complain,  
Alike I disdain,  
Contented my wish to enjoy;  
I scorn to reflect  
On a lady's neglect,  
Or barter my peace for a toy.*

*In love, as in war,  
I laugh at a scar,  
And, if my proud enemy yield,  
The joy that remains  
Is to lead her in chains,*

*And glean the rich spoils of the field.* [Exit.

*Sem.* How many links to dire misfortune's chain  
Are woven in one day!

*Enter MANDANE.*

Stay, dear *Mandane*---

Why this haste?

*Man.* I attend the council.

*Sem.* I'll too attend, if ought within my power  
May help my brother.

*Man.* Our views are different; thou desir'st to save  
him;  
I seek his death.

*Sem.* Is this a language for *Arbaces'* lover?

*Man.* It well becomes the daughter of dead *Xerxes*.

*Sem.* Away, thou cruel maid!  
Enforce his crime, and urge his speedy death.

But first prepare your heart, and quite erase  
 The soft remembrance of your former passion,  
 The tender hopes and fears, warm vows of truth,  
 Fond sighs exchanged, and, last, the sweet idea  
 Of that dear form, which first inspired your love.

*Man.* Ah, barbarous *Semira*! thus to wake  
 My guilty pity; rebel to my duty.

*If o'er the cruel tyrant love,  
 A conquest I believed;  
 The flattering error cease to prove;  
 O let me be deceived.*

*Forbear to fan the gentle flame;  
 Which love did first create;  
 What was my pride is now my shame,  
 And must be turn'd to hate.*

*Then call not to my wavering mind,  
 The weakness of my heart:  
 Which, ah! I feel too much inclined  
 To take the traitor's part.*

[Exit.

*Sem.* Which fatal evil shall I first oppose?  
 My princess, brother, this detested lover,  
 The king, my father, all are enemies;  
 And each attacks me in some tender part;  
 While I exert my power against the one,  
 The others rush on my defenceless breast.

*If the river's swelling waves  
 Overflow their usual bed;  
 Scarce th' affrighted peasant saves  
 From the flood his homely shed.*

*Tho' he stop one open shore,  
 While the waters swiftly glide,  
 At an hundred places more,  
 Loses in th' impetuous tide.*

[Exit.

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Council Chamber, with a throne, seats on the sides for the grandees of the kingdom, &c. Artaxerxes, preceded by guards, afterwards by the nobles, followed by Mandane, Semira, Artabanes and Rimenes.*

*Artax.* Ye solid pillars of the *Persian* empire,  
Behold me fated to sustain the cares  
Of my paternal throne, and much I'm griev'd  
That my loved father's death so heavy lies  
Upon my absent friend; but since *Arbaces*  
Denies this accusation, let the father,  
Whose virtues have endear'd him to our favour,  
Be the son's judge, to cast him or acquit him:  
In him is vested all our regal power.

*Man.* In him! does friendship so prevail o'er duty?

*Artax.* Not so, *Mandane*, for his loyal father  
Has double reason for severity.  
I ought to vindicate the death of *Xerxes*;  
But if *Arbaces* be the criminal,  
His father, with more rigour, will revenge  
His monarch's death, and his own public shame.

*Artab.* Ah, sir, what trial!--

*Artax.* Worthy of thy virtue---  
If any think me partial, let him speak.

*Rim.* This silence is a general approbation.

*Sem.* My brother comes.

*Man.* Ah me!

*Artax.* Give your attention.

[*Ascends the throne, the grandees sit.*

*Man.* (*aside.*) Now prudence guide the reins of my affection.

Cease, my busy heart, to flutter in my breast.

*Enter AEBACES in Chains, guarded.*

*Arb.* Am I so much the hatred of all *Persia*,  
That it unites to witness my misfortune?  
My sovereign!

*Artax.*

*Artax.* O *Arbaces*, call me friend ;  
 For till thy crime is proved, that title's mine ;  
 But, as a name so tender ill becomes  
 Th' impartial judge, thy most unhappy cause  
 I have assign'd to worthy *Artabanes*.

*Arb.* My father judge !

*Artax.* Yes, he.

*Arb.* I'm chill'd with horror.

*Artax.* *Arbaces*, in this presence thou appear'st  
 To be the murderer of royal *Xerxes*.  
 The circumstances urged are these---  
 That thou hadst entertained presumptuous love  
 Of this most honour'd princess ;  
 For which, by *Xerxes* banisht from the court,  
 You sought revenge, and found it in his death.

*Arb.* Nay more, the bloody sword, the time, the  
 place,  
 And flight, conspire to fix the guilt on me ;  
 And yet my heart is free ;—I'm innocent.

*Artab.* Demonstrate that, and so appease the wrath  
 Of this offended princess.

“ *Arb.* Ah ! forbear ;

“ If you would have me with a steady mind,  
 “ Support my sufferings, make not the assault  
 “ In such a tender part.—Barbarous father !

“ *Artab.* Rash young man, be silent.

“ Consider where thou art, and who attends thee.

“ *Man.* Be still, my beating heart.— [Aside.

“ *Artax.* But this thy crime,

“ Requires defence, or a sincere repentance.

“ *Arb.* My king, I find no crime to be defended,

“ Nor motive for repentance : That's my answer.

“ *Artab.* O filial love ! [Aside.”

*Man.* Whether he plead or not,  
 He equally is guilty.—Where is justice ?  
 Is this the father that should vindicate  
 His murder'd king, and his own public shame ?

*Arb.* Cruel *Mandane* ! does thy voice condemn me ?

*Man.* Bear up, my heart. [Aside.  
*Artab.*



*Artab.* Your just resentment, princess,  
Spurs on my lazy virtue.---  
Let *Persia* then, in *Artabanes'* rigour,  
Record his justice and his loyalty.--- [*Takes the pen.*  
My son I here condemn---[*Signs*] *Arbaces* dies.

*Man.* Oh, Gods!

*Artax.* Suspend a while, the rash decree.

[*Artabanes gives the paper to Artaxerxes.*

*Artab.* 'Tis sign'd, my liege---I have fulfil'd my duty.

*Artax.* Unnatural sentence!

*Sem.* O inhuman father.

*Man.* Alas, my tears betray me.

*Arb.* Weeps *Mandane*,

In pity of my cruel destiny?

*Man.* Pleasure may start a tear, as well as grief.

*Artab.* Now I have finish'd the stern judge's part,  
Permit, O king, the feelings of a father.

Pardon, my son, the effect of tyrant duty:

Suffer with patience, and remember this,

The worst of every evil is the fear.

*Arb.* My patience, sir, begins at last to leave me:

"In view o' th' world, to find myself expos'd

"A seeming guilty object; all my hopes

"Cut off i' th' bloom, the morn of life my end;

"Hated by *Persia*, by my king,

"And her whom I adore: to know that you,"

Barbarous father,---(Ah, I lose my life!)

Adieu.---

[*Going.*

*Artab.* I freeze.

[*Aside.*

*Man.* I die.

*Arb.* Stay rash *Arbaces*!

[*Returning.*

Where would'st thou go? Ah, sir, forgive your son;  
Behold him at your feet---

Excuse the transports of my frantic grief;

Shed all my blood, 'tis yours,---I'll not complain;

But kiss the honour'd hand that sign'd my death.

*Artab.* Enough, O rise.

Thou hast but too much reason to lament:

But know---(O Gods!-- Take one embrace and part.

*Arb.*



Arb. *By that beloved embrace,  
 By this my fond adieu,  
 Deplore my hapless case,  
 Condemn'd, alas ! for you.  
 Appease my love, my truth commend.  
 Yourself preserve, my king defend.  
 My sentence I obey,  
 To filial duty true ;  
 And scarce have power to say  
 A long and last adieu !* [Exit, guarded.

Man. Ah me ! at poor *Arbaces'* parting  
 I feel the stroke of death.

*Artab.* *Mandane*, now I hope you're satisfy'd ;  
 For, at the price of my paternal love, I have  
 To fate your vengeance, sacrificed my son.

*Man.* Savage, no more---  
 Avoid my presence : dare not to view the light  
 Of sun or stars ; but hide thy cruel head  
 Within the deepest bowels of the earth.

*Artab.* Is then my virtue---

*Man.* Silence, inhuman !

*Artab.* Did not *Mandane's* rage excite my justice ?

*Man.* The daughter ought to vindicate the father ;  
 But thou, a father, shouldst have saved thy son.

*Monster, away !  
 From chearful day,  
 To the gloomy desert fly :  
 Paths explore,  
 Where lions roar,  
 And devouring tigers lie.  
 Tho' for food  
 They wade in blood,  
 All to save their young agree ;  
 Every creature,  
 Fierce by nature,  
 Harmless is compar'd to thee.*

[Exit.

" *Artax.*

- “ *Artax.* See, loved *Semira*,  
 “ How heaven conspires the ruin of *Arbaces*.  
 “ *Sem.* Inhuman tyrant !  
 “ You first destroy your friend,  
 “ And then bewail him.  
 “ *Artax.* I, to thy father’s will, his life committed ;  
 “ How was I then a tyrant ?  
 “ All *Persia* knows my friendship for *Arbaces*,  
 “ And faithful love to thee.  
 “ *Sem.* I thought you once  
 “ A tender lover, and a generous friend ;  
 “ But in one instant you have proved yourself  
 “ In friendship false, and treacherous in love.

- “ *This bosom, a stranger to rest,*  
 “ *Resentment and pity assail ;*  
 “ *As both for dominion contest,*  
 “ *So both, to my sorrow, prevail :*  
 “ *My heart, in this desperate state,*  
 “ *To give each assailant its due,*  
 “ *Now bleeds for my brother’s hard fate,*  
 “ *And burns with resentment to you.* [Exit.”

*Artax.* O, *Artabanes* !

*Artab.* Lament not, sir, but leave complaints to me ;  
 I am the most unhappy of mankind.

*Artax.* “ Thy woe must needs be great,  
 “ When mine is insupportable.”

My pity meant, affigning him to thee,  
 That thy paternal love should set him free ;  
 But thou a father of affection void,  
 By doom of death thy offspring hast destroy’d.

*Can salt tears or loud lamenting,*  
*Now thy sentence past prevent,*  
*Ah, too late is all repenting,*  
*Tho’ with grief thy heart is rent ;*

*But since guiltless I believe him,  
I'll his desperate state attend,  
From disgraceful chains relieve him,  
Aid his flight and save my friend.*

[Exit Artaxerxes.]

*Recitative accompanied.*

*Artab.* At length my soul has room t' indulge its  
grief—

What racking thoughts surround the guilty breast—  
O, my dear son, forgive the piercing woes,  
Which my foul deeds inflict upon thy youth ;  
I come to save thee from the jaws of death,  
And pay thy virtues with a kingly throne.

*Thou, like the glorious sun,  
Thy splendid course shalt run :*

*What tho' the night,*

*Obscure his light,*

*When prison'd in the west ;*

*The day returns,*

*Again he burns,*

*The god of day confest.*

[Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE, *A prison.*

ARBACES, *in a melancholy Posture.*

A R I E T T A.

*W*HY is death for ever late  
To conclude a wretch's woe;  
Those who live in happy state,  
Feel too soon th' untimely blow.

*Enter ARTAXERXES.*

*Artax. Arbaces!*

*Arb.* Gracious heaven, what's this I see!  
Does royal *Artaxerxes* deign to visit  
The wretch *Arbaces*, in this horrid gloom!

*Artax.* Pity and friendship brought me here to save  
thee.

*Arb.* To save me!

*Artax.* Yes. That secret passage leads  
To life and liberty; then quickly fly—  
Remember *Artaxerxes*, and be happy.

*Arb.* Your pardon, sir, the world esteems me guilty;  
Then let me die; your honour, sir, requires it.  
Happy my exit, having once preserved  
My sovereign's life, and now his spotless honour.

*Artax.* Such noble sentiments can ne'er proceed  
From guilty minds—Beloved *Arbaces*, fly—  
As friend, I beg thee to preserve thyself;  
But if that fails—as sovereign, I command thee.

*Arb.* In gratitude to thy exalted friendship,  
I'll quit this scene of horror and despair.  
But Oh! Thus exiled, I shall only fly,  
Restless to tread the paths of misery.

*Water parted from the sea,  
May increase the river's tide ;  
To the bubbling fount may flee,  
Or thro' fertile vallies glide :*

*Yet in search of lost repose,  
Doom'd like me, forlorn to roam,  
Still it murmurs as it flows,  
Till it reach its native home.*

[Exit.

*Artax.* That front, secure in conscious innocence,  
Defies the charge of guilt : Affliction's veil  
Can never quite eclipse the inward light,  
That from a noble soul darts forth its rays,  
When in the countenance the heart is seen.

*Tho' oft a cloud, with envious shade,  
Conceals the face of day ;  
The sun is still in flames array'd,  
His beams immortal, not decay'd :  
Soon the gloomy veil retires ;  
He darts each powerful ray,  
And light and heat expires.*

[Exit.

*Enter ARTABANES, with a train of conspirators.*

My son, *Arbaces*---Where art thou retired ?  
Sure he should hear my voice---what ho---*Arbaces* !  
O heaven---guards, watch the entrance of the prison,  
Till I can find my son.

[Exit.

*Enter*

*Enter RIMENES.*

*Rim.* Not yet arrived !  
*Sir, Artabanes !*

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter ARTABANES.*

*Artab.* O unhappy father !  
 My son I seek in vain---my blood grows chill ;  
 I fear---I doubt---perhaps in---

*Re-enter RIMENES.*

*Rim. Artabanes !*

*Artab.* Where is *Arbaces* ?

*Rim.* Is he not with you ?

*Artab.* O cruel Gods ? th' unfortunate has perisht.

*Rim.* Suspicion always borders on extremes ;  
 And might not *Artaxerxes* or *Mandane*,  
 The friend or lover, have procured his flight ?  
 What strange delay is this !—Let's to our task ;  
 Behold the way that leads us to the palace.

*Artab.* And what great enterprize shall I accomplish,  
 My son being lost ?

*Rim.* What, have you then, for nought,  
 Secured the royal guards ; and I, the troops ?  
 Determine, sir ; this instant *Artaxerxes*  
 Prepares to take the coronation o. th ;  
 The sacred cup is by your order poison'd :  
 And shall we then so basely---

*Artab.* O my friend !

*Arbaces* lost, for whom should I engage ?

*Rim.* Thy son *Arbaces* from thy hand expects  
 The throne, if living ; and if dead, revenge.

*Artab.* That, that alone recalls my fleeting spirit ;  
 Lead on, kind friend ; my fate depends on thee.

*Rim.* I'll lead thee on to joyful victory.

*O let*



*O let the danger of a son  
 Excite vindictive ire ;  
 The prospect of a kingdom won  
 Should light ambition's fire.  
 To wounded minds, revenge is balm ;  
 With vigour they engage,  
 And sacrifice a pleasing calm,  
 To a more pleasing rage. [Exit with consp.*

*Recitative accompanied.*

*Artab.* Ye adverse Gods ! y'ave found the only way  
 To quell my vast ambition ; perplexing doubt,  
 Whether my son yet lives, awakens fear ;  
 And the dire image of despair starts up,  
 Unnerves my arm, and checks my daring soul.

*O much loved son, if death  
 Has stolen thy vital breath,  
 I'll share thy hapless fate ;  
 But ere the dagger drinks my blood,  
 A murder'd king, at Lethe's flood,  
 The tidings shall relate.*

*Bid Charon cease from toil,  
 And rest upon his oar,  
 Till I attain the happy soil,  
 Where we shall part no more.*

[Exit.

SCENE, MANDANE'S Apartment.

*Enter MANDANE and SEMIRA.*

*Man.* Perhaps the king released Arbaces.

*Sem.* No—rather destroyed him.

*Man.* How !

*Sem.*

*Sem.* 'Tis known to all ;

In secret he resigned his wretched life.

*Man.* O hapless youth ! O tidings worse than death !

*Sem.* I hope your vengeance now is satisfied —  
Or would you other victims ? — Speak.

*Man.* I cannot ;

Light cares are ever soften'd by complaint :

But such as mine, arrest the power of speech.

*Sem.* Ne'er lived a heart more lost to sense of pity :  
All eyes in *Persia* wail his hapless fate ;  
But yours are dry.

*Man.* The deeper my affliction :  
Small is the grief that vents itself in tears.

*Sem.* Go, if not satisfied, and feast your eyes  
Upon the slaughter'd spoils of my dear brother ;  
With secret joy, number his bloody wounds.

*Man.* Be silent---leave me.

*Sem.* Never ; while thou liv'st,  
I'll haunt thee like a spirit, and my wrongs  
Shall dash thy hopes with bitterness and woe.

*Man.* You think me cruel, and denounce revenge—  
Ah ! how have I deserved thy enmity ?

*Let not rage, thy bosom firing,  
Pity's softer claim remove ;  
Spare a heart that's just expiring,  
Forced by duty, rackt by love.*

*Each ungentle thought suspending,  
Judge of mine, by thy soft breast ;  
Nor with rancour, never ending,  
Heap fresh sorrows on th' oppress'd.*

*Let not rage, thy bosom firing, &c.*

*Heaven,*

*Heaven, that every joy has crost,  
 Ne'er my wretched state can mend;  
 I, alas! at once have lost,  
 Father, brother, lover, friend.*

*Let not rage, &c.*

[Exit.

*Sem.* What have I done! Alas, I vainly thought,  
 Dividing grief, to lessen my affliction;  
 These cruel insults, vented on *Mandane*,  
 Have pierced her breast, and not relieved my own.

*" 'Tis not true, that in our grief,  
 " Others weeping in distress,  
 " To our troubles bring relief,  
 " Making each misfortune less.*

*" No, when sore oppress'd by fate,  
 " Better 'tis to sigh alone,  
 " Than support a double weight,  
 " Others sorrows, and our own."*

[Exit.

*Enter ARBACES.*

*Arb.* Nor here my searching eyes can find *Mandane*,  
 Fain would my heart, before external exile,  
 Indulge its fondness with a last adieu.  
 Perhaps, this way---but whither do I wander?  
 Rash man---O heavenly powers behold her there!  
 My spirits fail me---yet I'll speak---*Mandane!*

*Enter MANDANE.*

*Man.* Ye powers! *Arbaces!* and at liberty!

*Arb.* A friendly hand unlockt my cruel fetters.

*Man.* Ah! fly, begone,

*Arb.*

*Arb.* How can I part, for ever, from such beauty?

*Man.* Perfidious traitor! what wouldst thou with me?

*Arb.* Am I no longer dear to my *Mandane*?

*Man.* Thou art become the object of my hate.

*Arb.* Barbarous maid! my death shall end thy scorn.

I fly to meet my fate---Adieu---for ever. [Going.

*Man.* Hear me, *Arbaces*.

*Arb.* Ha! what torture more?

*Man.* I cannot speak.

*Arb.* O heaven!

*Man.* Fly, save thyself.

*Arb.* What means my princess? ---this returning pity---

*Man.* Does not arise from love---but fly---and live.

### D U E T T O.

*Arb.* *For thee I live, my dearest;  
But if I meet disdain,  
For thee, my dear, I'll die.*

*Man.* *How lovely thou appearest,  
My blushes will explain.  
I can no more reply.*

*Arb.* *Then hear me.*

*Man.* *No.*

*Arb.* *Thou art—*

*Man.* *Divide not thus my heart:  
Leave me—In pity go.*

*Both.* *Ye Gods that torture so,  
Some timely respite send;  
When will your torture end?*

[Exeunt, different ways.

SCENE, *A Temple, and Throne, with a Crown and Sceptre ; the Image of the Sun, with a lighted Altar.*

ARTAXERXES, ARTABANES, Nobles, &c.

*Artax.* To you, my people, much beloved, I offer  
Myself, not less a father, than a king :  
Your native rights, your customs, and your laws,  
With jealous care I ever will maintain,  
And raise up treasure in my people's hearts.

*Artab.* Here is the sacred cup---  
Your solemn oath must bind the lasting tie :  
Fulfil th' accustom'd rites---and drink thy death. [*Aside.*

*Recitative accompanied.*

*Artax.* Resplendent God, by whom sweet *April*  
blooms,  
Thou genial beam, that warms us and enlightens,  
Look awful down ; and if my treacherous lips  
Have utter'd falsehood, may this wholesome draught  
Change, as it passes, into deadly poison.

*Enter SEMIRA hastily.*

*Sem.* Fly quick, my liege ; thousands of rebel troops  
Surround the palace, by *Rimenes* led ;  
Your death is plotted, and your guards corrupted.

*Artax.* O Gods !

*Artab.* What fear you, sir ? My single presence  
Shall quell this tumult. and protect my king. [*Exit.*

*Artax.* Away, my friend, to victory or death.

*Enter MANDANE.*

*Man.* Udd brethren, the rebellious crew are fled.

*Artax.* Say how, *Mandane* ?

*Man.*



*Man.* Led by false *Rimenes*,  
 They forced the gates, and enter'd, when *Arbaces*,  
 Departing to eternal banishment,  
 His single breast opposed, and swore to die  
 In his great master's cause: all dropt their arms,  
 Except that daring rebel at their head;  
 On him *Arbaces*, like a lion, flew,  
 Clove thro' his helmet, slew him, and revenged thee.

*Artax.* Where's my preserver --- bring him to my  
 arms. [Exeunt Officers, with Guards.  
*He murder Xerxes! Impious supposition!*

*Man.* My heart respires!

*Sem.* O loyal brother!

*Man.* Valour suppress, now springs again to glory.

*The soldier, tired of war's alarms,  
 Forswears the clang of hostile arms,  
 And scorns the spear and shield:  
 But if the brazen trumpet sound,  
 He burns with conquest to be crown'd,  
 And dares again the field.*

Enter ARTABANES and ARBACES.

*Arb.* Behold, my king, *Arbaces* at thy feet.

*Artax.* O still my friend! come to my grateful breast.

*Man.* Yet that my brother may with better grace  
 Reward this deed, and satisfy the people,  
 Some reason give us for the bloody sword,  
 Thy timorous flight, and all that waked suspicion.

*Arb.* If deeds, not words, proclaim a loyal heart,  
 Permit me to be silent --- I am innocent.

*Artax.* Confirm it with a solemn imprecation,  
 And of a truth, as *Persia's* law prescribes,  
 That vessel drain'd shall be the sacred pledge.

*Arb.* I am prepared.

*Artab.* O cruel Gods! If my son drinks he dies!



*Recitative accompanied.*

*Arb.* Resplendent God, by whom sweet *April* blooms,  
Thou genial beam that warms us and enlightens!

*Artab* (*Aside*) O wretched father!

*Arb.* If my treacherous lips  
Have utter'd falshood, may this wholesome draught  
Change, as it passes.

*Artab.* Hold, 'tis poison.

*Artax.* What fury urged thee to so vile a deed?

*Artab.* Away disguise, the draught was meant for  
thee;

But my paternal fondness has betray'd me.  
I murder'd *Xerxes*; and, to gain the throne,  
Would have destroy'd thee too.

*Artax.* Wretch, thou shalt die.

*Arb.* Then I disdain to live.

*Artax.* *Mandane* shall reward thy spotless virtue;  
And thy fair sister shall partake our throne:  
But for that traitor--

*Arb.* I will die for him:

My blood is his, and shall atone his crimes.

*Artax.* Thy loyalty and virtue, injured youth,  
Shall change his sentence into banishment:  
Make no reply, his exile is for life.

*Man.* Sure heaven inspired the merciful decree;

*Arbaces* and *Semira* must approve it;

Tho' for his crimes the father justly suffers,  
His life is spared, that you, his guiltless children,  
May not be ever wretched in his death.

CHORUS.

CHORUS. *Live to us, to empire live!  
Great Augustus, long may'st thou  
From the subject world receive  
Laurel wreaths t' adorn thy brow!*

DUETTO. *Of his country ever free,  
There the royal father see!  
  
To the patron of our laws,  
Pierce the air with loud applause.*

DUETTO. *Virtue in his soul resides;  
In his truth the world confides.*

CHORUS. *To the patron of our laws,  
Pierce the air with loud applause.*

DUETTO. *Pity from the throne descending,  
How the monarch it endears;  
When with justice, mercy blending,  
In the king a God appears!*

DUETTO. *Tyrants claim, with iron sceptre,  
Duty which our fears impart;  
But our gentle kind protector,  
Monarch reigns o'er every heart.*

CHORUS,

CHORUS. *Live to us, to empire live!*  
*Great Augustus, long may'st thou*  
*From the subject world receive*  
*Laurel wreaths t' adorn thy brow!*  
[Exeunt omnes.]

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CURTIUS

RESCUED FROM THE GULPH;

OR,

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

TO THE

REV. DR. PARR.

*By R. Cumberland Esq<sup>r</sup>*





CURTIUS RESCUED FROM  
THE GULPH;

OR,

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

TO THE

REV. DR. PARR,

IN ANSWER TO HIS LEARNED PAMPHLET,  
INTITLED, "A SEQUEL," &c.

Ille mi PAR esse deus videtur,  
Ille, si fas est, superare divos.

CATULLUS.

LONDON:

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PRINTED FOR HOOKHAM AND CARPENTER,  
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1792.



## CURTIUS LOQUITUR.

MOST LEARNED DOCTOR,

THOUGH I am both unwilling and unworthy to appear on that public stage, which you tread with so much dignity and address, yet the acknowledgments due to so great an author for the notice you have condescended to bestow upon me, overrule my repugnance; and compel me to resort to the press with an answer to your favour, which cannot fail to show the world how unfit I am to cope with so able a correspondent. Mindful, however, of that rule, so well understood by your friend *Thraso*—

PAR *pro PARI* referre, quod eum mordeat—

I venture with all deference to address you, not aspiring, like you, to edify my country by remarks on the merits or defects of its constitution, nor to dazzle my readers with the glitter of my periods, but in a few plain words to say

how very much below their notice I conceive the idle matter of our controversy to be ; to express, in unoffending terms, my regret that you and I should step out of our characters to make sport for the lookers-on, and that you should so far descend from your high station in literature, or I be lifted so much above my lowly one, as to be opposed to each other in any way, that can resemble a competition on the score of talents : in age, in profession, in pursuits I may bear such resemblance to you as *Patroclus* did to *Achilles*, of whom the poet *Statius* says—

*PAR studiis ævique modis, sed robore longè.*

ACHILL. i. 176.

The few facts stated in your miscellaneous pamphlet, that can, in any degree, apply to my character, are buried under such a profusion of ornament, that I should but damage your flowers, were I to attempt at digging up your weeds ; and as I may safely trust to the sagacity of your readers for distinguishing those elegancies, which are peculiar to your style, from the ex-

travagance incidental to your temper, I shall point my attention to little else but what is gracious on your part, and does honour to me : in this sense I regard the superabundant portion of learned quotations you have conferred upon me, less than one-half of which, and in one-third of the languages, would have been more than I can merit ; whereas you have given me\* Greek, Latin and English in a breath, *tria guttura pandens*, opening upon me with three throats, like the dog *Cerberus*, when I, alas ! have little else but my mother tongue to defend myself with.

Most learned Doctor, I could have wished you would have muzzled two of your mouths at least, when you bayed the heels of a poor, plain country parson, who meant you no offence, and would fain have gone quietly past your kennel. Remember what your brother *Epicarmus* says, who was a school-master some ages before you brandished the birch—

---

\* *At magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis  
Miscuit.* HORAT.



Μὴ ἐπὶ μικροῖς αὐτὸς αὐτὸν ἀξέθυμον  
Δείκνυε.

*Vent not your noble wrath upon a fly.*

Half the learning you have thrown away upon your humble servant would have contented me; half the anger you have drawn forth would have sufficed for my offence; and half the hard words you have bestowed upon me would have been more than enough to have shown your want of patience, and my possession of it. Had you reduced your pamphlet to a sixpenny size, two shillings would have been well saved to the purchasers, and your credit would not have suffered by the abatement; a fifth part of your contempt, a fifth part of your politics and a fifth part of your quotations would have been as much as the subject called for; dilated as it is, I suspect you have proved too much, and instead of chastising me, as you meant to do, have lampooned yourself, which I can well believe was no part of your meaning.

Your periods have excited admiration; but your pedantry has provoked ridicule: in the

former line I cannot meet you; and whither shall I resort for authors to oppose to yours? How shall I, whose unlucky *name* exposes me to a *gulp*, escape the precipice on which I totter? Were I to rummage the old classics for your prototype, is there a Heathen amongst them all, whom I dare to name with Doctor Parr? and as for my bible (which is the book I am better versed in), I protest to you, on the word of a priest, I cannot there discover any worthy personage, whom I should have the confidence to class with you—

*Cum tibi sit sophiæ PAR fama, et cura deo-  
rum,*

*Ingenio pietas nec minor ipsa tuo.*

MARTIAL, i. 112.

You was pleased to say I had noticed you from the pulpit, and you demanded an explanation; I certainly did not make mention of any living character in that place, though I confess I have touched upon the topics of evil-speaking and slander: I have also descanted against pride; yet I never quoted any modern

example of that hateful passion: I have recommended humility; but I take truth to witness that in so doing I never had *you* for one moment in my thoughts.

The variety of amusing matter which your pamphlet involves, and the elegant samples of epistolary writing it is interspersed with (particularly in the instance of your correspondence with *the Honourable Mr. Annesley*), shed such a lustre upon your manners as well as genius, that we need not wonder if the noble families of this kingdom shall be emulous to prefer their sons to your tuition, as to the master of good breeding, the mirror of erudition, the *Socrates* of the age: with one voice the whole parental corps of our nobility will cry out in the words of my motto—

*Ille mi PAR esse deus videtur,  
Ille, si fas est, superare divos.*

Two pages only (*viz.* 128, 129) you have lavished upon your humble servant, and I may say without the flattery of a *parasite*—

*Pulchre mebercle dictum et sapienter—Pa-  
pæ!*

*Jugulasti hominem.*

You there conclude your address with the following menace—

Τὲς ἄλλες ἐνάριζ', ἀπὸ δ' Ἑκτορος ἴσχεο χεῖρας.

*With other chapmen you may safely barter;*

*Beware of HECTOR, or you'll catch a tar-  
tar.*

Since you have taken to yourself the name of *Hector*, HECTOR be your name! and let us cry out in the language of the drama—

*That's Hector, that, that, look you, that!  
There's a fellow—Go thy way, Hector, O brave  
Hector! How he looks! There's a countenance;  
it does a man's heart good. Look you what  
backs are on his helmet; there's no jesting,  
there's laying on; take't off who will, as they  
say, he cares not: an' the devil come to him,  
it's all one.*

TROIL. AND CRESS.

What shall I say now?

'Tis done like HECTOR, but securely done,  
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing  
The knight that is oppos'd.

Shall I answer you like Achilles?—

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his  
body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or  
there ;

That I may give the local wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach, whereout  
HECTOR'S great spirit flew?

I will not answer thus; I will not so offend  
against the modesty of speech: I confess I am  
no match for HECTOR.

*Non illi quisquam bello se conferet heros.*

Yet I will say, and I will shelter myself under  
the authority of the elegant *Menander* for the  
justice of my remark—

——Ω τρισάλθοι

Ἄπαντες, οἱ φουσῶντες ἐφ' εἰαυτοῖς μέγα!

*Oh! wretched, vain and despicable elves,  
Whom pride puffs up until you puff your-  
selves!*

That you have not studied the old maxim, *to know yourself*, good Doctor, is beyond a doubt; if there was no other proof of it, but your mistaking yourself for *HECTOR*, this one would be enough; but I suspect you have not attended to the better rule—*χρησιμώτερον ἢν τὸ Γινῶθι τὰς ἄλλας*—your standard seems neither to measure other people's stature, nor your own.

Let us suppose for one moment that you are no more like to *HECTOR* than I to *Hercules*, where shall we go to seek a resemblance for you? *Homer* has but one hero,\* that comes near you, and him I will not name, because as you did not sit for the picture, it is very hard upon the picture that it should sit for you; neither party would be well pleased: the *Drances* of *Virgil* touches in some points; the *miles*

---

\* Some readers may suppose that *THERSITES* is here pointed at.



*gloriosus* of *Plautus* has a feature or two ; but I am sorry it has not been in my power to obtain a portrait of BOMBOMACHIDES CLUNIN-STARIDYSARCHIDES, *general of the Gurgustidonians, and grandson to the god Neptune* ; I flatter myself there would have been a family likeness : as for *Thraso*, I should blush to name him in the same page ; he is a mere *muta persona* compared with you. But now that we are in the region of the drama, I do recollect a delightful fellow, by name HOLOFERNES (*the school-master in Love's Labour Lost*), whom I beg leave to introduce to you in the words of the comedy—

*Did he not educate youth in the charge-house on the top of the mountain, or mons, the HILL?\**  
*Novi hominem tanquam te. His humour is lofty. his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and Thrasonical.†*

---

\* *Meo periculo* read HARROW ON THE HILL.

ANONYM.

† *Speaking of HOLOFERNES, the pedagogue in Love's Labour Lost, he said,—“ After all it must be confessed*

O rare *Holofernes*! I really think, my good Doctor, his cap will fit you: let me prevail with you to try it on——Well! I protest it becomes you mightily——Nay, brandish not your rod at me——

*Eone es ferox, quia habes imperium in pueros ?\**

But listen to *Sir Nathaniel the curate*.——

*Perge, good master Holofernes, perge, so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility——*

HOLOF. *This is a GIFT that I have (viz. Scurrility); simple, simple! a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, notions, REVOLUTIONS—— (O nobile PAR!) These are begotten in the ven-*

*“ that the rogue (sc. Shakspeare) had a lucky knack in  
“ the delineation of character: There is nothing want-  
“ ing but for our friend Reynolds to put a birchen rod  
“ in his hand, and he would make your posteriors, Sir,  
“ tingle to behold him.”*

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON, p. 3001.

\* *BELLUAS potius—in verbum transpositum miserabiliter ludit.*

BELLEND. SEC.

*tricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.*

Surely, surely, when Shakspeare wrote he prophesied of thee! But hear the courteous curate, meek Nathaniel—

NATH. *Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners, for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit greatly under you; you are a good member of the common-wealth.*

Keep the cap on, I beseech you, good Doctor, for *Holofernes* is about to open, and take my word for it—

———*de te*

*Fabula narratur*———

HOLOF. *Mebercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them (Oh fie, Holofernes!); but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur.*

[That arrow is wide of the mark; that does not hit you, good Doctor.] *I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine, where if (being repast) it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the aforesaid child, or pupil, undertake your ben venuto, where I will engage to prove, or rather by a kind of insinuation, as it were in viâ, in the way of explication, facere as it were replication; or rather ostentare to shew as it were this same COSTARD,\* [meaning me] after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or ratherest unconfirmed fashion† to be a monster of ignorance, twice-sod simplicity,*

\* Costard, quasi Curtius.

† Est et πλεονασμος vitium, cum supervacuis verbis oneratur oratio. (QUINTIL. lib. viii.) Vide nostrum PARR passim.

ANONYM.

*Proh hominem insulsum prorsus et infacetum! Nonne augeri debent sententiæ et insurgere? Ut optimè Cicero —“ Tu, inquit, istis faucibus, istis lateribus, istâ gladiatoriâ totius corporis firmitate.”*

BELLEND. SEC.

*bis coctus.* [Many thanks to you, Doctor HOLOFERNES! *Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?* but keep your cap on nevertheless; stir it not to me, I pray you!] *Sir, he bath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book, he bath not eat paper as it were, he bath not drank ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.*

[Exit HOLOFERNES.]

*Is it not like?*

*As thou art to thyself.*

HAMLET.

Here's a pleasant fellow! is he not? Beshrew me, Doctor, if the two *Sosias* were better paired than you and HOLOFERNES. It is as a man may say, *PAR PARI*. *Castor* and *Pollux* were scarce cater-cousins, compared to such a loving couple—

*Quæ nova tam similes genuit tibi Leda ministros?*

One epithet may serve you both—

—*fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.*

As the *two kings of Brentford* had but one nosegay, so, if it was not that you and HOLOFERNES luckily had but one cap between you, I could not tell which was which: no longer now that swaggering son of Troy, you are fallen into your proper class, and are—

——*Quantum mutatus ab illo*

HECTORE!

My life upon it, you were both born under *Gemini*, and if you will take the word of an astrologer for the influence of the stars, you shall find the following to be the proper characteristics of all, whose nativity is cast under that sign—

*Garrulitas odiosa datur, linguæque venenum  
Verba maligna novas semper mussantis ad  
aures.* MANILIUS, LIB. IV.

*A tongue, whose odious clack no flesh can  
bear,  
Whisp'ring its venom into every ear.*



You see by this that your \* twin-brother *Holofernes* had good reason for calling his *scurrility* a gift, he was born to it; 'twas his fate—

*His star was more in fault than he.*

I scorn however to disguise a doubt, that may be started as to the place in the heavens, which I have here assigned to you, aware as I am that the poetical astrologer above quoted has cast the nativity of all pedagogues under the constellation *Aquarius*, (*Manilius*, lib. iv.) ascribing to its influence *Tutorisque supercilium*; but this I am content to refer to the critics, assured that wherever you are finally located in the sphere, *HOLOFERNES* will be found close at your elbow; *duo viri manibus per mutua connexis*—And verily, illustrious Sir, it were but a vain and presumptuous attempt in me to pronounce where you will perch—

---

\* *Quædam ordine permutato fiunt supervacua, ut FRATRES GEMINI, (QUINT. lib. ix.) Obe! quam ineptè garrit Cavillator noster improbus!*

———*cum statione peractâ*

*Astra petes—*

When, spurning this terraqueous globe, you  
take your flight amidst the stars—

———*tibi numine ab omni*

*Cedetur, jurisque tui natura relinquet,*

*Quis \* deus esse velis——*

But we beseech you, most ponderous Sir, when  
you *bestride the narrow globe, like a Colossus*,  
that you will be pleased to sit plump in the  
saddle, not throwing your weight out of its ba-  
lance, being well aware—

*Ætheris immensi partem si presseris unam,*

*Sentiet † axis onus——*

Above all things, gracious demi-god, have  
consideration for your poor surviving country-  
men and fellow-subjects of Great Britain, and

\* *PAR domus est cælo, sed minor est domino.*

MARTIAL.

† *PAR onus ut tulerint.*

do not (we pray you do not) have any partial bias, or wriggling side-way leanings towards a certain spot upon the globe, called *France*, but keep your rump in a faithful perpendicular over dear Old England, and sit not askew in any such fashion—

*Unde tuam videas obliquo sidere Romam.\**

Though you have not been conspicuous for keeping peace upon earth, hold sacred, we conjure you, *the harmony of the spheres*, and although *Cicero* said, in time long past—*Stellarum numerus PAR an IMPAR sit nescio*, (*Acad. Quæst.* iv. 10.) let that no longer be a doubt with us, but give us to know you are one of the number by the favour which you shall show us—

*For when the planets*

*In evil mixture to disorder wander,*

*What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,*

\* *Terrarum dea gentiumque ROMA,*

*Cui PAR est nihil—*

*Obe! jam satis est!*      BELL. SEC.

*What raging of the sea, shaking of the earth,  
Commotion in the winds, frights, changes, hor-  
rors,*

*Divert and crack, rend and deracinate  
The unity and married calm of states  
Quite from their fixture! Ob! when degree is  
shaken,*

*Which is the ladder to all high designs,  
The enterprize is sick. How could communi-  
ties,*

*Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,  
Peaceful commerce from shores dividable,  
The primogeniture and due of birth,  
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,  
But by degree, stand in authentic place?  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And bark, what discord follows! Each thing  
meets*

*In mere oppugnancy.\**

SHAKSPEARE.

\* *All this I deny, and totis viribus impugn.*

† THOMAS PAYNE.

† *I do accuse thee here, Cremutius Cordus,  
To be a man factious and dangerous,  
A sower of sedition in the state;*

In one word, Sir, whatever becomes of you, or wherever you dispose of yourself after your apotheosis, you are—*mibi jam numen*.

Dignified therefore as you are, deified as you will be, is it fitting that you (a star elect) should commit your character to these petty squabbles, writing grave prefaces to apologize for ridiculous pamphlets, and playing the buffoon——

*Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias—*

Appealing to the public upon facts, which the public does not care one straw about, calling a jury of readers to decide upon a suit, forsooth, —*de tribus capellis*—and paying them for their subpœna, not in sterling coin, which we know

---

*A turbulent and discontented spirit,  
Which I will prove from thine own writings here,  
The annals thou hast publish'd, where thou bit'st  
The Constitution with a viper's tooth,  
Which never yet degenerated bastard did  
Upon his parent.—* BEN. JONSON. *Sejanus*.

that you abound in, but in *Birmingham* counters, that have not the merit even of pure brass, but are stamped out of mixt metal, adulterated and debased—?

*O rem ridiculam, Cato, et jocosam!*

And what to gain by it? *What conquest to bring home?* To triumph over me, forsooth—me, a mere country parson, a tame parish priest; to overwhelm my weak intellects with a torrent of Greek and Latin; not only to turn your own stout wit against me, but the wits of all the ancients, whom I never offended. Peace to their manes! What have I done to *Æschylus* and *Pindar*, that they should fasten upon me? Did I ever liken the seven *Birmingham* rioters to *the seven chiefs before Thebes*? Let *Æschylus* prove it against me if he can: therefore—

Ἐπίσχες εἰτός, ὃ πολυτίμητ' Αἰσχύλε,

Ἄπὸ τῶν χαλαζῶν.

ARISTOPH.

*Batter me not with words, time-honour'd  
bard,*

*Which fall like hail, as cutting and as bard.*



Did I compare the burning of the conventicles to the festival of the *Olympic games*? I challenge *Pindar* to make good the charge; and *Sophocles* too, and *Euripides* above all the rest—how have I angered them that they should worry me, as they do? Let the latter, at least, look well to his own heels, for, if I mistake not, he should know, by woeful experience, what it is to fall amongst curs, having got his death by their teeth; as for *Sophocles*, let him remember that it was not owing to his *sting*, but to his *honey*, he obtained the title of *the Athenian Bee*. In short, say it I will, and I include them all in my reply—

—λοιδορεῖσθαι δ'εὖ πρέπει

"Ἄνδρας ποιητὰς, ὥσπερ ἄρτοπώλιδας.

IBID.

*It fits not men renown'd in ancient song  
To outgo Billingsgate in force of tongue.*

Of *Aristotle*, *Quintilian* and even *Plato*, I do not much complain, seeing it is but natural for one pedagogue to retain another; but for that puppy *Priscian*, he deserves to have his *head broken* for thrusting it into the fray, and if you had not done it for him yourself, I would.

With regard to that son of a blacksmith, *Demosthenes*, I care not for what he says; he will abuse any body: he is a special pleader—

Ἔχοντ' ἀχάλινον, ἀκρατὲς, ἀπύλωτον στόμα,  
Ἀπεριλάλητον, κομποφακελόρρημονα.      ARISTOPH.

*A tongue, that without bridle madly goes,  
And lips, that nothing but a fee can close,  
Spultring, with mighty froth and flutter,  
Long-winded words, all strut and stutler.*

That *Demosthenes* should draw his pen in your service I cannot wonder, and if the story be true that he always carried poison in it, secretly secured, I have only to remark that the pen was not the less fit for certain purposes; yet recollect, good Doctor, that the poison proved not mortal to others, but to himself, and take warning from his fate; he sucked the fatal pen, and died.

I discover *Plutarch* also amongst your advocates—Be it so! I recollect that *Sus Bæotica* was a reproach proverbially applied to all his countrymen: we have also a vulgar saying—*Cat will after kind*—and so will swine: I have

nothing more to say to *Plutarch* and his pig.

But you descend also into the lower ages to pick up recruits in the persons of *Gregory of Nazianzen*, *Eusebius* and *Sozomen*. I own I could not have expected it from them, and I must say (let them take it how they will), it is not well done of them to set parsons together by the ears.

You, who are yourself a host, were surely ill advised to take confederates into your pay ; in single combat lies your strength ; there you had been invincible : but when you betake yourself to inlisting mercenaries, I believe I have got together as strong a phalanx of allies as you have, and my Croats will so belabour you, that I expect to hear you cry out, like poor METAPHOR in *the Tale of a Tub*,

*Be't known unto you, by these presents, all,  
That I, MILES METAPHOR, a clerk of wor-  
ship,*

*Have ev'n been beaten to an allegory  
By multitude of hands: had they been but*

*Some five or six, I had whipp'd them all like  
tops*

*In Lent, and burl'd them into Hobler's hole,  
Or the next ditch; I had crack'd all their  
costards,*

*As nimbly as a squirrel will crack nuts;  
And flourish'd like to Hercules the porter  
Among the pages; but when they came on  
Like bees about a hive, crows about carrion,  
Flies about sweetmeats, nay, like watermen  
About a fare, then was poor METAPHOR  
Glad to give up the honour of the day,  
To quit his charge to them, and run away  
To save his life, only to tell this news.*

BEN. JONSON.

I have now nothing more to remark upon your counsel in the learned languages, but to tender my most respectful compliments to three very obliging gentlemen, whom you have called to the bar by the names of *Alexis*, *Amphis* and *Antiphanes*. To these gentlemen I am under particular obligations, inasmuch as they were pleased, in regard of my ease and accommoda-

tion, to take their pleadings out of the Greek type, and graciously to render them in the English character, by which they became legible at least, if not intelligible, to their very humble servant the culprit: this is a mark of politeness which few authors of their high rank would have stooped to. Some of my own countrymen (and one in particular whom I could name) contrive to disguise even their own mother tongue in such a manner, as sometimes puzzles my poor brain to find out what they mean, or, indeed, whether they mean any thing: How unlike are such ænigmatists to these candid authors! these wish to be understood; the others seem to think their obscurity to be their merit, and, if it be a merit, I can well believe it is their only one.

I will say a few words, therefore, to each of these gentlemen in their order, and first and foremost to *Signor Alexis*.

This gentleman is called upon to depose to the following assertion: take it in his own orthography—

*Herkos bebaios estin, an neuso monos.*

*Vide* PARR, p. 152.

I believe he dictated MONON and not MONOS; but that I take to be the blunder of his amanuensis; I apprehend he is speaking of an oath, and the sum total of his testimony, if expressed in Latin, might, as I humbly conceive, be thus rendered—*firmum est juramentum, si solum annuero*—which is as much as to say, in our vernacular idiom—

*The oath is firm, I clinch it with a nod:*

*'Tis all the same as if I swore by G—d.*

Jupiter, I know, had this trick of *nodding* when he swore, and as our learned Doctor *deus esse videtur*, he also

*Assumes the god,*

*Affects to nod,*

*And seems to shake the spheres.*

But whether this will pass muster with a Christian jury, let the Christian parson, who adduces it in evidence, take upon himself to make good:



I presume he recollects there is a certain *book* put into the hand of him that is sworn; but whether he thinks that to be a nugatory form, or not, is for him to declare. The gentleman, who is for passing it off with a *nod*, I am taught to believe was a writer of comedies: my information also tells me he was a man of most dissolute morals, a profest voluptuary, and, upon the authority of *Plutarch* (*the Bæotian bog*), he is said to have composed an entire treatise upon *sensual pleasure*: he was also by his countrymen nicknamed *the Glutton with the wide swallow*; he may, therefore, be well supposed to make no bones of an oath: he might, perhaps, have been educated in the custom-house at the *Piræus*, but for this I have not even *Bæotian* authority; I leave the Doctor, therefore, with his boon companion, *nodding* like *Homer* in his easy chair, and pass to the next, which is *Amphis*.

This gentleman, who was also a writer of comedies, is subpoena'd for the following important purpose: the Doctor has happily discovered a scrap of one of his plays, where somebody says

(he knows not who) on some occasion, (he knows not what).

*Hostis gar omnuonti meden peithetai,  
Autos epiorkein radiós epistatai.*

*Vide PARR, p. 152.*

*Or trust me when I pledge my troth,  
Or I'll not trust you on your oath.*

This is all the gentleman has to say, and I will take it on his word rather than incur the consequences of suspecting him; I have no questions to ask either of him or the *Nodder*.

And now, (*though last not least in favour*) welcome, good *Antiphanes*, thou son of *Ænoe*! thou hadst a fluent pen, old gentleman, and didst write comedies, as thy client does pamphlets, *stans pede in uno*. Thy evidence is a little more dilated than that of *Alexis*, but it is directly to the same point; your depositions I confess agree. This is the sentiment of the sage *Antiphanes*—and it is addressed to some lady of fashion, whose name the Doctor either

does not know, or does not think fit to disclose—

*Despoin'! botan tis omnuontos kataphrone,  
Hò me sunoide proteron epiorkekoti,  
Houtos kataphronein tôn theôn emoi dokei,  
Kai, proteron omosas, autos epiorkekenai.*

PARR, 152.

Which is as much to say, addressing himself to some dame of quality, and taking his client in his hand—" May it please your ladyship, I pre-  
" sent this reverend person to you, as one who  
" puts no faith in the veracity of his neighbours;  
" and I have only to remark, that *suspicion is*  
" *at best a coward's virtue.*"

Doctor! have your advocates any thing farther to say? If they have, let them say it; if not, let them for ever after hold their tongues.—Shew the gentlemen out of court!—usher them to *Stobæus*, from whom they came!—farewell, *Alexis*, *Amphis* and *Antiphanes*. Most courteous triumvirate, farewell!

Most learned Doctor, is not this poor spelling at a pun? mere handicraft wit, the manufacturing of a jest? Greek metamorphosed into English characters—which you may see done by *Fielding* in his novels with much more point and humour. It is not scholar's, but school-boy's play, it is properly speaking—

*Ludere* PAR IMPAR, *equitare in arundine longâ.*

And do you suppose we cannot track you where you have been poaching for these notable quotations? Yes, Doctor, I call it poaching, because it is plain they are not game of your own starting, but had been run down by *STOBÆUS*, out of whose fowling-bag you sily pilfered them. Every one of them, together with your single line from *Æschylus* at the bottom of your page 152, your scrap also from *Sophocles's Hippodamia*, and the two lines from *Alexis* in page 153; in short, the sum total of your Greek, in type natural or type masked, is

every syllable to be found in *page 121* of *Stobæus's Florilegium*, *περὶ ὀρχε.*

UNA *est in nostris tua, Fidentine, libellis*  
 PAGINA, *sed certâ domini signata figurâ,*  
*Quæ tua traducit manifesto carmina furto.*

Most mighty *Master of Scholars!* this is an unscholar-like trick; it is not fair sporting in the field of letters; it is what a school-boy would call *cribbing*. Had you beaten the ground fairly, you might have found more, ay and better, birds of the same feather even in *Antiphanes's* manor.

Here, reader, you behold the formidable giant of the race of *Harapha*, who with five fingers and a thumb on each hand could not contrive to turn over more than one poor page of *Stobæus*, or walk a step forwards without his leading-strings: and now in return for the contempt, reverend Sir, which you meant to fix on me by your quotations, take to your consideration the following *fable*, so shall the good rule be verified in your person—*noxæ pœna PAR esto!*

I pray you give good heed unto the *fable*.

“ *You must think this, that the worm will do*  
 “ *his kind: look you, the worm is not to be trust-*  
 “ *ed, but in the keeping of wise people; for in-*  
 “ *deed there is no goodness in the worm.*

ANT. AND CLEOPATRA.

I omit the moral, trusting to your ready application of it—

*Asinus pelle leonis indutus.*

*Exuvias Asinus Gætuli forte leonis*  
*Repperit, et spoliis induit ora novis,*  
*Aptavitque suis incongrua tegmina membris,*  
*Et miserum tanto pressit honore caput:*  
*Ast ubi terribilis animo circumstetit horror,*  
*Pigraque præsumptus venit in ossa vigor;*  
*Mitibus ille feris communia pabula calcans,*  
*Turbabat pavidos per sua rura boves:*  
*Rusticus hunc magnâ postquam deprendit ab*  
*aure,*  
*Correptum vinclis, verberibusque domat,*



*Et simul abstracto denudans corpora tergo,  
 Increpat his miserum vocibus ille pecus—  
 “ Forsitan ignotos mutato nomine fellis,  
 “ At mihi, qui quondam, semper asellus eris.”*

\* BELLEND. SEC.

*Translation.*

*A certain pedant in an angry freak  
 Stumbled by chance upon a page of Greek;  
 With frequent conning o'er and o'er at last  
 He got it in his teeth, and held it fast:*

\* BELLENDENUS SECUNDUS PARR SUO. D. D. SALUTEM.

*Dubitanti mihi, PARR jucundissime, quonam litterarum titulo nostri nominis memoriam mandaremus, fabularum textus occurrit, quod in his urbanè concepta falsitas deceat, et non incumbat necessitas VERITATIS. Nam quis tecum de oratione, quis de re politicâ loqueretur, cum in utroque litterarum genere et Atticos GRÆCÂ eruditione superes, et LATINITATE Romanos? Habes ergo opus, quo animum oblectes, ingenium exerceas, solitudinem leves, totumque vivendi ordinem CAUTUS agnoscas. Loqui vero arbores, feras cum hominibus gemere, verbis certare volucres, animalia ridere fecimus, ut pro singulorum necessitatibus vel ab ipsis animis sententia proferatur.*

*Det tibi Juppiter OM. ut in legendo multùm proficias!*

*Vale, et nos ama.*

*Fierce as a mastiff growling o'er a bone,  
 He mouth'd and mumbled it, as 'twere his own:  
 Away ran all his neighbours in a fright,  
 The country parsons trembled at his sight.  
 At length Apollo pluck'd him by the ear,  
 And whisp'ring said— my friend, what hast thou  
 here?*

*Greck, quoth the pedant—When the God in haste  
 Whipp'dout the morsel, which he could not taste—  
 “ Thy tricks,” he cried, “ on travellers may pass;  
 “ On me they're lost—I know thee for an ass.”*

P. P.

The fable truly is but an indifferent fable,  
 yet the moral is not amiss—

*Audit quod non vult qui pergit dicere quod  
 vult.*

Therefore, my good Doctor, *tolle jocos*, for if  
 the joke consists in nothing more than turning  
 a page of Greek into English characters, or a  
 worthy alderman into ridicule because he is fat,  
 —*non est jocus esse malignum.*

Ὅστις δὲ διαβολαῖσι πέιθεται ταχὺ,  
 Ὅτοι πονηρὸς αὐτὸς ἐστὶ τοῖς τρὺποις,  
 Ὅη παντάπασι παιδαρίε γνώμην ἔχει.

MENANDER.

*The man by love of calumny beguil'd  
 Is foul at heart, or weaker than a child.*

And now no more—If I have endeavoured to retort a little harmless raillery upon you, take it not amiss, nor believe that I am wanting in respect for the more worthy and brilliant qualities in your character. Heaven is my witness, I would not wound one noble part about you; and only point my feeble strokes at those extraneous foibles, which, if you threw from you, you would live the happier *with the better part*. You certainly meant to set your foot upon my neck and crush me, but the trodden worm will turn; you treated me contemptuously as one, whose very name you held unworthy to appear in the same page with your own; unworthy it would be, I do acknowledge, even of the lowest rank, in that scale of literary merit, where you have a right to be found; there I should know

my distance, and stand off with due humility; your reader I shall gladly be, your rival never; but you seem to have forgot that I am your fellow-creature, Sir, and fellow-servant in the ministry of peace: you treated me with unmanly scorn, unmerited and intolerable; your anger kept no bounds; the irritation of your mind tinctured with gall a pen, that could discourse sweet language, clothe wisdom in her fairest attire, give morality a charm to make instruction lovely, elevate the humblest subject and adorn even the sublimest; from that pen, as from a clear and copious spring, there might have flowed a stream to feed a city, a whole nation; but you suffered contumely to pollute it; it became unwholesome, bitter as the waters of *Marah*, and men turned aside from it with loathing; therein your private fault became a public wrong; by holding your opponent in too much contempt you forfeited a victory, which your natural superiority would else have insured to you; assuming more than modesty could warrant, you lost what genius might else

have commanded—the respect and the applause of your readers : it will ever be the fate of arrogance ; the world will always say—

*Non placet ille mihi quisquis placuit sibi multum.*

Having commenced with a preface, that *Cicero* might have been proud to own, you proceeded to petulancies that *Zoilus* would have been ashamed of ; this was intemperate : you drew out your whole artillery against a cottage, that you might have walked into unarmed ; this was impolitic : you made that a contest of quotations, which a little common sense and common English might have settled without any contest whatever ; this was unworthy of you : our frivolous dispute by your management of it became—ὕψιλόντων λόγων κορυθαίολα νίκη, σκινδαλμων τὲ παραξόνια—You levelled your quotations at me with an air of insult, which you strove to make as galling as you could by tricks and quirks of the pen, which a scholar should have been ashamed of ; aiming to publish my

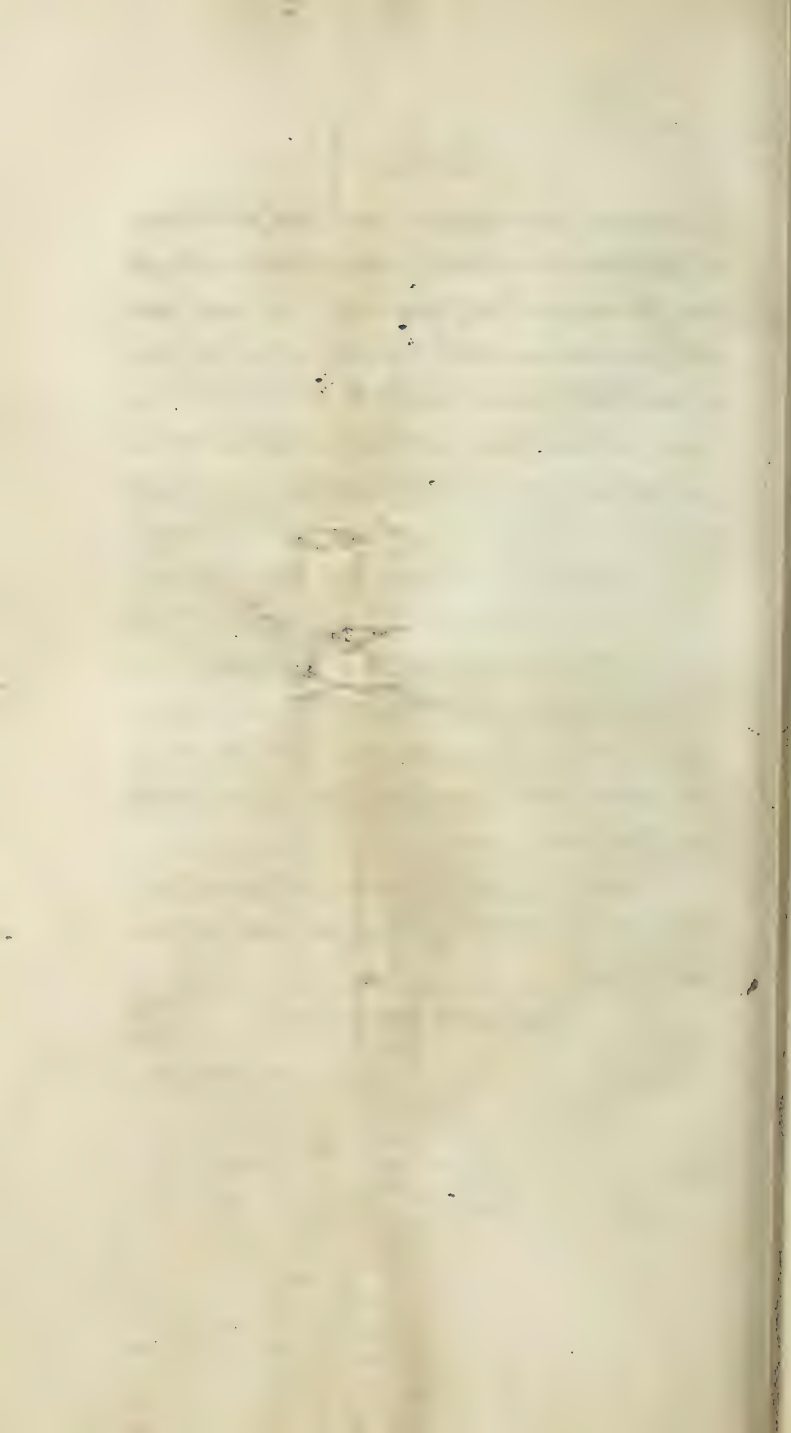
ignorance, you exposed your own ill-nature. Quotations are at best a poor pedantic shift; a margin may be filled at a very easy rate, and you, who are so well qualified to write what others may quote, should have disdained to charge with any weapons but your own. When you exchange your golden armour for the rusty worn-out leavings of the ancients, you make as bad a bargain as *Glaucus* did with *Diomed*; nay, you do worse, instead of standing foremost in the fight, you become a mere follower of the camp, a pillager of the field of battle, a gleaner of the fragments and splinters, which the nobler combatants have left as plunder to the idlers in the rear.

So much for your *ῥήματα ἵπποβάμονα* (*your high-prancing words*); they are now fairly liquidated.

*Jam sumus ergo* PARES.

EXIT CURTIUS.





# *INKLE and YARICO:*

A N

O P E R A;

I N T H R E E A C T S;

AS PERFORMED AT THE

*T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L*

I N

C O V E N T - G A R D E N

A N D T H E

H A Y - M A R K E T.

First Acted (in the Hay-market) on Saturday, August 11, 1787.

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W R I T T E N B Y

G E O R G E C O L M A N, Junior.

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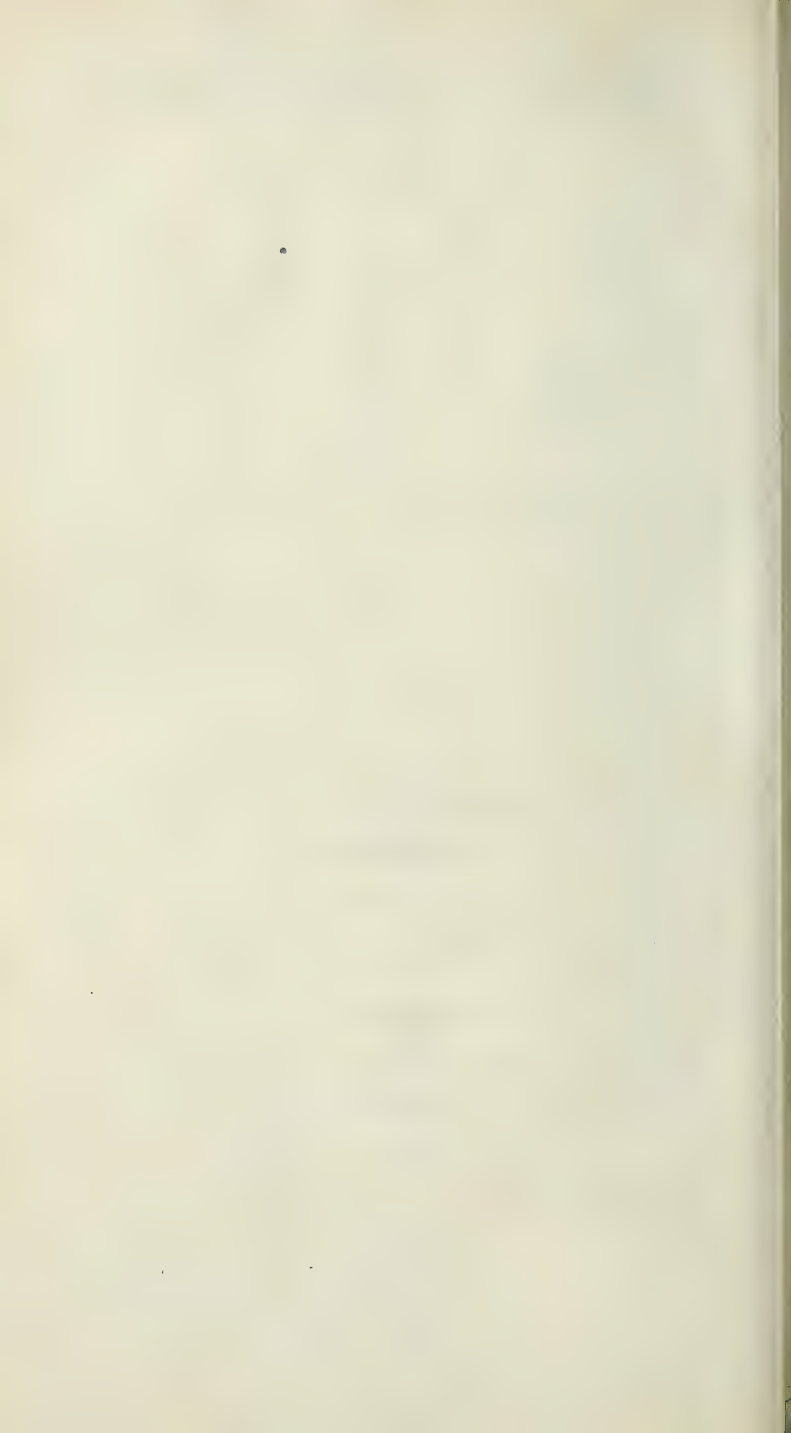
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M D C C X C I I .



# D R A M A T I S

# P E R S O N Æ.

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

*Mr. Bowdler*  
Inkle, - - - Mr. JOHNSTONE.  
*Mr. Quick*  
Sir Christopher Curry, - - - Mr. QUICK.  
*Mr. Jackson*  
Campley, - - - Mr. DAVIES.  
*Mr. Powell*  
Medium, - - - Mr. WEWITZER.  
*Mr. Bowdler*  
Trudge, - - - Mr. EDWIN.  
Mate, - - - Mr. DARLEY.

W O M E N.

*Miss L. and*  
Yarico, - - - Mrs. BILLINGTON.  
*Miss L. and*  
Narcissa, - - - Mrs. MOUNTAIN.  
*Miss L. and*  
Wowski, - - - Mrs. MARTYR.  
*Miss L. and*  
Patty, - - - Mrs. ROCK.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY MARKET.

Inkle, - - - Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.  
Sir Christopher Curry, - - - Mr. PARSONS.  
Medium, - - - Mr. BADDELEY.  
Campley, - - - Mr. DAVIES.  
Trudge, - - - Mr. EDWIN.  
Mate, - - - Mr. MEADOWS.

W O M E N.

Yarico, - - - Mrs. KEMBLE.  
Narcissa, - - - Mrs. BANISTER.  
Wowski, - - - Miss GEORGE.  
Patty, - - - Mrs. FORSTER.

SCENE—First on the Main of America: Afterwards in Barbadoes.

(The Lines in inverted Commas are omitted in Representation.)



# INKLE and YARICO:

A N

O P E R A.

---

A C T I.

SCENE I.

*An American Forest.*

*Medium (without).* **H**ILLI ho! ho!  
*Trudge (without).* Hip! hollo! ho!—Hip!—

*Enter Medium and Trudge.*

*Med.* Pshaw! it's only wasting time and breath. Bawling won't persuade him to budge a bit faster. Things are all alter'd now; and, whatever weight it may have in *some* places, bawling, it seems, don't go for argument, here. Plague o'nt! we are now in the wilds of America.

*Trudge.* Hip, hillio—ho—hi!—

*Med.* Hold your tongue you blockhead, or—

*Trudge.* Lord! Sir, if my master makes no more haste, we shall all be put to sword by the knives of the natives. I'm told they take off heads like hats, and hang 'em on pegs in their parlours. Mercy on us! My head



aches with the very thoughts of it. Holo! Mr. Inkle! master; holo!

*Med.* Head aches! Zounds, so does mine with your confounded bawling. It's enough to bring all the natives about us; and we shall be stript and plunder'd in a minute.

*Trudge.* Aye; stripping is the first thing that would happen to us; for they seem to be woefully off for a wardrobe. I myself saw three, at a distance, with less clothes than I have when I get out of bed: all dancing about in black buff; just like Adam in mourning.

*Med.* This is to have to do with a schemer! a fellow who risques his life, for a chance of advancing his interest.—Always advantage in view! Trying, here, to make discoveries that may promote his profit in England. Another Botany Bay scheme, mayhap. Nothing else could induce him to quit our foraging party, from the ship; when he knows every inhabitant here is not only as black as a pepper-corn, but as hot into the bargain—and I, like a fool, to follow him! and then to let him loiter behind.--Why, Nephew!--Why, Inkle.—(*calling*)

*Trudge.* Why, Inkle——Well! only to see the difference of men! he'd have thought it very hard, now, if I had let him call so often after me. Ah! I wish he was calling after me now, in the old jog-trot way, again. What a fool was I to leave London for foreign parts?——That ever I should leave threadneedle-street, to thread an American forest, where a man's as soon lost as a needle in a bottle of hay!

*Med.* Patience, Trudge! Patience! If we once recover the ship——.

*Trudge.* Lord, sir, I shall never recover what I have lost in coming abroad. When my master and I were in London, I had such a mortal snug birth of it! Why, I was *factotum*.

*Med.* Factotum to a young merchant is no such sine-cure, neither.

*Trudge.* But then the honour of it. Think of that, Sir; to be clerk as well as *own man*. Only consider. You find very few city clerks made out of a man, now-a-days.

a-days. To be king of the counting-house, as well as lord of the bed-chamber. Ah ! if I had him but now in the little dressing-room behind the office ; tying his hair, with a bit of red tape, as usual.

*Med.* Yes, or writing an invoice in lampblack, and shining his shoes with an ink-bottle, *as usual*, you blundering blockhead !

*Trudge.* Oh if I was but brushing the accounts, or casting up the coats ! mercy on us ! What's that ?

*Med.* That ! What ?

*Trudge.* Didn't you hear a noise ?

*Med.* Y—es—but—hush ! Oh heavens be prais'd ! here he is at last.

*Enter Inkle.*

Now nephew !

*Inkle.* So, Mr. Medium.

*Med.* Zounds, one wou'd think, by your confounded composure, that you were walking in St. Jame's Park, instead of an American forest : and that all the beasts were nothing but good company. The hollow trees, here, centry boxes, and the lions in 'em soldiers ; the jackalls, courtiers ; the crocodiles, fine women ; and the baboons, beaus. What the plague made you loiter so long ?

*Inkle.* Reflection.

*Med.* So I should think ; reflection generally comes lagging behind. What, scheming, I suppose ; never quiet. At it again, eh ? What a happy trader is your father, to have so prudent a son for a partner ! Why, you are the carefullest Co. in the whole city. Never losing sight of the main chance ; and that's the reason, perhaps, you lost sight of us, here, on the main of America.

*Inkle.* Right, Mr. Medium. Arithmetic, I own, has been the means of our parting at present.

*Trudge.* Ha ! A sum in division, I reckon. (*Aside*)

*Med.* And pray, if I may be so bold, what mighty scheme has just tempted you to employ your head, when you ought to make use of your heels ?

*Inkle.* My heels ! Here's pretty doctrine ! Do you think I travel merely for motion ? A fine expensive plan

for a trader truly. What, wou'd you have a man of business come abroad, scamper extravagantly here and there and every where, then return home, and have nothing to tell, but that he has *been* here and there and every where? 'Sdeath, Sir, would you have me travel like a lord?

*Med.* No, the Lord forbid! "but I am wrong perhaps: there is something in the air of this forest, "I believe, that inclines people to be hasty."

*Inkle.* Travelling, Uncle, was always intended for improvement; and improvement is an advantage; and advantage is profit, and profit is gain. Which, in the travelling translation of a trader, means, that you shou'd gain every advantage of improving your profit.

"*Med.* How——gain, and advantage, and profit?" "Zounds I'm quite at a loss."

"*Inkle.* You've hit it Uncle, so am I. I have lost my clue by your conversation: you have knock'd all my meditations on the head."

"*Med.* It's very lucky for you no-body has done it before me."

*Inkle.* I have been comparing the land, here, with that of our own country.

*Med.* And you find it like a good deal of the land of our own country—curfledly encumber'd with black legs, I take it.

*Inkle.* And calculating how much it might be made to produce by the acre.

*Med.* You were?

*Inkle.* Yes; I was proceeding algebraically upon the subject.

*Med.* Indeed!

*Inkle.* And just about extracting the square root.

*Med.* Hum!

*Inkle.* I was thinking too, if so many natives cou'd be caught, how much they might fetch at the West Indian markets.

*Med.* Now let me ask you a question, or two, young Cannibal Catcher, if you please.

*Inkle.* Well.

*Med.*

*Med.* Arn't we bound for Barbadoes; partly to trade, but chiefly to carry home the daughter of the governor, Sir Christopher Curry, who has till now been under your father's care, in Threadneedle-street, for polite English education?

*Inkle.* Granted.

*Med.* And isn't it determin'd, between the old folks, that you are to marry Narcissa as soon as we get there?

*Inkle.* A fix'd thing.

*Med.* Then what the devil do you do here, hunting old hairy negroes, when you ought to be ogling a fine girl in the ship? Algebra, too! You'll have other things to think of when you are married, I promise you. A plodding fellow's head, in the hands of a young wife, like a boy's slate after school, soon gets all its arithmetic wip'd of: and then it appears in its true simple state: dark, empty, and bound in wood, Master Inkle.

*Inkle.* Not in a match of this kind. Why, it's a table of interest from beginning to end, old Medium.

*Med.* Well, well, this is no time to talk. Who knows but, instead of failing to a wedding, we may get cut up, here, for a wedding dinner: tofs'd up for a dingy duke perhaps, or stew'd down for a black baronet, or eat raw by an inky commoner?

*Inkle.* Why sure you arn't afraid?

*Med.* Who, I afraid! Ha! ha! ha! No, not I! What the deuce should I be afraid of? Thank heaven, I have a clear conscience, and need not be afraid of any thing. A scoundrel might not be quite so easy on such an occasion; but it's the part of an honest man not to behave like a scoundrel: I never behav'd like a scoundrel—for which reason I am an honest man, you know. But come—I hate to boast of my good qualities.

*Inkle.* Slow and sure, my good, virtuous Mr. Medium! Our companions can be but half a mile before us: and, if we do but double their steps, we shall overtake 'em at one mile's end, by all the powers of arithmetic.

*And.*

*Med.* Oh curse your arithmetic ! How are we to find our way ?

*Inkle.* That, Uncle, must be left to the doctrine of chances. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E, *another part of the Forest.*

*A ship at anchor in the bay at a small distance.*

*Enter Sailors and Mate, as returning from foraging.*

*Mate.* Come, come, bear a hand, my lads. Tho'f the bay is just under our bowsprits, it will take a damn'd deal of tripping to come to it—there's hardly any steering clear of the rocks here. But do we muster all hands ? All right, think ye ?

“ *Sailors.* Ah, all, my hearty.”

“ *Mate.* What Nick Noggin—Ralph Reef—Tom Pipes—Jack Rattlin—Dick Deck—Mat Mast——  
“ Sam Surf,—Ten water casks, and a hog ?”

*1st Sail.* All to a man——besides yourself, and a monkey——the three land lubbers, that edg'd away in the morning, goes for nothing you know—they're all dead may-hap by this.

*Mate.* Dead ! you be——Why they're friends of the Captain ; and if not brought safe aboard to-night, you may all chance to have a salt eel for your supper—that's all.—Moreover, the young plodding spark, he with the grave, foul weatherface, there, is to man the tight little frigate, Miss Narcissa, what d'ye call her, that is bound with us for Barbadoes. Rot 'em for not keeping under way, I say !

“ *2d Sail.* Foolish dogs ! Suppose they are met by  
“ the Natives.”

*Mate.* “ Why then the Natives would look plaguy  
“ black upon 'em, I do suppose.” But come, let's see if a song will bring 'em to. Let's have a full chorus to the good Merchant Ship, the Achilles, that's wrote by our Captain. “ Where's Tom Pipes ?”

“ *Sail.*



“ *Sail.* Here.”

“ *Mate.* Come then, pipe all hands. Crack the drums  
“ of their ears, my tight fellows. Hail ’em with your  
“ finging trumpet.”

## S O N G.

*The Achilles, though christen’d, good ship, ’tis surmis’d,  
From that old Man of War, great Achilles, so priz’d,  
Was he, like our vessel, pray, fairly baptiz’d?*  
*Ti tol lol, &c.*

## II.

*Poets sung that Achilles—if, now, they’ve an itch  
To sing this, future ages may know which is which;  
And that one rode in Greece—and the other in Pitch.*  
*Ti tol lol, &c.*

## III.

*What tho’ but a Merchant ship—sure our supplies :  
Now your Men of War’s gain in a lottery lies,  
And how blank they all look, when they can’t get a prize !*  
*Ti tol lol, &c.*

## IV.

*What are all their fine names ? when no Rhino’s behind,  
The Intrepid, and Lion, look sheepish you’ll find ;  
Whilst, alas ! the poor Æolus can’t raise the wind !*  
*Ti tol lol, &c.*

## V.

*Then the Thunderer’s dumb ; out of tune the Orpheus ;  
The Ceres has nothing at all to produce ;  
And the Eagle, I warrant you, looks like a goose.*  
*Ti tol lol, &c.*

## VI.

*But we merchant lads, tho’ the foe we can’t maul,  
Nor are paid, like fine king-ships, to fight at a call,  
Why we pay ourselves well, without fighting at all.*  
*Ti tol lol, &c.*



*1st Sail.* Avast! look a-head there. Here they come, chas'd by a fleet of black devils.

*Midsh.* And the devil a fire have I to give 'em. We han't a grain of powder left. What must we do, lads?

*2d Sail.* Do? Sheer off to be sure.

"*Midsh.* What, and leave our companions behind?"

"*1st Sail.* Why not? they left us before; so it comes to the same thing."

"*Midsh.* No damn it---I can't---I can't do that neither."

"*3d Sail.* Why then we'll leave you. Who the plague is to stand here, and be peppered by a parcel of savages?"

"*Midsh.* Why to be sure as it is so--plague on't--"  
(*reluctantly*).

"*1st Sail.* Pshaw, mun, they're as safe as we. Why we're scarce a cable's length asunder; and they'll keep in our wake now, I warrant 'em."

"*Midsh.* Why, if you will have it so--It makes a body's heart yearn to leave the poor fellows in distress, too."

*All.* Come, bear a hand, Master Malinspike!

*Midsh.* (*Reluctantly*) Well, if I must, I must (*going to the other side and hollering to Inkle, &c.*) Yoho, Lubbers! Crowd all the sail you can, d'ye mind me!

[*Exeunt Sailors.*]

*Enter Medium, running across the stage, as pursued by the Blacks.*

*Med.* Nephew! Trudge! run--scamper! Scour--fly! Zounds, what harm did I ever do to be hunted to death by a pack of bloodhounds? Why Nephew! Oh, confound your long fums in arithmetic! I'll take care of myself; and if we must have any arithmetic, dot and carry one for my money. (*runs off*)

*Enter Inkle and Trudge hastily.*

*Trudge.* Oh! that ever I was born, to leave pen, ink, and powder for this!

*Inkle.*

*Inkle.* Trudge, how far are the sailors before us?

*Trudge.* I'll run and see, Sir, directly.

*Inkle.* Blockhead, come here. The savages are close upon us; we shall scarce be able to recover our party. Get behind this tuft of trees with me; they'll pass us, and we may then recover our ship with safety.

*Trudge.* (*going behind*) Oh! Threadneedle-street, Thread!---

*Inkle.* Peace.

*Trudge.* (*hiding*)—Needle-street. (*They hide behind trees. Natives cross. After a long pause. Inkle looks from the trees.*)

*Inkle.* Trudge.

*Trudge.* Sir. (*In a whisper*).

*Inkle.* Are they all gone by?

*Trudge.* Won't you look and see?

*Inkle.* (*looking round*). So all's safe at last. (*coming forward*). Nothing like policy in these cases; but you'd have run on, like a booby! A tree, I fancy, you'll find, in future, the best resource in a hot pursuit.

*Trudge.* Oh charming! It's a retreat for a king, Sir. Mr. Medium, however, has not got up in it; your Uncle, Sir, has run on like a booby; and has got up with our party by this time, I take it; who are now most likely at the shore. But what are we to do next, Sir?

*Inkle.* Reconnoitre a little, and then proceed.

*Trudge.* Then pray, Sir, proceed to reconnoitre; for the sooner the better.

*Inkle.* Then look out, d'ye hear, and tell me if you discover any danger.

*Trudge.* Y-----Ye----s----Yes But (*trembling*).  
 "As you understand this business better than I, Sir, suppose you stick close to my elbow, to give me directions.

"*Inkle.* Cowardly scoundrel! Do as you are order'd, Sir," Well, is the coast clear?

*Trudge.* Eh! Oh Lord!--Clear? (*rubbing his eyes*)  
 Oh dear! oh dear! the coast will soon be clear enough now, I promise you—The ship is under sail, Sir!

*Inkle.*

" *Inkle.* Death and damnation !

" *Trudge.* Aye, death falls to my lot. I shall starve,  
" and go off like a pop-gun."

*Inkle.* Confusion ! my property carried off in the vessel.

*Trudge.* All, all, Sir, except me.

" *Inkle.* Treacherous villains ! My whole effects  
" lost.

" *Trudge.* Lord, Sir, any body but you wou'd only  
" think of effecting his safety in such a situation."

*Inkle.* They may report me dead, perhaps, and dispose of my property at the next island.

*(The vessel appears under sail.)*

*Trudge.* Ah ! there they go. *(A gun fired.)*——  
That will be the last report we shall ever hear from 'em, I'm afraid.—That's as much as to say, Good bye to ye. And here we are left—two fine, full-grown babes in the wood !

*Inkle.* What an ill-tim'd accident ! Just too, when my speedy union with Narcissa, at Barbadoes, wou'd so much advance my interests. Something must be hit upon, and speedily ; but what resource ! *(thinking)*

*Trudge.* The old one——a tree, Sir——'Tis all we have for it now. What wou'd I give, now, to be perch'd upon a high stool, with our brown desk squeez'd into the pit of my stomach—scribbling away an old parchment !——But all my red ink will be split by an old black pin of a negro.

## S O N G.

### Last Valentine's Day.

*A voyage over seas had not enter'd my head,  
Had I known but on which side to butter my bread.*

*Heigho ! sure I—for hunger must die !*

*I've sail'd like a booby ; come here in a squall,  
Where, alas ! there's no bread to be butter'd at all !*

*Oho ! I'm a terrible booby !*

*Oh, what a sad booby am I !*

## II.

*In London, what gay chop-house signs in the street !  
But the only sign here is of nothing to eat.*

*Heigho ! that I——for hunger should die !*

*My Mutton's all lost ; I'm a poor starving elf ;*

*And for all the world like a lost mutton myself.*

*Oho ! I shall die a lost mutton !*

*Oh ! what a lost mutton am I !*

## III.

*For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull ;*

*And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.*

*Heigho ! that I——for hunger should die !*

*Bnt, grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,*

*For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save.*

*Oho ! I shall n'eer save my bacon !*

*I can't save my bacon, not I !*

*Trudge.* Hum ! I was thinking——

*" Inkle.* Well, well, what ? Something to our purpose, I hope."

*Trudge.* I was thinking, Sir——if so many natives cou'd be caught, how much they might fetch at the West India markets !

*Inkle.* Scoundrel ! is this a time to jest ?

*Trudge.* No, faith, Sir ! Hunger is too sharp to be jested with. As for me, I shall starve for want of food. Now you may meet a luckier fate : You are able to extract the square root, Sir ; and that's the very best provision you can find here to live upon. But I ! (*noise at a distance*) Mercy on us ! here they come again.

*Inkle.* Confusion ! Deserted on one side, and press'd on the other, which way shall I turn ?——This cavern may prove a safe retreat to us for the present. I'll enter, cost what it will.

*Trudge.* Oh Lord ! no, don't, don't——We shall pay too dear for our lodging, depend on't.

*Inkle.* This is no time for debating. You are at the mouth of it : lead the way, Trudge.

*Trudge.*

*Trudge.* What ! go in before your honor ! I know my place better, I assure you—I might walk into more mouths than one, perhaps. (*Aside*)

*Inkle.* Coward ! then follow me. (*Noise again*)

*Trudge.* I must, Sir ; I must ! Ah Trudge, Trudge ! what a damn'd hole are you getting into !

[*Excunt into a cavern.*]

SCENE, *A cave, decorated with skins of wild beasts, feathers, &c. In the middle of the scene, a rude kind of curtain, by way of door to an inner apartment.*

*Enter Inkle and Trudge, as from the mouth of the Cavern.*

*Trudge.* Why, Sir ! Sir ? you must be mad to go any farther.

*Inkle.* So far, at least, we have proceeded with safety. Ha ! no bad specimen of savage elegance. These ornaments would be worth something in England--We have little to fear here, I hope : This cave rather bears the pleasing face of a profitable adventure.

*Trudge.* Very likely, Sir ! But, for a pleasing face, it has the curst'st ugly mouth I ever saw in my life. Now do, Sir, make off as fast as you can. If we once get clear of the natives houses, we have little to fear from the lions and leopards : for, by the appearance of their parlours, they seem to have kill'd all the wild beasts in the country. Now pray, do, my good Master, take my advice, and run away.

*Inkle.* Rascal ! Talk again of going out, and I'll flea you alive.

*Trudge.* That's just what I expect for coming in.--All that enter here appear to have had their skin stript over their ears ; and ours will be kept for curiosities--We shall stand here, stuff'd, for a couple of white wonders.

*Inkle.* This curtain seems to lead to another apartment : I'll draw it.

*Trudge.*



*Trudge.* No, no, no, don't; don't. We may be call'd to account for disturbing the company: you may get a curtain-lecture, perhaps, sir.

*Inkle.* Peace, booby, and stand on your guard.

*Trudge.* Oh! what will become of us! Some grim, seven-foot fellow ready to scalp us.

*Inkle.* By heaven! a woman!

*As the curtain draws, Yarico and Wowski, discovered, asleep.*

*Trudge.* A woman! (*Aside*)—[*Loud*] But let him come on; I'm ready—dam'me, I don't fear facing the devil himself—Faith it is a woman—fast asleep too.

*Inkle.* And beautiful as an angel!

*Trudge.* And, egad! there seems to be a nice, little plump bit in the corner; only she's an angel of rather a darker sort.

*Inkle.* Hush! keep back—she wakes. [*Yarico comes forward—Inkle and Trudge retire to opposite sides of the scene.*]

## SONG—YARICO.

*When the chace of day is done,  
And the shaggy lion's skin,  
Which, for us, our warriors win,  
Decks our cells, at set of sun;  
Worn with toil, with sleep oppress'd,  
I press my mossy bed, and sink to rest.*

### II.

*Then, once more, I see our train,  
With all our chace renew'd again:  
Once more, 'tis day,  
Once more, our prey  
Gnashes his angry teeth, and foams in vain.  
Again, in sullen haste, he flies,  
Ta'en in the toil, again he lies,  
Again he roars—and, in my slumbers, dies.*

B

*Inkle.*



*Inkle.* Our language!

*Trudge.* Zounds, she has thrown me into a cold sweat.

*Yarico.* Hark! I heard a noise! Wowski, awake! whence can it proceed! [*She wakes Wowski, and they both come forward—Yarico towards Inkle; Wowski towards Trudge.*]

*Trudge.* "Madam your very humble servant."

(*To Wowski.*)

*Yar.* Ah! what form is this?—are you a man?

*Inkle.* True flesh and blood, my charming heathen, I promise you.

*Yar.* What harmony in his voice! What a shape! How fair his skin too!—(*gazing*)

*Trudge.* This must be a lady of quality, by her staring.

*Yar.* Say, stranger, whence come you?

*Inkle.* From a far distant island; driven on this coast by distress, and deserted by my companions.

*Yar.* And do you know the danger that surrounds you here? Our woods are fill'd with beasts of prey---my countrymen too—(yet, I think they cou'dn't find the heart)---might kill you.—It wou'd be a pity if you fell in their way—I think I shou'd weep if you came to any harm.

*Trudge.* O ho! It's time, I see, to begin making interest with the chambermaid. (*Takes Wowski apart.*)

*Inkle.* How wild and beautiful! sure there's magic in her shape, and she has rivetted me to the place. But where shall I look for safety? let me fly, and avoid my death.

*Yarico.* Oh! no—But—(*as if puzzled*) well then, die stranger, but don't depart.—But I will try to preserve you; and if you are kill'd, Yarico must die too! Yet, 'tis I alone can save you: your death is certain without my assistance; and indeed, indeed, you shall not want it.

*Inkle.* My kind Yarico! what means, then, must be us'd for my safety?

*Yarico.* My cave must conceal you: none enter it, since my father was slain in battle. I will bring you food,  
by

by day, then lead you to our unfrequented groves, by moonlight, to listen to the nightingale. If you should sleep, I'll watch you, and wake you when there's danger.

*Inkle.* Generous Maid! Then, to you I will owe my life; and whilst it lasts, nothing shall part us.

*Yar.* And shan't it, shan't it indeed?

*Inkle.* No, my Yarico! For when an opportunity offers to return to my country, you shall be my companion.

*Yar.* What! cross the seas!

*Inkle.* Yes. Help me to discover a vessel, and you shall enjoy wonders. You shall be deck'd in silks, my brave maid, and have a house drawn with horses to carry you.

*Yar.* Nay, do not laugh at me---but is it so?

*Inkle.* It is indeed!

*Yar.* Oh wonder! I wish my countrywomen cou'd see me-----But won't your warriors kill us?

*Inkle.* No, our only danger, on land, is here.

*Yar.* Then let us retire further into the cave. Come ---your safety is in my keeping.

*Inkle.* I follow you---Yet, can you run some risque in following me?

## D U E T T.

O say, Bonny Lads.

*Inkle* O say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion  
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?  
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they re-  
mind you,

To sigh, with regret, for the grot left behind you?

*Yar.* Ah! no, I cou'd follow, and sail the world over,  
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover!  
The winds which blow round us, your arms for  
my pillow,  
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each  
billow.

*Inkle.* Then, say, lovely lass, what if happily 'spying  
" A rich gallant vessel, with gay colours flying?

"Yar. I'll journey, with thee, love, to where the land  
narrows,

"And sling all my cares at my back, with my  
arrows."

Both. O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,  
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big  
thunder:

While constant, we'll laugh at all changes of  
weather,

And journey, all over the world, both together.

[Exeunt; as retiring further into the Cave]

*Manent Trudge and Wowfski.*

*Trudge.* Why, you speak English as well as I, my  
little Wowfski.

*Wowfs.* Ifs.

*Trudge.* Ifs! And you learnt it from a strange man,  
that tumbled from a big boat, many moons ago, you say?

*Wowfs.* Ifs---Teach me---Teach good many.

*Trudge.* Then, what the devil made 'em so surpriz'd  
at seeing us! was helike me? (*Wowfski shakes her head*).  
Not so smart a body, may-hap. Was his face, now,  
round, and comely, and---eh! (*Stroaking his chin*).  
Was it like mine?

*Wowfs.* Like dead leaf---brown and shrivel.

*Trudge.* Oh, oh, an old shipwreck'd sailor, I war-  
rant. With white and grey hair, eh, my pretty beauty  
spot?

*Wowfs.* Ifs; all white. When night come, he put  
it in pocket.

*Trudge.* Oh! wore a wig. But the old boy taught  
you something more than English, I believe.

*Wowfs.* Ifs.

*Trudge.* The devil he did! What was it?

*Wowfs.* Teach me put dry grafs, red hot, in hol-  
low white stick.

*Trudge.* Aye, what was that for?

*Wowfs.*

# A N O P E R A.

*Wowf.* Put in my mouth---go poff, poff?

*Trudge.* Zounds! did he teach you to smoke?

*Wowf.* Ifs.

*Trudge.* And what became of him at last? What did your countrymen do for the poor fellow?

*Wowf.* Eat him one day---Our chief kill him.

*Trudge.* Mercy on us! what damn'd stomachs, to swallow a tough old Tar! Though, for the matter of that, there's many of our Captains would eat all they kill I believe! Ah, poor Trudge! your killing comes next.

*Wowf.* No, no---not you---no---(running to him anxiously)

*Trudge.* No? why what shall I do, if I get in their paws?

*Wowf.* I fight for you!

*Trudge.* Will you? Ecod she's a brave, good-natur'd wench! she'll be worth a hundred of your English wives--Whenever they fight on their husband's account, it's *with* him instead of *for* him, I fancy. But how the plague am I to live here?

*Wowf.* I feed you---bring you kid.

## S O N G. *Wowski.*

(One day, I heard Mary say.)

*White man, never go away-----*

*Tell me why need you?*

*Stay, with your Wowski, stay:*

*Wowski will feed you.*

*Cold moons are now coming in:*

*Ah don't go grieve me!*

*I'll wrap you in leopard's skin:*

*White man, don't leave me.*

## II.

*And when all the sky is blue,  
 Sun makes warm weather,  
 I'll catch you a Cockatoo,  
 Dress you in feather.  
 When cold comes, or when 'tis hot,  
 Ah don't go grieve me!  
 Poor Wowski will be forgot---  
 White man, don't leave me!*

*Trudge.* Zounds! leopard's skin for winter wear, and feathers for a summer's suit! Ha, ha! I shall look like a walking hammer-cloth, at Christmas, and an up-right shuttlecock, in the dog days. And for all this, if my master and I find our way to England, you shall be part of our travelling equipage; and, when I get there, I'll give you a couple of snug rooms, on a first floor, and visit you every evening as soon as I come from the counting house. Do you like it?

*Wowf.* Ifs.

*Trudge.* Damme, what a flashy fellow I shall seem in the city! I'll get her a *white* boy to bring up the tea-kettle. Then I'll teach you to write and dress hair.

*Wowf.* You great man in your country?

*Trudge.* Oh yes, a very great man. I'm head clerk of the counting-house, and first valet-de-chambre of the dressing-room. I pounce parchments, powder hair, black shoes, ink paper, shave beards, and mend pens. But hold; I had forgot one material point—you ar'nt married, I hope?

*Wowf.* No: you be my chum-chum!

*Trudge.* So I will. It's best, however, to be sure of her being single; for Indian husbands are not quite so complaisant as English ones, and the vulgar dogs might think of looking a little after their spouses. Well, as my master seems king of this palace, and has taken his Indian Queen already, I'll e'en be Usher of the black rod here. But you have had a lover or two in your time; eh, Wowski?

*Wowf.* Oh ifs---great many--I tell you.

DUETT.

## DUET T.

Wowf. *Wampum, Swampum, Yanko, Lanko, Nanko,  
Pownatowski,  
Black men---plenty---twenty---fight for me,  
White man, woo you true?*

Trudge. *Who?*

Wowf. *You.*

Trudge. *Yes, pretty little Wowski!*

Wowf. *Then I leave all and follow thee.*

Trudge. *Oh then turn about, my little tawny tight one!  
Don't you like me?*

Wowf. *Is, you're like the snow!*

*If you slight one.——*

Trudge. *Never, not for any white one:*

*You are beautiful as any snow.*

Wowf. *Wars, jars, scars can't expose ye,  
In our grot——*

Trudge. *So snug and cosy!*

Wowf. *Flowers neatly*

*Pick'd, shall sweetly*

*Make your bed.*

Trudge. *Coying toying*

*With a rosy*

*Posy,*

*When I'm dosy,*

*Bear-skin night-caps too shall warm my haud.*

Both. *Bear-skin night-caps, &c. &c.*

*End of the FIRST ACT.*



## A C T II.

SCENE, *The Quay at Barbadoes, with an Inn upon it. People employed in unlading Vessels, carrying Bales of Goods, &c.*

*Enter several Planters.*

*1st Planter.* **I** Saw her this morning, gentlemen, you may depend on't. My telescope never fails me. I pop'd upon her as I was taking a peep from my balcony. A brave tight ship, I tell you, bearing down directly for Barbadoes here.

*2d Planter.* Ods my life ! rare news ! We have not had a vessel arrive in our harbour these six weeks.

*3d Planter.* And the last brought only madam Narcissa, our Governor's daughter, from England ; with a parcel of lazy, idle, white folks about her. Such cargoes will never do for our Trade, neighbour.

*4th Planter.* No, no : we want slaves. A terrible dearth of 'em in Barbadoes, lately ! But your dingy passengers for my money. Give me a vessel like a collier, where all the lading tumbles out as black as my hat. But are you sure, now, you ar'nt mistaken ? *(to 1st Planter)*

*1st Planter.* Mistaken ! 'ibud, do you doubt my glass ? I can discover a gull by it six leagues off : I could see every thing as plain as if I was on board.

*2d Planter.* Indeed ! and what were her colours ?

*1st Planter.* Um ! why English——or Dutch——or French——I don't exactly remember.

*3d Planter.* What were the sailors aboard ?

*1st Planter.* Eh ! why they were English too——or Dutch——or French——I can't perfectly recollect.

*4th Planter.*

4th Plant. Your glass, neighbour, is a little like a glass too much: it makes you forget every thing you ought to remember. (*Cry without, "A sail, a sail!"*)

1st Plant. Egad but I'm right tho'. Now gentlemen!

All. Aye, aye; the devil take the hindmost.

*Exeunt hastily.*

*Enter Narcissa and Patty.*

## S O N G.

*Freshly now the breeze is blowing;  
As yon ship at anchor rides,  
Sullen waves incessant flowing,  
Rudely dash against the sides:  
So my heart, its course impeded,  
Beats in my perturbed breast;  
Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,  
Rise, and still deny it rest.*

Patty. Well, Ma'am, as I was saying——

Nar. Well, say no more of what you were saying-- Sure, Patty, you forget where you are: a little caution will be necessary now, I think.

Patty. Lord, Madam, how is it possible to help talking? We are in Barbadoes here to be sure-- but then, Ma'am, one may let out a little in a private morning's walk by ourselves.

Nar. Nay, it's the same thing with you in doors.

"Patty. Why, to say the truth, M'am, tho' we do  
"live in your father's house—Sir Christopher Curry,  
"the grand Governor that governs all Barbadoes—  
"and a terrible positive governor he is to be sure—  
"yet, he'll find it a difficult matter to govern a chambermaid's tongue, I believe.

"Nar. That I am sure of, Patty; for it runs as rapidly as the tide which brought us from England.

"Patty. Very true, Ma'am; and, like the tide, it stops for no man.

"Nar.

*Nar.* Well, well, let it run as you please ; only for my sake, take care it don't run away with you.

*Patty.* Oh, Ma'am, it has been too well train'd in the course of conversation, I promise you ; and if ever it says any thing to your disadvantage, my name is not Patty Prink."---I never blab, Ma'am, never, as I hope for a gown.

*Nar.* And your never blabbing, as you call it, depends chiefly on that hope, I believe. The unlocking my chest, locks up all your faculties. An old silk gown makes you turn your back on all my secrets ; a large bonnet blinds your eyes, and a fashionable high handkerchief covers your ears, and stops your mouth at once, Patty,

*Patty.* Dear Ma'am, how can you think a body so mercenary ! Am I always teasing you about gowns and gew-gaws, and fallals and finery ? Or do you take me for a conjuror, that nothing will come out of my mouth but ribbons ? I have told the story of our voyage, indeed, to old Guzzle, the butler, who is very inquisitive ; and, between ourselves, is the ugliest old Quiz I ever saw in my life.

*Nar.* Well, well, I have seen him ; pitted with the small-pox and a red face.

*Patty.* Right, Ma'am. It's for all the world like his master's cellar, full of holes and liquor. But when he asks me what you and I think of the matter, why I look wise, and cry like other wise people who have nothing to say---All's for the best.

*Nar.* And, thus, you lead him to imagine I am but little inclin'd to the match.

*Patty.* Lord, Ma'am, how could that be ? Why, I never said a word about Captain Campley.

*Nar.* Hush ! hush, for heaven's sake.

*Patty.* Ay ! there it is now.---There, Ma'am, I'm as mute as a mack'rel--That name strikes me dumb in a moment. I don't know how it is, but Captain Campley somehow or other has the knack of stopping my mouth oftener than any body else, Ma'am.

*Nar.* His name again ! ---Consider.---Never mention it ; I desire you.

*Patty.*

*Patty.* Not I, Ma'am, not I. But if our voyage from England was so pleasant, it wasn't owing to Mr. Inkle, I'm certain. He didn't play the fiddle in our cabin, and dance on the deck, and come languishing with a glass of warm water in his hand, when we were sea-sick. Ah, Ma'am, that water warm'd your heart, I'm confident. Mr. Inkle! No, No; Captain Cam——“there, he “has stopped my mouth again, Ma'am.”

*Nar.* There is no end to this! Remember, Patty, keep your secrecy, or you entirely lose my favour.

*Patty.* Never fear me, Ma'am. But if somebody I know is not acquainted with the Governor, there's such a thing as dancing at balls, and squeezing hands when you lead up, and squeezing them again when you cast down, and walking on the Quay in a morning.

“*Nar.* No more of this!”

*Patty.* Oh, I won't utter a syllable. “I'll go, and “take a turn on the Quay by myself, if you think proper.” (*archly*)—But remember, I'm as close as a patch box. Mum's the word, Ma'am, I promise you.

## S O N G.

*This maxim let ev'ry one hear,  
Proclaim'd from the North to the South;  
Whatever comes in at your ear,  
Shou'd never run out at your mouth.  
We servants, like servants of state,  
Shou'd listen to all, and be dumb;  
Let others harrangue and debate,  
We look wise---shake our heads.--and are mum.*

## II.

*The Judge in dull dignity dress'd,  
In silence hears barristers preach;  
And then to prove silence is best,  
He'll get up, and give them a speech.*

*By saying but little, the maid  
Will keep her swain under her thumb ;  
And the lover, that's true to his trade,  
Is certain to kiss, and cry mum.*

[Exit]

*Nar.* " This heedless wench, every time she speaks, I dread a discovery of my sentiments," How awkward is my present situation ! Promis'd to one, who, perhaps, may never again be heard of ; and who, I am sure, if he ever appears to claim me, will do it merely on the score of interest---press'd too by another, who has already, I fear, too much interest in my heart---what can I do ? What plan can I follow ?

*Enter Campley.*

*Camp.* Follow my advice, Narcissa, by all means. Enlist with me, under the best banners in the world. General Hymen for my money ! little Cupid's his drummer : he has been beating a round rub-a-dub on our hearts, and we have only to obey the word of command, fall into the ranks of matrimony, and march through life together.

"*Nar.* Halt ! halt, Captain ! you march too quick ; besides, you make matrimony a mere parade."

"*Camp.* Faith, I believe, many make it so at present. But we are volunteers, Narcissa ! and I am for actual service, I promise you."

*Nar.* Then consider our situation.

*Camp.* That has been duly consider'd. In short, the case stands exactly thus---your intended spouse is all for money : I am all for love : He is a rich rogue : I am rather a poor honest fellow. He wou'd pocket your fortune ; I will take you without a fortune in your pocket.

"*Nar.* But where's Mr. Inkle's view of interest ? Hasn't he run away from me ?

"*Camp.* And I am ready to run away *with* you---  
" you won't always meet with such an offer on an emergency."

*Nar.*



*Nar.* Oh! I am sensible of the favour, most gallant Captain Campley; and my father, no doubt, will be very much oblig'd to you.

*Camp.* Aye, there's the devil of it! Sir Christopher Curry's confounded good character—knocks me up at once. Yet I am not acquainted with him neither; not known to him, even by sight; being here only a sa private gentleman on a visit to my old relation, out of regimentals, and so forth; and not introduc'd to the Governor as other officers of the place: But then the report of his hospitality—his odd, blunt, whimsical friendship—his whole behaviour——

*Nar.* All stare you in the face, eh, Campley?

*Camp.* They do till they put me out of countenance: But then again, when I stare *you* in the face, I can't think I have any reason to be ashamed of my proceedings—I stick here between my Love and my Principle, like a song between a toast and a sentiment.

*Nar.* And if your love and your principle were put in the scales, you doubt which would weigh most?

*Camp.* Oh, no! I shou'd act like a rogue, and let principle kick the beam: For love, Narcissa, is as heavy as lead, and like a bullet from a pistol, cou'd never go thro' the heart, if it wanted weight.

*Nar.* Or rather like the pistol itself, that often *goes off* without any harm done. Your fire must end in smoke I believe.

*Camp.* Never whilst——

*Nar.* Nay, a truce to protestations at present. What signifies talking to *me*, when you have such opposition from others? Why hover about the city, instead of boldly attacking the guard? Wheel about, captain! face the enemy! March! Charge! Rout 'em---Drive 'em before you, and then—

*Camp.* And then—

*Nar.* Lud ha' mercy on the poor city!

SONG.



## S O N G.—RONDEAU.

“ Since ’tis vain to think of flying.”

*Mars wou’d oft, his conquest over,  
To the Cyprian Goddess yield;  
Venus gloried in a lover,  
Who, like him, cou’d brave the field.  
Mars wou’d oft, &c.*

## II.

*In the cause of battles hearty,  
Still the God wou’d strive to prove,  
He who fac’d an adverse party,  
Fittest was to meet his love.  
Mars wou’d oft, &c.*

## III.

*Hear then, Captains, ye who bluster,  
Hear the God of War declare,  
Cowards never can pass muster;  
Courage only wins the fair.  
Mars wou’d oft, &c.*

*Enter Patty, hastily.*

*Patty.* Oh lud, Ma’am, I’m frighten’d out of my wits! sure as I’m alive, Ma’am, Mr. Inkle is not dead; I saw his man, Ma’am, just now, coming ashore in a boat with other passengers, from the vessel that’s come to the island.

“ *Nar.* Then one way or other I must determine.”

“ *Patty.* But, pray Ma’am, don’t tell the Captain; I’m sure he’ll stick poor Trudge in his passion; and he’s the best natur’d, peaceable, kind, loving soul in the world.” [Exit Patty.]

*Nar.* (to Camp.) Look’ye, Mr. Campley, something has happen’d which makes me wave ceremonies.--If you mean

mean to apply to my father, remember that delays are dangerous.

*Camp.* Indeed !

*Nar.* I mayn't be always in the same mind, you know. (*Smiling.*)

*Camp.* Nay then---Gad, I'm almost afraid too--but living in this state of doubt is torment. I'll e'en put a good face on the matter ; cock my hat ; make my bow ; and try to reason the Governor into compliance. Faint heart never won a fair Lady.

## S O N G.

*Why shou'd I vain fears discover,  
Prove a dying, sighing swain ?  
Why turn shilly-shally lover,  
Only to prolong my pain ?*

## II.

*When we woo the dear enslaver,  
Boldly ask and she will grant ;  
How should we obtain a favour,  
But by telling what we want ?*

## III.

*Should the nymph be found complying,  
Nearly then the battle's won ;  
Parents think 'tis vain denying,  
When half the work is fairly done.*

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Trudge and Wowski (as from the ship) with a dirty runner to one of the inns.*

*Run.* This way, Sir ; if you will let me recommend—

*Trudge.* Come along, Wows ! Take care of your furs, and your feathers, my girl.

*Wowf.*

*Wowf.* Ifs.

*Trudge.* That's right.---Somebody might steal 'em, perhaps.

*Wowf.* Steal!---What that?

*Trudge.* Oh Lord! see what one loses by not being born in a Christian country.

*Run.* If you wou'd, Sir, but mention to your master, the house that belongs to my master; the best accommodations on the quay.—

*Trudge.* What's your sign, my lad?

*Run.* The Crown, Sir---Here it is.

*Trudge.* Well, get us a room for half an hour, and we'll come: and harkee! let it be light and airy, d'ye hear? My master has been us'd to your open apartments lately.

*Run.* Depend on it.—Much oblig'd to you, Sir. [Exit.

*Wowf.* Who be that fine man? He great Prince?

*Trudge.* A Prince---Ha? ha!---No, not quite a Prince---but he belongs to the Crown. But how do you like this, *Wowf*? Isn't it fine?

*Wowf.* Wonder!

*Trudge.* Fine men, eh!

*Wowf.* Ifs! all white; like you.

*Trudge.* Yes, all the fine men are like me: As different from your people as powder and ink, or paper and blacking.

*Wowf.* And fine lady—Face like snow.

*Trudge.* What! the fine ladies complexions? Oh, yes, exactly; for too much heat very often dissolves 'em! Then their drefs, too.

*Wowf.* Your countrymen drefs so?

*Trudge.* Better, better a great deal. Why, a young flashy Englishman will sometimes carry a whole fortune on his back. But did you mind the women? All here—and there; (*pointing before and behind*) they have it all from us in England.---And then the fine things they carry on their heads, *Wowski*.

*Wowf.* Ifs. One lady carry good fish---so fine, she call every body to look at her.

*Trudge.*

*Trudge.* Pshaw! an old woman bawling flounders. But the fine girls we meet, here, on the quay--so round, and so plump!

*Wowf.* You not love me now.

*Trudge.* Not love you! Zounds, have not I given you proofs?

*Wowf.* Ifs. Great many: But now you get here, you forget poor Wowski!

*Trudge.* Not I: I'll stick to you like wax.

*Wowf.* Ah! I fear! What make you love me now?

*Trudge.* Gratitude, to be sure.

*Wowf.* What that?

*Trudge.* Ha! this it is, now, to live without education. The poor dull devils of her country are all in the practice of gratitude, without finding out what it means; while we can tell the meaning of it, with little or no practice at all.—Lord, Lord, what a fine advantage Christian learning is! Hark'ee, Wows!

*Wowf.* Ifs.

*Trudge.* Now we've accomplish'd our landing, I'll accomplish you. You remember the instructions I gave you on the voyage?

*Wowf.* Ifs.

*Trudge.* Let's see now—What are you to do, when I introduce you to the Nobility, Gentry, and others--of my acquaintance?

*Wowf.* Make believe sit down; then get up.

*Trudge.* Let me see you do it. [*She makes a low curtesey.*] Very well! And how are you to recommend yourself, when you have nothing to say, amongst all our great friends?

*Wowf.* Grin—shew my teeth.

*Trudge.* Right! they'll think you've liv'd with people of fashion. But suppose you meet an old shabby friend in misfortune, that you don't wish to be seen to speak to—what wou'd you do?

*Wowf.* Look blind—not see him.

*Trudge.* Why wou'd you do that?

*Wowf.* 'Cause I can't see good friend in distress.

*Trudge.* That's a good girl! and I wish every body cou'd boast of so kind a motive for such cursed cruel behaviour.

haviour.—Lord ! how some of your flashy banker's clerks have cut me in Threadneedle-street.—But come, tho' we have got among fine folks, here, in an English settlement, I won't be ashamed of my old acquaintance : yet, for my own part, I should not be sorry, now, to see my old friend with a new face.--Odtbobs ! I see Mr. Inkle--Go in, Wows ;—call for what you like best.

*Wows.* Then, I call for you—ah ! I fear I not see you often now. But you come soon—

## S O N G.

*Remember when we walk'd alone,  
And heard, so gruff, the lion growl ;  
And when the moon so bright it shone,  
We saw the wolf look up and howl ;  
I led you well, safe to our cell,  
While, tremblingly,  
You said to me,  
---And kiss'd so sweet—dear Wowski tell,  
How cou'd I live without ye ?*

## II.

*But now you come across the sea,  
And tell me here no monsters roar ;  
You'll walk alone and leave poor me,  
When wolves to fright you howl no more.  
Bnt ah ! think well on our old cell,  
Where tremblingly  
You kiss'd poor me—  
Perhaps you'll say—dear Wowski tell,  
How can I live without ye ?  
[Exit Wowski.*

*Trudge.* Eh ! oh ! my master's talking to somebody on the quay. Who have we here !

*Enter.*

*Enter First Planter.*

*Plant.* Hark'ee, young man ! Is that young Indian of your's going to our market ?

*Trudge.* Not she—she never went to market in all her life.

*Plant.* I mean, is she for our sale of slaves ? Our Black Fair ?

*Trudge.* A Black fair, ! Ha ! ha ! ha ! You hold it on a brown green, I suppose.

*Plant.* She's your slave, I take it ?

*Trudge.* Yes ; and I'm her humble servant, I take it.

*Plant.* Aye, aye, natural enough at sea.—But at how much do you value her ?

*Trudge.* Just as much as she has saved me—My own life.

*Plant.* Pshaw ! you mean to sell her ?

*Trudge.* (*stairing*) Zounds ! what a devil of a fellow ! Sell Wows !—my poor, dear, dingy wife !

*Plant.* Come, come, I've heard your story from the ship.—Don't let's haggle ; I'll bid as fair as any trader amongst us : But no tricks upon travellers, young man, to raise your price.—Your wife, indeed ! Why she's no Christian ?

*Trudge.* No ; but I am ; so I shall do as I'd be done by, Master *Black-market* : and, if you were a good one yourself, you'd know, that fellow-feeling for a poor body, who wants your help, is the noblest mark of our religion.—I wou'd'nt be articulated clerk to such a fellow for the world.

*Plant.* Hey-day ! The booby's in love with her ! Why, sure, friend, you wou'd not live here with a Black ?

*Trudge.* Plague on't ; there it is. I shall be laugh'd out of my honesty, here.— But you may be jogging, friend ; I may feel a little queer, perhaps, at showing her face—but, dam'me, if ever I do any thing to make me ashamed of showing my own.

*Plant.* Why, I tell you, her very complexion——

*Trudge.* Rot her complexion.—I'll tell you what, Mr. *Fair trader* : If your head and heart were to change



places, I've a notion you'd be as black in the face as an ink-bottle.

*Plant.* Pfhaw ! The fellow's a fool--a rude rascal--heought to be sent back to the savages, again. He's not fit to live among us christians. [*Exit. Planter.*

" *Trudge.* Christians ! ah ! tender souls they are, to be sure."

## S O N G.

## American Tune.

" *Christians are so good, they say,  
Tender souls as e'er can be !  
Let them credit it who may ;  
What they're made of let us see.*

## II.

" *Christian drovers, charming trade !  
Who so careful cattle drive ;  
And the tender Christian maid,  
Sweetly skinning eels alive.*

## III.

" *Tender tonish dames, who take  
Whip in hand, and drive like males,  
Have thetr ponies nick'd---to make  
The pretty creatures cock their tails !*

## IV.

" *Christian boys will shy at cocks,  
Worry dogs, hunt cats, kill flies ;  
Christian Lords will learn to box,  
And give their noble friend black eyes."*

Oh, here he is at last.

*Enter.*

*Enter Inkle, and a second Planter.*

*Inkle.* Nay, Sir, I understand your customs well: your Indian markets are not unknown to me.

*2d. Plant.* And, as you seem to understand business, I need not tell you that dispatch is the soul of it. Her name you say is—

*Inkle.* Yarico: But urge this no more, I beg you. I must not listen to it: For to speak freely, her anxious care of me demands, that here,—though here it may seem strange—I should avow my love for her.

*Plant.* Lord help you, for a merchant!—"What a pretty figure you would cut upon Change"—It's the first time I ever heard a trader talk of love; except, indeed, the love of trade, and the love of the *Sweet Molly*, my ship.

*Inkle.* Then, Sir, you cannot feel my situation.

*Plant.* Oh yes, I can! We have a hundred such cases just after a voyage; but they never last long on land. It's amazing how constant a young man is in a ship! But, in two words, Will you dispose of her, or no?

*Inkle.* In two words then, meet me here at noon, and we'll speak further on this subject: and lest you think I trifle with your business, hear why I wish this pause. Chance threw me, on my passage to your island, among a savage people. Deserted,— defenceless,—cut off from my companions,—my life at stake—to this young creature I owe my preservation;—she found me, like a dying bough, torn from its kindred branches; which, as it droop'd, she moisten'd with her tears.

*Plant.* Nay, nay, talk like a man of this world.

*Inkle.* Your patience.—And yet your interruption goes to my present feelings; for on our sail to this your island—the thoughts of time mispent—doubt---fears—for call it what you will---have much perplex'd me; and as your spires arose, reflections still rose with them; or here, Sir, lie my interests, great connections, and other weighty matters—which now I need not mention—

*Plant.* But which her presence here will mar.

*Inkle.* Even so—And yet the gratitude I owe her!

*Plant.* Pshaw! So because she preserv'd your life, your gratitude is to make you give up all you have to live upon.

*Inkle.* Why in that light indeed---This never struck me yet, I'll think on't.

*Plant.* Aye, aye, do so---Why what return can the wench wish more than taking her from a wild, idle, savage people, and providing for her, here, with reputable hard work, in a genteel, polished, tender, christian country?

*Inkle.* Well, Sir, at noon—

*Plant.* I'll meet you---but remember, young gentleman, you must get her off your hands--you must indeed.----I shall have her a bargain, I see that--your servant!--Zounds how late it is--but never be put out of your way for a woman---I must run---my wife will play the devil with me for keeping breakfast. [*Exit.*

*Inkle.* Trudge.

*Trudge.* Sir!

*Inkle.* Have you provided a proper apartment?

*Trudge.* Yes, Sir, at the Crown here; a neat, spruce room they tell me. You have not seen such a convenient lodging this good while, I believe.

*Inkle.* Are there no better inns in the town?

*Trudge.* Um---Why there's the Lion, I hear, and the Bear, and the Boar—but we saw them at the door of all our late lodgings, and found but bad accommodations within, Sir.

*Inkle.* Well, run to the end of the quay, and conduct Yarico hither. The road is straight before you: you can't miss it.

*Trudge.* Very well, Sir. What a fine thing it is to turn one's back on a master, without running into a wolf's belly! One can follow one's nose on a message here, and be sure it won't be bit off by the way. [*Exit.*

*Inkle.* Let me reflect a little. "This honest planter councils well." Part with her--"What is there in it which cannot easily be justified?" Justified!--Pshaw! My interest, honour, engagements to Narcissa, all demand it. My father's precepts, too--I can remember, when

when I was a boy, what pains he took to mould me!--School'd me from morn to night--and still the burthen of his song was--Prudence! Prudence, Thomas, and you'll rise.--Early he taught me numbers; which he said and he said rightly--wou'd give me a quick view of loss and profit; and banish from my mind those idle impulses of passion, which mark young thoughtless spendthrifts. His maxims rooted in my heart, and as I grew--*they* grew; till I was reckoned, among our friends, a steady, sober, solid, good young man; and all the neighbours call'd me *the prudent Mr. Thomas*. And shall I now, at once, kick down the character, which I have rais'd so warily?---Part with her,---"fell her,"---The thought once struck me in our cabin, as she lay sleeping by me; but, in her slumbers, she pass'd her arm around me, murmur'd a blessing on my name, and broke my meditations.

*Enter Yarico and Trudge.*

*Yar.* My Love!

*Trudge.* I have been showing her all the wigs and bales of goods we met on the quay, Sir.

*Yar.* Oh! I have feasted my eyes on wonders.

*Trudge.* And I'll go feast on a slice of beef, in the inn, here. *[Exit.*

*Yar.* My mind has been so busy, that I almost forgot even you. I wish you had staid with me--You wou'd have seen such sights!

*Inkle.* Those sights are grown familiar to me, Yarico.

*Yar.* And yet I wish they were not--You might partake my pleasures--but now again, methinks, I will not wish so--for, with too much gazing, you might neglect poor *Yarico*.

*Inkle.* Nay, nay, my care is still for you.

*Yar.* I'm sure it is: and if I thought it was not, I'd tell you tales about our poor old grot--Bid you remember our Palm-tree near the brook, where in the shade you often stretched yourself, while I would take your

head upon my lap, and sing my love to sleep. I know you'll love me then.

## S O N G.

*Our grotto was the sweetest place !  
 The bending bows, with fragrance blowing,  
 Would check the brook's impetuous pace,  
 Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing.  
 'Twas there we met, and gazed our fill.  
 Ah ! think on this, and love me still.*

## II.

*'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,  
 —Fear, to an Indian maid a stranger—  
 The war-song, arrows, hatchet, spear,  
 All warn'd me of my lover's danger.  
 For him did cares my bosom fill ;  
 Ah ! think on this, and love me still.*

## III.

*" For him, by day, with care conceal'd,  
 " To search for food I climb'd the mountain ;  
 " And when the night no form reveal'd,  
 " Focund we sought the bubbling fountain.  
 " Then, then would joy my bosom fill ;  
 " Ah ! think on this, and love me still."* [Exeunt.

SCENE, *An apartment in the house of Sir Christopher Curry.*

*Enter. Sir Christopher and Medium.*

*Sir. Chr.* I tell you, old Medium, you are all wrong. Plague on your doubts ! Inkle shall have my Narcissa.  
 Poor



Poor fellow! I dare say he's finely chagrined at this temporary parting—Eat up with the blue devils, I warrant.

*Med.* Eat up by the black devils, I warrant; for I left him in hellish hungry company.

*Sir. Chr.* Pshaw! he'll arrive with the next vessel, depend on't—besides, have not I had this in view ever since they were children? I must and will have it so, I tell you. Is not it, as it were, a marriage made above? They *shall* meet, I'm positive.

*Med.* Shall they? Then they must meet where the marriage was made; for hang me, if I think it will ever happen below.

*Sir. Chr.* Ha!—and if that is the case--hang me, if I think you'll ever be at the celebration of it.

*Med.* Yet, let me tell you, Sir Christopher Curry, my character is as unfulled as a sheet of white paper.

*Sir. Chr.* Well said, old fool's-cap! and it's as mere a blank as a sheet of white paper. "It bears the traces of neither a bad nor a good hand upon it. Zounds! I had rather be a walking libel on honesty, than sit down a blank in the library of the world."

"*Med.* Well, it is not for me to boast of virtues: That's a vice I never give into."

"*Sir. Chr.* Your virtues! zounds, what are they?"

"*Med.* I am not addicted to passion--that at least, Sir Christopher--"

"*Sir. Chr.* Is like all your other virtues--A negative one." You are honest, old Medium, by comparison, just as a fellow sentenc'd to transportation is happier than his companion condemned to the gallows---Very worthy, because you are no rogue; "a good friend, because you never bear malice;" Tender hearted, because you never go to fires and executions; and an affectionate father and husband, because you never pinch your children, or kick your wife out of bed.

*Med.* And that, as the world goes, is more than every man can say for himself. Yet, since you force me to speak my positive qualities--but, no matter,--you remember me in London; "and know, there was scarcely  
" a laud-



“ a laudible institution in town, without my name in the  
 “ list. Hav’n’t I given more tickets to recommend the  
 “ lopping off legs than any Governor of our Hospital ?  
 “ and didn’t I, as Member of the Humane Society,  
 bring a man out of the New River, who, it was afterwards found, had done me an injury ?

*Sir Chr.* And, dam’ me, If I wou’d not kick any man into the New River that had done me an injury. There’s the difference of our honesty. Oons ! if you want to be an honest fellow, act from the impulse of nature. Why, you have no more gall than a pigeon.

“ *Med.* That, I think, is pretty evident in my private life.---Patience, patience you must own, Sir  
 “ Christopher, is a virtue. And I have sat and seen my  
 “ best friend abus’d, with as much quiet patience as any  
 “ Christian in Christendom.

“ *Sir Chr.* And I’d quarrel with any man, that  
 “ abus’d my friend in my company. Offending my  
 “ ears is as bad as boxing them.”

*Med.* “ Ha ! You’re always so hasty ; among the hodge-podge of your foibles, passion is always predominant.

*Sir Chr.* So much the better.---“ A natural man, unseasoned with passion, is as uncommon as a dish of hodge-podge without pepper ; and devilish insipid too, old Medium.”---Foibles, quotha ? foibles are foils that give additional lustre to the gems of virtue. You have not so many foils as I, perhaps.

*Med.* And, what’s more, I don’t wan’t ’em, Sir Christopher, I thank you.

*Sir Chr.* Very true ; for the devil a gem have you to set off with ’em.

*Med.* Well, well ; I never mention errors ; that, I flatter myself, is no disagreeable quality.---It don’t become me to say you are hot.

*Sir Chr.* ’Sblood ! but it does become you : it becomes every man, especially an Englishman, to speak the dictates of his heart.

SONG.

## S O N G.

" O give me your plain dealing Fellows,  
 " Who never from honesty shrink ;  
 " Not thinking on all they should tell us,  
 " But telling us all that they think.

## II.

" Truth from man flows like wine from a bottle,  
 " His free spoken heart's a full cup ;  
 " But, when truth sticks half way in the throttle,  
 " Man's worse than a bottle cork'd up.

## III.

" Complaisance, is a Gingerbread creature——  
 " Us'd for show, like a watch, by each spark ;  
 " But truth is a golden repeater,  
 " That sets a man right in the dark."

" *Med.* But suppose his heart dictates to any one to  
 " knock up your friend, Sir Christopher ?  
 " *Sir Chr.* Eh !----why----then it becomes me to  
 " knock him down.  
 " *Med.* Mercy on us ! If that was the consequence  
 " of scandal in England now-a-days, all our fine gentle-  
 " men would cut each other's throats over a bottle, and,  
 " if extended to the card-tables, our routs would be  
 " fuller of black eyes, than black aces."

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* An English vessel, Sir, just arrived in the harbour.

*Sir Chr.* A vessel ! Od's my life !----Now for the news---If it is but as I hope---Any dispatches ?

*Serv.* This letter, Sir, brought by a sailor from the quay.

[*Exit.*

" *Sir*

*Sir Chr.* Now for it! If Inkle is but amongst 'em---Zounds! I'm all in a flutter; my hand shakes "like an aspin leaf; and you, you old fool, are as stiff "and steady as an oak. Why arn't you like me---all "tiptoe---all nerves?-----

*Med.* Well, read, Sir Christopher."

*Sir Chr.* (*opening the letter.*) Huzza! here it is. He's safe---safe and found at Barbadoes.

(*Reading.*)-----*Sir,*

*My master, Mr. Inkle, is just arriv'd in your harbour.*

Here, read, read! old Medium---

*Med.* (*Reading.*) Um'---*Your harbour ;---we were taken up by an English vessel on the 14th ult<sup>o</sup>. He only waits till I have puff'd his hair, to pay his respects to you, and Miss Narcissa: In the mean time, he has order'd me to brush up this letter for your honour from*

*Your humble Servant, to command,*

Timothy Trudge.

*Sir Chr.* Hey day! Here's a stile! the voyage has jumbled the fellow's brains out of their places; the water has made his head turn round. But no matter; mine turns round, too. I'll go and prepare Narcissa directly, they shall be married, slap-dash, as soon as he comes from the quay. From Neptune to Hymen; from the hammock to the bridal bed---Ha! old boy!

*Med.* Well, well; don't flurry yourself---you're so hot!

*Sir Chr.* Hot! blood, arn't I in the West Indies? Arn't I Governor of Barbadoes? He shall have her as soon as he sets his foot on shore. "But plague on't, he's so slow."---She shall rise to him like Venus out of the sea. His hair puff'd! He ought to have been puffing, here, out of breath, by this time.

*Med.* Very true; but Venus's husband is always supposed to be lame, you know, Sir Christopher.

*Sir*

*Sir Chr.* Well, now do, my good fellow, run down to the shore, and see what detains him. [*Hurrying him off.*

*Med.* Well, well; I will, I will. [*Exit.*

*Sir Chr.* In the mean time, I'll get ready Narcissa, and all shall be concluded in a second. My heart's set upon it.----Poor fellow! after all his rumbles, and tumbles, and jumbles, and fits of despair--I shall be rejoic'd to see him. I have not seen him since he was that high.---But, zounds! he's so tardy!

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* A strange gentleman, Sir, come from the quay, desires to see you.

*Sir Chr.* From the quay? Od's my life!----'Tis he---'Tis Inkle! Show him up, directly. (*Exit Servant.*) The rogue is expeditious after all.--I'm so happy.

*Enter Campley.*

My dear Fellow! [*Embracing him---shakes hands.*] I'm rejoic'd to see you. Welcome; welcome here, with all my soul!

*Camp.* This reception, Sir Christopher, is beyond my warmest wishes---Unknown to you---

*Sir Chr.* Aye, aye; we shall be better acquainted by and by. Well, and how, eh! Tell me!--But old Medium and I have talk'd over your affair a hundred times a day, ever since Narcissa arriv'd.

*Camp.* You surprise me! Are you then really acquainted with the whole affair?

*Sir Chr.* Every tittle.

*Camp.* And, can you, Sir, pardon what is past?---

*Sir Chr.* Pooh! how could you help it?

*Camp.* Very true---sailing in the same ship--and--

*Sir Chr.* Aye, aye; but we have had a hundred conjectures about you. Your despair and distress, and all that----Your's must have been a damn'd situation, to say the truth.

*Camp.* Cruel indeed, Sir Christopher! and I flatter myself will move your compassion. I have  
been

been almost inclin'd to despair, indeed, as you say, but when you consider the past state of my mind—the black prospect before me.—

*Sir Chr.* Ha! ha! Black enough, I dare say.

*Camp.* The difficulty I have felt in bringing myself face to face to you.

*Sir Chr.* That I am convinc'd of—but I knew you wou'd come the first opportunity.

*Camp.* Very true: yet the distance between the Governor of Barbadoes and myself. [*Bowing.*]

*Sir Chr.* Yes—a devilish way asunder.

*Camp.* Granted, Sir: which has distress'd me with the cruellest doubts as to our meeting.

*Sir Chr.* It was a tofs up.

*Camp.* The old Gentleman seems devilish kind.—Now to soften him. [*Aside*] Perhaps, Sir, in your younger days, you may have been in the same situation yourself.

*Sir Chr.* Who? I! sblood! no, never in my life.

*Camp.* I wish you had, with all my soul, Sir Christopher.

*Sir Chr.* Upon my soul, Sir, I am very much obliged to you. (*Bowing*)

*Camp.* As what I now mention might have greater weight with you.

*Sir Chr.* Pooh! prithee! I tell you I pitied you from the bottom of my heart.

*Camp.* Indeed! “Had you but been kind enough to have sent to me, how happy should I have been in attending your commands!”

“*Sir Chr.* I believe you wou'd, egad—ha! ha! sent to you! Very well! ha! ha! ha! A dry rogue! You'd have been ready enough to come my boy, I dare say. (*Laughing.*)”

*Camp.* “But now, Sir;” if, with your leave, I may still venture to mention Miss Narcissa—

*Sir Chr.* An impatient, sensible young dog! like me to a hair! Set your heart at rest, my boy. She's your's; your's before to-morrow morning.

*Camp.* Amazement! I can scarce believe my senses.

*Sir*



*Sir Chr.* Zounds ! you ought to be ought of your senses : but dispatch—make short work of it, ever while you live, my boy.

*Enter Narcissa and Patty.*

Here girl : here's your swain. [*To Nar.*

*Camp.* I just parted with my Narcissa, on the quay, Sir.

*Sir Chr.* Did you ! Ah, sly dog----had a meeting before you came to the old Gentleman.---But here---Take him, and make much of him--and, for fear of further separations, you shall e'en be tack'd together directly. What say you, girl ?

*Camp.* Will my Narcissa consent to my happiness ?

*Nar.* I always obey my father's commands, with pleasure, Sir.

*Sir Chr.* Od ! I'm so happy, I hardly know which way to turn ; but we'll have the carriage directly ; drive down to the quay ; trundle old Spintext into church ; and hey for matrimony !

*Camp.* With all my heart, Sir Christopher ; the sooner the better.

*Sir CHRISTOPHER, CAMPLEY, NARCISSA,  
PATTY.*

*Sir Chr.* *Your Colinettes, and Arriettes,  
Your Damons of the grove,  
Who like Fallals, and Pastorals,  
Waste years in love !  
But modern folks know better jokes,  
And, courting once begun,  
To church they hop at once---and pop---  
Egad, all's done !*

*All.* *In life we prance a country dance,  
Where every couple stands ;  
Their partners set---a while curvett---  
But soon join hands.*

*Nar.*



Nar.      *When at our feet, so trim and neat,  
              The powder'd lover sues,  
              He vows he dies, the lady sighs,  
                          But can't refuse.  
              Ah ! how can she unmov'd e're see  
              Her swain his death incur ?  
              If once the Squire is seen expire,  
                          He lives with her.*

All.                *In life, &c. &c.*

Patty.      *When John and Bet are fairly met,  
              John boldly tries his luck ;  
              He steals a buss, without more fuss,  
                          The bargain's struck.  
              Whilst things below are going so,  
              Is Betty pray to blame ?  
              Who knows up stairs, her mistress fares  
                          Just, just the same.*

All.                *In life we prance, &c. &c.*                [Exeunt]

*End of the SECOND ACT.*

## A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Quay.**Enter Patty.*

**M**ERCY on us ! what a walk I have had of it ! Well, matters go on swimmingly at the governor's--- The old gentleman has order'd the carriage, and the young couple will be whisk'd, here, to church, in a quarter of an hour. My business is to prevent young sober-fides, young Inkle, from appearing, to interrupt the ceremony.--Ha ! here's the Crown, where I hear he is hous'd. So now to find Trudge, and trump up a story, in the true stile of a chambermaid. (*Goes into the house.*) (*Patty within*) I tell you it don't signify, and I will come up. (*Trudge within.*) But it does signify, and you can't come up.

*Re-enter Patty, with Trudge.**Patty.* You had better say at once, I than't.*Trudge.* Well then you than't.

*Patty.* Savage ! Pretty behaviour you have pick'd up amongst the Hyttypots ! Your London civility, like London itself, will soon be lost in smoke, Mr. Trudge ; and the politeness you have studied so long in Thread-needle-street, blotted out by the blacks you have been living with.

*Trudge.* No such thing ; I practis'd my politeness all the while I was in the woods. Our very lodging taught me good manners ; for I could never bring myself to go into it without bowing.

*Patty.* Don't tell me ! A mighty civil reception you give a body, truly, after a six weeks parting :

D

*Trudge.*

*Trudge.* Gad, you're right; I am a little out here, to be sure. (*Kisses her.*) Well, how do you do?

*Patty.* Pshaw, fellow! I want none of your kisses.

*Trudge.* Oh! very well --I'll take it again. (*Offers to kiss her.*)

*Patty.* Be quiet. I want to see Mr. Inkle: I have a message to him from Miss Narcissa. I shall get a sight of him, Now, I believe.

*Trudge.* May be not. He's a little busy at present.

*Patty.* Busy---ha! Plodding! What he's at his multiplication again?

*Trudge.* Very likely; so it would be a pity to interrupt him, you know.

*Patty.* Certainly; and the whole of my business was to prevent his hurrying himself---Tell him, we shan't be ready to receive him, at the Governor's, till to-morrow d'ye hear?

*Trudge.* No?

*Patty.* No. Things are not prepared. The place isn't in order; and the servants have not had proper notice of the arrival.

*Trudge.* Oh! let me alone to give the servants notice --Rat--Tat--Tat--It's all the notice we had in Treadneedle-street of the arrival of a visitor.

*Patty.* Threadneedle-street! Threadneedle nonsense! I'd have you to know we do every thing, here, with an air. Matters have taken another turn---Stile! Stile, Sir, is required here, I promise you.

*Trudge.* Turn--Stile! And pray what Stile will serve your turn now, Madam Patty?

*Patty.* A due dignity and decorum, to be sure. Sir Christopher intends Mr. Inkle, you know, for his son-in-law, and must receive him in public form, (which can't be till to-morrow morning) for the honor of his governorship: why the whole island will ring of it.

*Trudge.* The devil it will!

*Patty.* Yes; they've talk'd of nothing but my mistress's beauty and fortune, for these six weeks. Then he'll be introduced to the bride, you know.

*Trudge.* O, my poor master!

*Patty.* Then a publick breakfast; then a procession; then

then---if nothing happens to prevent it, he'll get into church and be married, in a crack.

*Trudge.* Then he'll get into a damn'd scrape, in a crack.

"*Patty.* Hey-day ! a scrape ! The holy state of matrimony !

*Trudge.* Yes ; it's plaguy holy ; and many of its votaries, as in other holy states, live in repentance and mortification." Ah ! Poor Madam Yarico ! My poor pilgrick of a master, what will become of him ! (*Half aside.*)

*Patty.* Why, what's the matter with the booby ?

*Trudge.* Nothing, nothing—he'll be hang'd for poli-bigamy.

*Patty.* Polly who ?

*Trudge.* It must out—Patty !

*Patty.* Well ?

*Trudge.* Can you keep a secret ?

*Patty.* Try me !

*Trudge.* Then [*Whispering*] My Master keeps a girl.

*Patty.* Oh monstrous ! another woman ?

*Trudge.* As sure as one and one make two.

*Patty.* [*Aside.*] Rare news for my mistress !—Why I can hardly believe it : the grave, sly, steady, sober Mr. Inkle, do such a thing !

*Trudge.* Pooh ! it's always your sly, sober fellows, that go the most after the girls.

*Patty.* Well ; I should sooner suspect you.

*Trudge.* Me ? Oh Lord ! he ! he !—Do you think any smart, tight, little, black eyed wench, wou'd be struck with my figure ? [*conceitedly.*]

*Patty.* Pshaw ! never mind your figure. Tell me how it happen'd ?

*Trudge.* You shall hear : when the ship left us ashore, my master turn'd as pale as a sheet of paper. It isn't every body that's blest with courage, Patty.

*Patty.* True !

*Trudge.* However, I bid him cheer up ; told him, to stick to my elbow : took the lead, and began our march.

*Patty.* Well ?

*Trudge.* We hadn't gone far, when a damn'd one-

eyed black boar, that grinn'd like a devil, came down the hill in jog trot! My master melted as fast as a pot of pomatum!

*Patty.* Mercy on us!

*Trudge.* But what does I do, but whips out my desk knife, that I us'd to cut the quills with at home; met the monster, and slit up his throat like a pen—The boar bled like a pig.

*Patty.* Lord! Trudge, what a great traveller you are!

*Trudge.* Yes; I remember we fed on the flitch for a week.

*Patty.* Well, well; but the Lady.

*Trudge.* The Lady? Oh, true. By and by we came to a cave—a large hollow room, under ground, like a warehouse in the Adelphi—Well; there we were half an hour, before I could get him to go in; there's no accounting for fear you know. At last, in we went to a place hung round with skins, as it might be a Furrier's shop, and there was a fine Lady, snoring on a bow and arrows.

*Patty.* What, all alone?

*Trudge.* Eh!—No—no—no—Hum—She had a young lion by way of a lap-dog.

*Patty.* Gemini; what did you do?

*Trudge.* Gave her a jog, and she open'd her eyes—she struck my master immediately.

*Patty.* Mercy on us! with what?

*Trudge.* With her beauty, you Ninny, to be sure: and they soon brought matters to bear. The wolves witness'd the contract—I gave her away—The crows croak'd Amen; and we had board and lodging for nothing.

*Patty.* And this is she he has brought to Barbadoes?

*Trudge.* The same.

*Patty.* Well; and tell me Trudge;—she's pretty, you say—Is she fair or brown? or——

*Trudge.* Um! she's a good comely copper.

*Patty.* How! a Tawney?

*Trudge.* Yes, quite dark; but very elegant; like a Wedgwood tea-pot.

*Patty.*

*Patty.* Oh! the monster! the filthy fellow! Live with a black-a-moor!

*Trudge.* Why there's no great harm in't, I hope?

*Patty.* Faugh! I wou'dn't let him kiss me for the world: he'd make my face all smutty.

*Trudge.* Zounds! you are mighty nice all of a sudden; but I'd have you to know, Madam Patty, that Blackamoor Ladies, as you call 'em, are some of the very few, whose complexions never rub off! S'bud, if they did, Wows and I shou'd have changed faces by this time—But mum; not a word for your life.

*Patty.* Not I! except to the Governor and family. [*Aside.*] But I must run—and, remember, Trudge, if your master has made a mistake here, he has himself to thank for his pains.

## S O N G.

*Tho' lovers, like marksmen, all aim at the heart,  
Some hit wide of the mark, as we wenches all know;  
But of all the bad shots, he's the worst in the art  
Who shoots at a pigeon, and kills a crow——O ho!  
Your master has kill'd a crow.*

## II.

*When youngers go out, the first time in their lives,  
At random they shoot, and let fly as they go;  
So your master, unskill'd how to level at wives,  
Has shot at a pigeon, and kill'd a crow.  
O ho! &c.*

## III.

*Love and money thus wasted, in terrible trim!  
His powder is spent, and his shot running low:  
Yet the pigeon he mis'd, I've a notion, with him  
Will never, for such a mistake, pluck a crow.  
No! no!  
Your master may keep his crow.  
[Exit Patty.]*

*Trudge.* Pshaw! these girls are so plaguy proud of their white and red! but I won't be shamed out of



Wows, that's flat. Master, to be sure, while we were in the forest, taught Yarico to read, with his pencil and pocket-book. What then? Wows comes on fine and fast in her lessons. A little awkward at first, to be sure. —Ha! ha!—She's so us'd to feed with her hands, that I can't get her to eat her victuals, in a genteel, Christian way, for the soul of me; when she has stuck a morsel on her fork, she don't know how to guide it; but pops up her knuckles to her mouth, and the meat goes up to her ear. But, no matter—After all the fine, flashy London girls, Wowski's the wench for my money.

## S O N G.

*A Clerk I was in London gay,  
 'Jemmy linkum feedle,  
 And went in boots to see the play,  
 Merry fiddlem tweedle.  
 I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,  
 Diddle, daddle, deedle;  
 The girls all cry'd, "He's quite the kick."  
 Oh, 'Jemmy linkum feedle.*

## II.

*Hey! for America I sail,  
 Yankce doodle deedle;  
 The sailor boys cry'd, "Smoke his tail!"  
 'Jemmy linkum feedle.  
 On English belles I turn'd my back,  
 Diddle, daddle, deedle;  
 And got a foreign Fair, quite Black,  
 O twaddle, twaddle, tweedle!*

## III.

*Your London girls, with roguish trip,  
 Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,  
 May boast their pouting under-lip,  
 Fiddle, faddle, feedle.  
 My Wows wou'd beat a hundred such  
 Diddle, daddle, deedle,  
 Whose upper-lip pouts twice as much,  
 O, pretty double wheedle!*

## IV. Rings

## VI.

*Rings I'll buy to deck her toes ;  
 • Femmy linkum feedle ;  
 A feather fine shall grace her nose :  
 Waving fiddle feedle.  
 With jealousy I ne'er shall burst ;  
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-a ?  
 A white Othello, I can trust  
 A dingy Desdemona.*

[Exit]

S C E N E II. *A room in the Crown.**Enter. Inkle.*

I know not what to think—I have given her distant hints of parting ; but still, so strong her confidence in my affection, she prattles on without regarding me. Poor Yarico ! I must not—cannot quit her. When I would speak, her look, her mere simplicity disarms me : I dare not wound such innocence. Simplicity is like a smiling babe ; which, to the ruffian, that would murder it, stretching its little, naked, helpless arms, pleads, speechless, its own cause. And yet Narcissa's family—

*Enter. Trudge.*

*Trudge.* There he is, like a beau bespeaking a coat ---doubting which colour to chuse—Sir—

*Inkle.* What now ?

*Trudge.* Nothing unexpected, Sir :—I hope you won't be angry.

*Inkle.* Angry !

*Trudge.* I'm sorry for it ; but I am come to give you joy, Sir !

*Inkle.* Joy !——of what ?

*Trudge.* A wife, Sir ; a white one.—I know it will vex you, but Miss Narcissa means to make you happy, to-morrow morning.

*Inkle.* To-morrow!

*Trudge.* Yes, sir; and as I have been out of employ, in both my capacities, lately, after I have dress'd your hair, I may draw up the marriage articles.

*Inkle.* Whence comes your intelligence, sir?

*Trudge.* Fatty told me all that has pass'd in the Governor's family, on the quay, sir. Women, you know, can never keep a secret. You'll be introduc'd in form, with the whole island to witness it.

*Inkle.* So public too!—Unlucky!

*Trudge.* There will be nothing but rejoicings, in compliment to the wedding, she tells me; all noise and uproar! Married people like it, they say.

*Inkle.* Strange! That I should be so blind to my interest, as to be the only person this distresses!

*Trudge.* They are talking of nothing else but the match, it seems.

*Inkle.* Confusion! How can I, in honor, retract?

*Trudge.* And the bride's merits——

*Inkle.* True!—A fund of merits!—I wou'd not--- but from necessity---a case so nice as this---I---wou'd not wish to retract.

*Trudge.* Then they call her so handsome.

*Inkle.* Very true! so handsome! the whole world wou'd laugh at me: they'd call it folly to retract.

*Trudge.* And then they say so much of her fortune.

*Inkle.* O death! it would be *madness* to retract. Surely, my faculties have slept, and this long parting, from my Narcissa, has blunted my sense of her accomplishments. 'Tis this alone makes me so weak and wavering. I'll see her immediately. [*Going.*]

*Trudge.* Stay, stay, sir; I am desir'd to tell you, the Governor won't open his gates to us till to-morrow morning, and is now making preparations to receive you at breakfast, with all the honours of matrimony.

*Inkle.* Well, be it so; it will give me time, at all events, to put my affairs in train.

*Trudge.* Yes; it's a short respite before execution; and if your honour was to go and comfort poor Madam Yarico——

*Inkle.*

*Inkle.* Damnation ! Scoundrel, how dare you offer your advice ?---I dread to think of her !

*Trudge.* I've done, fir, I've done--But I know I should blubber over Wows all night, if I thought of parting with her in the morning.

*Inkle.* Insolence ! begone, fir !

*Trudge.* Lord, fir, I only---

*Inkle.* Get down stairs, fir, directly.

*Trudge.* [*Going out.*] Ah ! you may well put your hand to your head ; and a bad head it must be, to forget that Madam Yarico prevented her countrymen from peeling off the upper part of it. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*

*Inkle.* 'Sdeath, what am I about ? How have I slumbered ? " Rouse, rouse, good Thomas Inkle ! " Is it I--I--who, in London, laugh'd at the youngers of the town --and when I saw their chariots, with some fine, tempting girl, perk'd in the corner, come shopping to the city, wou'd cry--Ah !--there sits ruin--there flies the Greenhorn's money ! then wonder'd with myself how men cou'd trifle time on women ; or, indeed, think of any women without fortunes. And now, forsooth, it rests, with *me* to turn romantic puppy, and give up All for Love.---Give up!--Oh, monstrous folly!--thirty thousand pounds !

*Trudge.* (*Peeping in at the door.*)

*Trudge.* May I come in, fir ?

*Inkle.* What does the booby want ?

*Trudge.* Sir, your uncle wants to see *you*.

*Inkle.* Mr. Medium ! show him up directly.

[*Exit Trudge.*

He must not know of this. To-morrow !—" I must be " blunt with Yarico." I wish this marriage were more distant, that I might break it to her by degrees : She'd take my purpose better, were it less suddenly deliver'd. " Women's weak minds bear grief, as colts do burdens : " Load them with their full wieght at once, and they " sink under it ; but, every day, add little, imper- " ceptibly, to little, 'tis wonderful how much they'll " carry."

*Enter*

*Enter Medium.*

*Med.* Ah! here he is! Give me your hand, Nephew! welcome, welcome to Barbadoes, with all my heart.

*Inkle.* I am glad to meet you here, Uncle!

*Med.* That you are, that you are, I'm sure. Lord! Lord! when we parted last, how I wish'd we were in a room together, if it was but the black hole! "Since we sunder'd," I have not been able to sleep o'nights, for thinking of you. I've laid awake, and fancied I saw you sleeping your last, with your head in the lion's mouth, for a night-cap; and I've never seen a bear brought over, to dance about the street, but I thought you might be bobbing up and down in its belly.

*Inkle.* I am very much oblig'd to you.

*Med.* Ay, ay, I am 'happy enough to find you safe and sound, I promise you. "Why, I've been hunting you all over the quay, and been in half the houses upon it, before I could find you; I should have been here sooner else. Whew!--I'm so warm--I've run as fast——"

"*Inkle.* As you did in the forest—Eh! Mr. Medium?"

"*Med.* Well, well; thank heaven we are both out of the forest! Hounslow-heath at dusk is a trifle to it. I shall never see a tree without shaking, and, I cou'd not walk in a grove again with comfort, tho' it were in the middle of Paradise." But, you have a fine prospect before you now, young man. I am come to take you with me to Sir Christopher, who is impatient to see you.

*Inkle.* To-morrow, I hear, he expects me.

*Med.* To-morrow! directly—this--moment---in half a second.---I left him standing on tip-toe, as he calls it, to embrace you; and he's standing on tip-toe now in the great parlour, and there he'll stand till you come to him.

*Inkle.* Is he so hasty?

*Med.* Hasty! he's all pepper--and wonders you are not with him, before it's possible to get at him. Hasty indeed!



indeed ! Why he vows you shall have his daughter this very night

*Inkle.* What a situation !

*Med.* Why, it's hardly fair just after a voyage. But come, bustle, bustle, he'll think you neglect him. He's rare and touchy, I can tell you ; and if he once takes it into his head that you show the least flight to his daughter, it would knock up all your schemes in a minute.

*Inkle.* Confusion ! If he should hear of Yarico ! (*Aside.*)

*Med.* But at present you are all and all with him ; he has been telling me his intentions these six weeks, you'll be a fine warm husband, I promise you.

*Inkle.* This cursed connection ! (*Aside.*)

*Med.* It is not for me, though, to tell you how to play your cards ; you are a prudent young man, and can make calculations in a wood. " I need not tell you " that the least shadow of affront disoblige a testy old " fellow : but, remember, I never speak ill of my friends."

*Inkle.* Fool ! fool ! fool ! (*Aside.*)

*Med.* Why, what the devil is the matter with you ?

*Inkle.* It must be done effectually, or all is lost ; mere parting would not conceal it. (*Aside.*)

*Med.* Ah ! now he's got to his damn'd Square Root again, I suppose, and Old Nick would not move him-- Why, nephew !

*Inkle.* The planter that I spoke with cannot be arriv'd---but time is precious---the first I meet---common prudence now demands it. I'm fix'd ; I'll part with her. (*Aside.*) [Exit.

*Med.* Damn me, but he's mad ! The woods have turn'd the poor boy's brains ; he's scalp'd, and gone crazy ! Hoho ! Inkle ! Nephew ! Gad, I'll spoil your arithmetick, I warrant me. [Exit.

S C E N E, *The Quay.*

*Enter Sir Christopher Curry.*

*Sir Chr.* Ods my life ! I can scarce contain my happiness. I have left them safe in church in the middle of  
the



the ceremony. I ought to have given Narcissa away, they told me ; but I caper'd about so much for joy, that Old Spintext advis'd me to go and cool my heels on the quay, till it was all over. Od, I'm so happy ; and they shall see, now, what an old fellow can do at a wedding.

*Enter Inkle.*

*Inkle.* Now for dispatch ! Hark'ee, old gentleman !  
(*to the governor.*)

*Sir Chr.* Well, young gentleman ?

*Inkle.* If I mistake not, I know your business here.

*Sir Chr.* 'Egad I believe half the island knows it, by this time.

*Inkle.* Then to the point---I have a female, whom I wish to part with.

*Sir Chr.* Very likely ; it's a common case, now a-days, with many a man.

*Inkle.* If you could satisfy me you would use her mildly, and treat her with more kindness than is usual--for I can tell you she's of no common stamp---perhaps we might agree.

*Sir Chr.* Oho ! a slave ! Faith, now I think on't, my daughter may want an attendant or two extraordinary ; and as you say she's a delicate girl, above the common run, and none of your thick-lip'd, flat nos'd, squabby, dumpling dowdies, I don't much care if---

*Inkle.* And for her treatment---

*Sir Chr.* Look ye, young man ; I love to be plain : I shall treat her a good deal better than you wou'd, I fancy ; for, though I witness this custom every day, I can't help thinking the only excuse for buying our fellow creatures, is to rescue 'em from the hands of those who are unfeeling enough to bring them to market.

*Inkle.* "Somewhat too blunt, Sir ; I am no common trafficker, dependant upon proud rich planters." Fair words old gentleman ; an Englishman won't put up an affront.

*Sir Chr.* An Englishman ! More shame for you !  
" Let Englishmen blush at such practices," Men, who

so fully feel the blessings of liberty, are doubly cruel in depriving the helpless of their freedom.

*Inkle.* Confusion!

*Sir Chr.* 'Tis not my place to say so much; but I can't help speaking my mind.

*Inkle.* I must be cool" --Let me assure you, Sir, 'tis not my occupation; but for a private reason--an instant pressing necessity——

*Sir Chr.* Well, well, I have a pressing necessity too; I can't stand to talk now; I expect company here presently; but if you'll ask for me to-morrow, at the Castle--

*Inkle.* The Castle!

*Sir Chr.* Aye, Sir, the Castle; the Governor's Castle; known all over Barbadoes.

*Inkle.* 'Sdeath, this man must be on the Governor's establishment: his steward, perhaps, and sent after me, while Sir Christopher is impatiently waiting for me. I've gone too far; my secret may be known---As 'tis, I'll win this fellow to my interest. (*to him*) One word more, Sir: my business must be done immediately; and as you seem acquainted at the Castle, if you should see me there--and there I mean to sleep to-night——

*Sir Chr.* The Devil you do!

*Inkle.* Your finger on your lips; and never breathe a syllable of this transaction.

*Sir Chr.* No! Why not?

*Inkle.* Because, for reasons, which perhaps you'll know to-morrow, I might be injured with the Governor, whose most particular friend I am.

*Sir Chr.* So! here's a particular friend of mine, coming to sleep at my house, that I never saw in my life. I'll sound this fellow. (*Aside.*) I fancy young gentleman, as you are such a bosom friend of the Governor's, you can hardly do anything to alter your situation with him? "I shou'dn't imagine any thing could bring him to think a bit worse of you than he does at present."

*Inkle.* Oh! pardon me; but you'll find that hereafter---besides, you, doubtless know his character?

*Sir Chr.* Oh, as well as I do my own. But let's understand one another. You may trust me, now you've  
gone

gone so far. You are acquainted with his character, no doubt, to a hair?

*Inkle.* I am---I see we shall understand each other. You know him too, I see as well as I.--A very touchy, testy, hot old fellow.

*Sir Chr.* Here's a scoundrel! I hot and touchy! Zounds! I can hardly contain my passion!---But I won't discover myself. I'll see the bottom of this---  
(*to him*). Well now, as we seem to have come to a tolerable explanation---Let's proceed to business---Bring me the woman.

*Inkle.* No; there you must excuse me. I rather wou'd avoid seeing her more; and wish it to be settled without my seeming interference. My presence might distress her---You conceive me?

*Sir Chr.* Zounds! what an unfeeling rascal!---The poor girl's in love with him, I suppose. No, no, fair and open. My dealing's with you, and you only: I see her now, or I declare off.

*Inkle.* Well then, you must be satisfied: yonder's my servant--ha-a thought has struck me. Come here, Sir.

*Enter Trudge.*

I'll write my purpose, and sendit her by him---It's lucky that I taught her to decypher characters; my labour now is paid. (*Takes out his pocket-book and writes.*)---This is somewhat less abrupt; 'twill soften matters. (*to himself.*) Give this to Yarico; then bring her hither with you.

*Trudge.* I shall, Sir. (*Going.*)

*Inkle.* Stay; come back. This soft fool, if uninstructed, may add to her distress: his drivelling sympathy may feed her grief, instead of soothing it.--When she has read this paper, seem to make light of it; tell her it is a thing of course, done purely for her good. I here inform her that I must part with her. D'ye understand your lesson?

*Trudge.* Pa--part with Ma--madam Ya-ric-o!

*Inkle.*

*Inkle.* Why does the blockhead flammer!—I have my reasons. No muttering---And let me tell you, fir, if your rare bargain were gone too, 'twou'd be the better: she may babble our story of the forest, and spoil my fortune.

*Trudge.* I'm sorry for it, fir; I have lived with you a long while; I've half a year's wages too due the 25th ult<sup>o</sup>. due for dressing your hair, and scribbling your parchments; but take my scribbling; take my frizzing; take my wages; and I, and Wows, will take ourselves off together—she sav'd my live, and rot me, if any thing but death shall part us.

*Inkle.* Impertinent! Go, and deliver your message.

*Trudge.* I'm gone, fir. Lord, Lord! I never carried a letter with such ill will in all my born days. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Chr.* Well--shall I see the girl?

*Inkle.* She'll be here presently. One thing I had forgot: when she is your's, I need not caution you, after the hints I've given, to keep her from the castle. If Sir Christopher should see her, 'twould lead, you know, to a discovery of what I wish conceal'd.

*Sir Chr.* Depend upon me---Sir Christopher will know no more of our meeting, than he does at this moment.

*Inkle.* Your secrecy shall not be unrewarded; I'll recommend you, particularly, to his good graces.

*Sir Chr.* Thank ye, thank ye; but I'm pretty much in his good graces, as it is; I don't know any body he has a greater respect for.——

*Re-enter Trudge.*

*Inkle.* Now, Sir, have you perform'd your message?

*Trudge.* Yes, I gave her the letter.

*Inkle.* And where is Yarrico? did she say she'd come? didn't you do as you were order'd? didn't you speak to her?

*Trudge.* I couldn't, fir, I cou'dn't---I intended to say what you bid me--but I felt such a pain in my throat, I couldn't speak a word, for the soul of me; and  
so,

so, Sir, I fell a crying.

*Inkle.* Blockhead!

*Sir Chr.* 'Sblood, but he's a very honest blockhead. Tell me, my good fellow--what said the wench?

*Trudge.* Nothing at all, sir. She sat down with her two hands clasp'd on her knees, and look'd so pitifully in my face, I cou'd not stand it. Oh, here she comes. I'll go and find Wows: if I must be melancholy, she shall keep my company. [*Exit.*]

*Sir Chr.* Ods my life, as comely a wench, as ever I saw!

*Enter Yarico, who looks for some time in Inkle's face, bursts into tears, and falls on his neck.*

*Inkle.* In tears! nay, Yarico! why this?

*Yar.* Oh do not--do not leave me!

*Inkle.* Why, simple girl! I'm labouring for your good. My interest, here, is nothing: I can do nothing from myself, you are ignorant of our country's customs. I must give way to men more powerful, who will not have me with you. But see, my Yarico, ever anxious for your welfare, I've found a kind, good person who will protect you.

*Yarico.* Ah! why not you protect me?

*Inkle.* I have no means--how can I?

*Yarico.* Just as I sheltered you. Take me to yonder mountain, where I see no smoke from tall, high houses, fill'd with your cruel countrymen. None of your princes, there, will come to take me from you. And should they stray that way, we'll find a lurking place, just like my own poor cave; where many a day I sat beside you, and bless'd the chance that brought you to it---that I might save your life.

*Sir Chr.* His life! Zounds! my blood boils at the scoundrel's ingratitude!

*Yar.* Come, come, let's go. I always feared these cities. Let's fly and seek the woods; and there we'll wander hand in hand together. No cares shall vex us  
then



then---We'll let the day glide by in idleness ; and you shall sit in the shade, and watch the sun beam playing on the brook, while I sing the song that pleases you. No cares, love, but for food---and we'll live cheerily I warrant---In the fresh, early morning, you shall hunt down our game, and I will pick you berries---and then, at night I'll trim our bed of leaves, and lie me down in peace--Oh ! we shall be so happy !-----

*Inkle.* " This is mere trifling--the trifling of an un-  
" enlighten'd Indian." Hear me Yarico. My coun-  
trymen and yours differ as much in minds as in com-  
plexions. We were not born to live in woods and  
caves----to seek subsistence by pursuing beasts---We  
christians, girl, hunt money ; a thing unknown to you  
---But, here, 'tis money which brings us ease, plenty,  
command, power, every thing ; and of course happiness.  
You are the bar to my attaining this ; therefore 'tis  
necessary for my good-----and which I think you  
value-----

*Yarico.* You know I do ; so much, that it would  
break my heart to leave you.

*Inkle.* But we must part : If you are seen with me,  
I shall lose all.

*Yar.* I gave up all for you---my friends---my coun-  
try : all that was dear to me : and still grown dearer  
since you shelter'd there---All, all was left for you--and  
were it now to do again--again I'd cross the seas, and  
follow you, all the world over.

*Inkle.* We idle time ; Sir, she is your's. See you  
obey this gentleman ; 'twill be the better for you.  
(*going.*)

*Yar.* O barbarous ! (*holding him*) Do not, do not  
abandon me !

*Inkle.* No more.

*Yar.* Stay but a little : I shan't live long to be a  
burden to you : Your cruelty has cut me to the heart.  
Protect me but a little---or I'll obey this man, and un-  
dergo all hardships for your good ; stay but to witness  
'em. --I soon shall sink with grief ; tarry till then ; and  
hear me bless your name when I am dying ; and beg you,  
E now



now and then, when I am gone, to heave a sigh for your poor Yarico.

*Inkle.* I dare not listen. You, Sir, I hope, will take good care of her. (*going.*)

*Sir Chr.* Care of her!---that I will---I'll cherish her like my own daughter; and pour balm into the heart of a poor, innocent girl, that has been wounded by the artifices of a scoundrel.

*Inkle.* Hah! 'Sdeath, sir, how dare you!—

*Sir Chr.* 'Sdeath, Sir, how dare you look an honest man in the face?

*Inkle.* Sir, you shall feel---

*Sir Chr.* Feel!—It's more than ever you did, I believe. Mean, fordid, wretch! dead to all sense of honour, gratitude, or humanity--I never heard of such barbarity! I have a son-in-law, who has been left in the same situation; but, if I thought him capable of such cruelty, dam' me if I wou'd not return him to sea, with a peck loaf, in a cockle shell—Come, come, cheer up, my girl! You shan't want a friend to protect you, I warrant you.—(*taking Yarico by the hand.*)

*Inkle.* Insolence! The Governor shall hear of this insult.

*Sir Chr.* The Governor! lyar! cheat! rogue! impostor! breaking all ties you ought to keep, and pretending to those you have no right to. The Governor never had such a fellow in the whole catalogue of his acquaintance—the Governor disowns you—the Governor disclaims you--the Governor abhors you; and to your utter confusion, here stands the Governor to tell you so. Here stands old Curry, who never talked to a rogue without telling him what he thought of him.

*Inkle.* Sir Christopher!—Lost and undone!

*Med. (Without.)* Holo! Young Multiplication! Zounds! I have been peeping in every cranny of the house. Why, young Rule of three! (*Enters from the Inn.*) Oh, here you are at last---Ah, Sir Christopher! What are you there! too impatient to wait at home. But here's one that will make you easy, I fancy. (*Clapping Inkle on the shoulder.*)

*Sir*

*Sir Chr.* How came you to know him ?

*Med.* Ha ! ha ! Well, that's curious enough too. So you have been talking here, without finding out each other.

*Sir Chr.* No, no ; I have found him out with a vengeance.

*Med.* Not you. Why this is the dear boy. It's my nephew, that is ; your son in law, that is to be. It's Inkle !

*Sir Chr.* It's a lie ; and you're a purblind old booby—and this dear boy is a damn'd scoundrel.

*Med.* Hey-dey what's the meaning of this ? One was mad before, and he has bit the other, I suppose.

*Sir Chr.* But here comes the dear boy----the true boy—the jolly boy, piping hot from church, with my daughter.

*Enter Campley, Narcissa, and Patty.*

*Med.* Campley !

*Sir Chr.* Who ? Campley ; —It's no such thing.

*Camp.* That's my name, indeed, Sir Christopher.

*Sir Chr.* The Devil it is ! And how came you, Sir, to impose upon me, and assume the name of Inkle ? A name which every man of honesty ought to be ashamed of.

*Camp.* I never did, sir.—Since I sailed from England with your daughter, my affection has daily encreased : and when I came to explain myself to you, by a number of concurring circumstances, which I am now partly acquainted with, you mistook me for that gentleman. Yet had I even then been aware of your mistake, I must confess, the regard for my own happiness would have tempted me to let you remain undeceiv'd.

*Sir Chr.* And did you, Narcissa, join in---

*Nar.* How could I, my dear Sir, disobey you ?

*Patty.* Lord, your honour, what young Lady could refuse a captain ?

*Camp.* I am a soldier, Sir Christopher. Love and War is the soldier's motto ; though my income is tri-

sling to your *intended* son-in-law's, still the chance of war has enabled me to support the object of my love above indigence. Her fortune, Sir Christopher, I do not consider myself by any means entitled to.

*Sir Chr.* 'Sblood! but you must tho'. Give me your hand, my young Mars, and bless you both together! —Thank you, thank you for cheating an old fellow into giving his daughter to a lad of spirit, when he was going to throw her away upon one, in whose breast the mean passion of avarice smothers the smallest spark of affection, or humanity.

*Inkle.* Confusion!

*Nar.* I have this moment heard a story of a transaction in the forest, which, I own, would have rendered compliance with your former commands very disagreeable.

*Patty.* Yes, Sir, I told my mistress he had brought over a Hotty-pot gentlewoman.

*Sir Chr.* Yes, but he would have left her for you; (*To Narcissa*) and you for his interest; and sold you, perhaps, as he has this poor girl, to me, as a requital for preserving his life.

*Nar.* How!

*Enter Trudge and Wowski.*

*Trudge.* Come along, Wows! take a long last leave of your poor Mistress: throw your pretty, ebony arms about her neck.

*Wowf.* No, no; ---she not go; you not leave poor Wowski. (*Throwing her arms about Yarico.*)

*Sir Chr.* Poor girl! A companion, I take it!

*Trudge.* A thing of my own, sir. I cou'dn't help following my master's example in the woods—*Like Master, like Man*, sir.

*Sir Chr.* But you wou'd not sell her, and be hang'd to you, you dog, wou'd you?

*Trudge.* Hang me, like a dog, if I wou'd, sir.

*Sir Chr.* So say I to every fellow that breaks an obligation due to the feelings of a man. But, old Medium, what

what have you to say for your hopeful nephew?

*Med.* I never speak ill of my friends, Sir Christopher.

*Sir Chr.* Pshaw!

*Inkle.* Then let me speak: hear me defend a conduct——

*Sir Chr.* Defend! Zounds! plead guilty at once--it's the only hope left of obtaining mercy.

*Inkle.* Suppose, old gentleman, you had a son?

*Sir Chr.* 'Sblood! then I'd make him an honest fellow; and teach him that the feeling heart never knows greater pride than when it's employ'd in giving succour to the unfortunate. I'd teach him to be his father's own son to a hair.

*Inkle.* Even so my father tutor'd me: from infancy, bending my tender mind, like a young sapling, to his will—Interest was the grand prop round which he twin'd my pliant green affections: taught me in childhood to repeat old sayings--all tending to his own fix'd principles, and the first sentence that I ever lisp'd, was *Charity begins at Home*.

*Sir Chr.* I shall never like a proverb again, as long as I live.

*Inkle.* As I grew up, he'd prove---and by example---were I in want, I might e'en starve, for what the world cared for their neighbours; why then shou'd I care for the world? Men now liv'd for themselves. These were his doctrines: then, sir, what wou'd you say, should I, in spite of habit, precept, education, fly in my father's face, and spurn his councils?

*Sir Chr.* Say! why, that you were a damn'd honest, undutiful fellow. O curse such principles! Principles, which destroy all confidence between man and man---Principles, which none but a rogue cou'd instil, and none but a rogue cou'd imbibe.---Principles——

*Inkle.* Which I renounce.

*Sir Chr.* Eh!

*Inkle.* Renounce entirely. Ill-founded precept too long has steel'd my breast---but still 'tis vulnerable---  
this

this trial was too much--Nature, 'gainst Habit combat-  
ing within me, has penetrated to my heart; a heart, I  
own, long callous to the feelings of sensibility; but  
now it bleeds--and bleeds for my poor Yarico. Oh, let  
me clasp her to it, while 'tis glowing, and mingle tears  
of love and penitence. [*Embracing her.*]

*Trudge.* [*Capering about.*] Wows, give me a kifs!  
[*Wows goes to Trudge.*]

*Yar.* And shall we--shall we be happy?

*Inkle.* Aye; ever, ever, Yarico.

*Yarico.* I knew we shou'd--and yet I fear'd--but  
shall I still watch over you? Oh! Love, you surely  
gave your Yarico such pain, only to make her feel this  
happinefs the greater.

*Wowf.* (*Going to Yarico*) Oh Wowski so happy!--  
and yet I think I not glad neither.

*Trudge.* Eh, Wows! How!--why not?

*Wowf.* 'Cause I can't help cry.-----

*Sir Chr.* Then, if that's the case--curse me, if I  
think I'm very glad either. What the plague's the  
matter with my eyes?--Young man, your hand--I am  
now proud and happy to shake it.

*Med.* Well, Sir Christopher, what do you say to  
my hopeful nephew now?

*Sir Chr.* Say! Why, confound the fellow, I say,  
that is ungenerous enough to remember the bad action  
of a man who has virtue left in his heart to repent it.--  
As for you, my good fellow, (*to Trudge*) I must, with  
your master's permission, employ you myself.

*Trudge.* O rare!--Bless your honour!--Wows!  
you'll be Lady, you jade, to a Governor's Factotum.

*Wowf.* Iss.---I Lady Jacktotum.

*Sir Chr.* And now, my young folks, we'll drive  
home, and celebrate the wedding. Od's my life! I  
long to be shaking a foot at the fiddles, and I shall  
dance ten times the lighter, for reforming an Inkle,  
while I have it in my power to reward the innocence of  
a Yarico.



## F I N A L E.

*La Belle Catharine.*

## C A M P L E Y.

*Come let us dance and sing,  
 While all Barbadoes bells shall ring :  
 Love scrapes the fiddle-string,  
     And Venus plays the lute ;  
 Hymen gay, foots away,  
 Happy at our wedding-day,  
 Cocks his chin, and figures in,  
     To tabor, fife, and flute.*

## C H O R U S.

*Come then dance and sing,  
 While all Barbadoes bells shall ring, &c.*

## N A R C I S S A.

*Since thus each anxious care  
 Is vanish'd into empty air,  
 Ah ! how can I forbear  
     To join the jocund dance ?  
 To and fro, couples go,  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 While with glee, merrily,  
     The rosy hours advance.*

Chorus.

## Y A R I C O.

*When first the swelling sea  
 Hither bore my love and me,  
 What then my fate would be,  
     Little did I think——  
 Doom'd to know care and woe,  
 Happy still is Yarico ;  
 Since her love will constant prove,  
     And nobly scorns to shrink.*

Chorus.

TRUDGE.



## TRUDGE.

'Sbobs! now I'm fix'd for life,  
 My fortune's fair, tho' blacks my wife,  
 Who fears domestic strife—

*Who cares now a soufe!*

Marry cheer my dingydear  
 Shall find with her Faetotum here;  
 Night and day, I'll frisk and play  
 About the house, with Wows.

Chorus.

## PATTY.

Let Patty say a word——  
 A chambermaid may sure be heard——

Sure men are grown absurd,  
 Thus taking black for white!

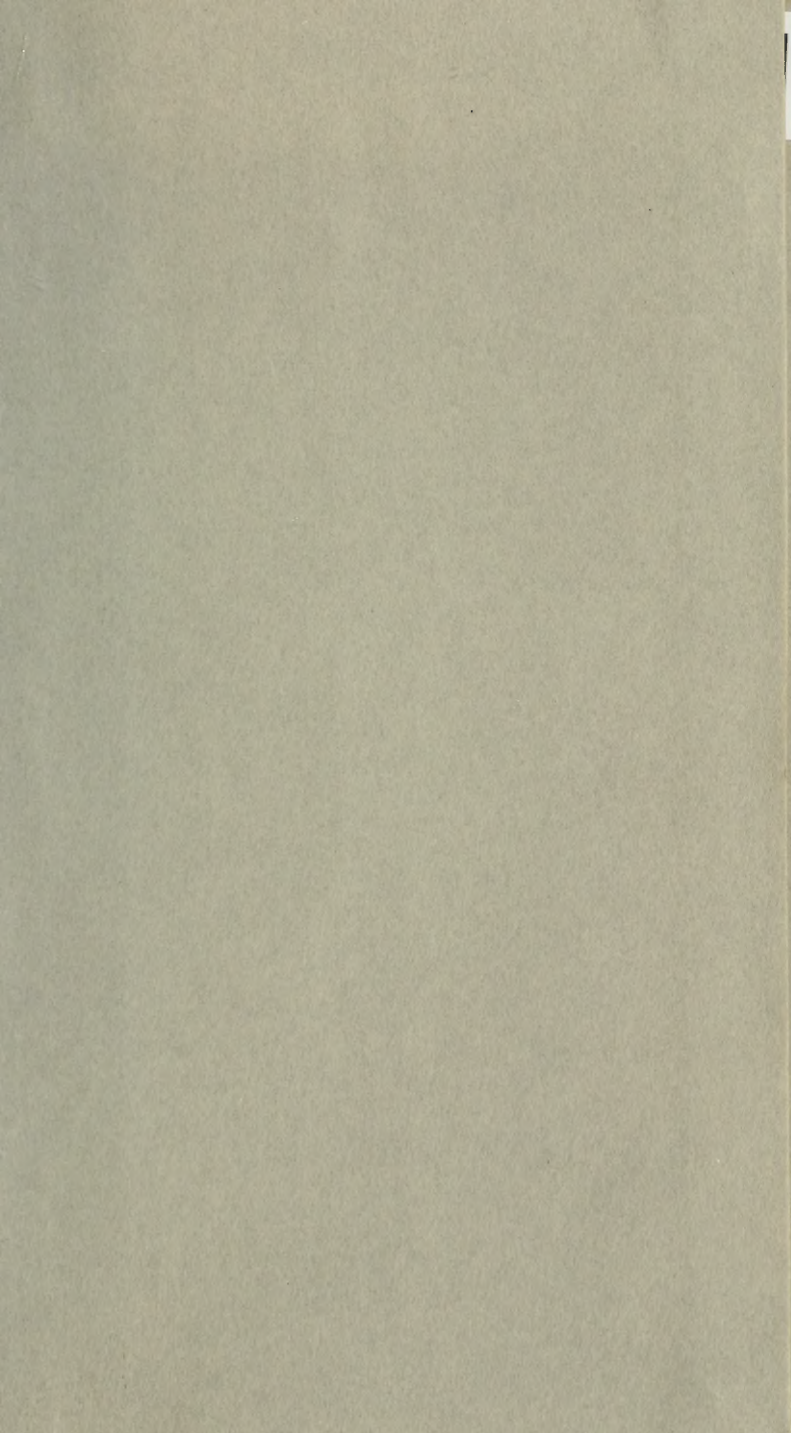
To hug and kiss a dingy miss,  
 Will hardly suit an age like this,  
 Unless, here, some friends appear,  
 Who like this wedding night.

Chorus.

THE END.







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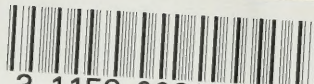
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